

# Random PD Encyclopedia – J

*Poems* from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Golden Numbers*, by Various

## *June Weather\_*

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking;  
'T is heaven alone that is given away,  
'T is only God may be had for the asking;  
No price is set on the lavish summer;  
June may be had by the poorest comer.  
And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays:  
Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;  
The flush of life may well be seen  
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;  
The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean  
To be some happy creature's palace;  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun  
With the deluge of summer it receives;  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;  
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,--  
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,  
And whatever of life hath ebbed away  
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,  
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;  
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,  
We are happy now because God wills it;  
No matter how barren the past may have been,  
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;  
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well  
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing  
That skies are clear and grass is growing;  
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,  
That dandelions are blossoming near,  
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,  
That the river is bluer than the sky,  
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;  
And if the breeze kept the good news back,  
For other couriers we should not lack,  
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,--  
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,  
Warmed with the new wine of the year,  
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

\_From "The Vision of Sir Launfal."\_

*July* [3]

When the scarlet cardinal tells  
Her dream to the dragon fly,  
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees,  
And murmurs a lullaby,  
It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls  
The cornflower's cap awry,  
And the lilies tall lean over the wall  
To bow to the butterfly,  
It is July.

When the heat like a mist-veil floats,  
And poppies flame in the rye,  
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat  
Has softened almost to a sigh,  
It is July.

When the hours are so still that time  
Forgets them, and lets them lie  
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink  
At the sunset in the sky,  
It is July.

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

[Footnote 3: \_By courtesy of Dana Estes & Co.\_]

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*Josan No Miya*

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Japanese Prints*, by John Gould Fletcher

She is a fierce kitten leaping in sunlight  
Towards the swaying boughs.

She is a gust of wind,  
Bending in parallel curves the boughs of the willow-tree.

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*Jadis et Nagueère*

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems* of Paul Verlaine

Jadis

PROLOGUE

Off, be off, now, graceless pack:  
Get you gone, lost children mine:  
Your release is earned in fine:  
The Chimaera lends her back.

Huddling on her, go, God-spel,  
As a dream-horde crowds and cowers  
Mid the shadowy curtain-flowers  
Round a sick man's haunted bed.

Hold! My hand, unfit before,  
Feeble still, but feverless,  
And which palpitates no more  
Save with a desire to bless,

Blesses you, O little flies  
Of my black suns and white nights.  
Spread your rustling wings, arise,  
Little griefs, little delights,

Hopes, despairs, dreams foul and fair,  
All!--renounced since yesterday  
By my heart that quests elsewhere....  
Ite, aegri somnia!

## LANGUEUR

I am the Empire in the last of its decline,  
That sees the tall, fair-haired Barbarians pass,--the while  
Composing indolent acrostics, in a style  
Of gold, with languid sunshine dancing in each line.

The solitary soul is heart-sick with a vile  
Ennui. Down yon, they say, War's torches bloody shine.  
Alas, to be so faint of will, one must resign  
The chance of brave adventure in the splendid file,--

Of death, perchance! Alas, so lagging in desire!  
Ah, all is drunk! Bathyllus, hast done laughing, pray?  
Ah, all is drunk,--all eaten! Nothing more to say!

Alone, a vapid verse one tosses in the fire;  
Alone, a somewhat thievish slave neglecting one;  
Alone, a vague disgust of all beneath the sun!

## Naguère

## PROLOGUE

Glimm'ring twilight things are these,  
Visions of the end of night.  
Truth, thou lightest them, I wis,  
Only with a distant light,

Whitening through the hated shade  
In such grudging dim degrees,  
One must doubt if they be made  
By the moon among the trees,

Or if these uncertain ghosts  
Shall take body bye and bye,  
And uniting with the hosts  
Tented by the azure sky,

Framed by Nature's setting meet,--  
Offer up in one accord  
From the heart's ecstatic heat,  
Incense to the living Lord!

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## **JUNE DAYS**

Project Gutenberg's In *New England Fields and Woods*, by Rowland E. Robinson

June brings skies of purest blue, flecked with drifts of silver, fields and woods in the flush of fresh verdure, with the streams winding among them in crystal loops that invite the angler with promise of more than fish, something that tackle cannot lure nor creel hold.

The air is full of the perfume of locust and grape bloom, the spicy odor of pine and fir, and of pleasant voices--the subdued murmur of the brook's changing babble, the hum of bees, the stir of the breeze, the songs of birds. Out of the shady aisles of the woods come the flute note of the hermit thrush, the silvery chime of the tawny thrush; and from the forest border, where the lithe birches swing their shadows to and fro along the bounds of wood and field, comes that voice of June, the cuckoo's gurgling note of preparation, and then the soft, monotonous call that centuries ago gave him a name.

General Kukushna the exiles in Siberia entitle him; and when they hear his voice, every one who can break bounds is irresistibly drawn to follow him, and live for a brief season a free life in the greenwood. As to many weary souls and hampered bodies there, so to many such here comes the voice of the little commander, now persuasive, now imperative, not to men and women in exile or wearing the convict's garb, but suffering some sort of servitude laid upon them or self-imposed. Toiling for bread, for wealth, for fame, they are alike in bondage--chained to the shop, the farm, the desk, the office.

Some who hear, obey, and revel in the brief but delightful freedom of June days spent in the perfumed breath of full-leafed woods, by cold water-brooks and rippled lakes. Others listen with hungry hearts to the summons, but cannot loose their fetters, and can only answer with a sigh, "It is not for me," or "Not yet," and toil on, still hoping for future days of freedom.

But saddest of all is the case of such as hear not, or, hearing, heed not the voice of the Kukushna, the voices of the birds, the murmurous droning of bees amid the blossoms, the sweet prattle of running waters and dancing waves. Though these come to them from all about, and all about them are unfolded the manifold beauties of this joyous month, no sign is made to them. Their dull ears hear not the voices of nature, neither do their dim eyes see the wondrous miracle of spring which has been wrought all about them. Like the man with the muck-rake, they toil on, intent only upon the filth and litter at their feet. Sad indeed must it be to have a soul so poor that it responds to no caress of nature, sadder than any imposition of servitude or exile which yet hinders not one's soul from arising with intense longing for the wild world of woods and waters when Kukushna sounds his soft trumpet call.

## JULY DAYS

ibid

The woods are dense with full-grown leafage. Of all the trees, only the basswood has delayed its blossoming, to crown the height of summer and fill the sun-steeped air with a perfume that calls all the wild bees from hollow tree and scant woodside gleanings to a wealth of honey gathering, and all the hive-dwellers from their board-built homes to a finer and sweeter pillage than is offered by the odorous white sea of buckwheat. Half the flowers of wood and fields are out of bloom. Herdsgrass, clover and daisy are falling before the mower. The early grain fields have already caught the color of the sun, and the tasseling corn rustles its broad leaves above the rich loam that the woodcock delights to bore.

The dwindling streams have lost their boisterous clamor of springtide and wimple with subdued voices over beds too shallow to hide a minnow or his poised shadow on the sunlit shallows. The sharp eye of the angler probes the green depths of the slowly swirling pools, and discovers the secrets of the big fish which congregate therein.

The river has marked the stages of its decreasing volume with many lines along its steep banks. It discloses the muskrat's doorway, to which he once dived so gracefully, but now must clumsily climb to. Rafts of driftwood bridge the shallow current sunk so low that the lithe willows bend in vain to kiss its warm bosom. This only the swaying trails of water-weeds and rustling sedges toy with now; and swift-winged swallows coyly touch. There is not depth to hide the scurrying schools of minnows, the half of whom fly into the air in a curving burst of silver shower before the rush of a pickerel, whose green and mottled sides gleam like a swift-shot arrow in the downright sunbeams.

The sandpiper tilts along the shelving shore. Out of an embowered harbor a wood duck convoys her fleet of ducklings, and on the ripples of their wake the anchored argosies of the water lilies toss and cast adrift their cargoes of perfume. Above them the green heron perches on an overhanging branch, uncouth but alert, whether sentinel or scout, flapping his awkward way along the ambient bends and reaches. With slow wing-beats he signals the coming of some more lazily moving boat, that drifts at the languid will of the current or indolent pull of oars that grate on the golden-meshed sand and pebbles.

Lazily, unexpectantly, the angler casts his line, to be only a convenient perch for the dragonflies; for the fish, save the affrighted minnows and the hungry pickerel, are as lazy as he. To-day he may enjoy to the full the contemplative man's recreation, nor have his contemplations disturbed by any finny folk of the under-water world, while dreamily he floats in sunshine and dappled shadow, so at one with the placid waters and quiet shores that wood duck, sandpiper, and heron scarcely note his unobtrusive presence.

No such easy and meditative pastime attends his brother of the gun who, sweating under the burden of lightest apparel and equipment, beats

the swampy covers where beneath the sprawling alders and arching fronds of fern the woodcock hides. Not a breath stirs the murky atmosphere of these depths of shade, hotter than sunshine; not a branch nor leaf moves but with his struggling passage, or marking with a wake of waving undergrowth the course of his unseen dog.

Except this rustling of branches, sedges and ferns, the thin, continuous piping of the swarming mosquitoes, the busy tapping and occasional harsh call of a woodpecker, scarcely a sound invades the hot silence, till the wake of the hidden dog ceases suddenly and the waving brakes sway with quickening vibrations into stillness behind him. Then, his master draws cautiously near, with gun at a ready and an unheeded mosquito drilling his nose, the fern leaves burst apart with a sudden shiver, and a woodcock, uttering that shrill unexplained twitter, upsprings in a halo of rapid wing-beats and flashes out of sight among leaves and branches. As quick, the heelplate strikes the alert gunner's shoulder, and, as if in response to the shock, the short unechoed report jars the silence of the woods. As if out of the cloud of sulphurous smoke, a shower of leaves flutter down, with a quicker patter of dry twigs and shards of bark, and among all these a brown clod drops lifeless and inert to mother earth.

A woodcock is a woodcock, though but three-quarters grown; and the shot one that only a quick eye and ready hand may accomplish; but would not the achievement have been more worthy, the prize richer, the sport keener in the gaudy leafage and bracing air of October, rather than in this sweltering heat, befogged with clouds of pestering insects, when every step is a toil, every moment a torture? Yet men deem it sport and glory if they do not delight in its performance. The anxious note and behavior of mother song-birds, whose poor little hearts are in as great a flutter as their wings concerning their half-grown broods, hatched coincidentally with the woodcock, is proof enough to those who would heed it, that this is not a proper season for shooting. But in some northerly parts of our wide country it is woodcock now or never, for the birds bred still further northward are rarely tempted by the cosiest copse or half-sunned hillside of open woods to linger for more than a day or two, as they fare southward, called to warmer days of rest and frostless moonlit nights of feeding under kindlier skies.

While the nighthawk's monotonous cry and intermittent boom and the indistinct voice of the whippoorwill ring out in the late twilight of the July evenings, the alarmed, half-guttural chuckle of the grass plover is heard, so early migrating in light marching order, thin in flesh but strong of wing, a poor prize for the gunner whose ardor outruns his humanity and better judgment. Lean or fat, a plover is a plover, but would that he might tarry with us till the plump grasshoppers of August and September had clothed his breast and ribs with fatness.

Well, let him go, if so soon he will. So let the woodcock go, to offer his best to more fortunate sportsmen. What does it profit us to kill merely for the sake of killing, and have to show therefor but a beggarly account of bones and feathers? Are there not grouse and quail and

woodcock waiting for us, and while we wait for them can we not content ourselves with indolent angling by shaded streams in these melting days of July rather than contribute the blaze and smoke of gunpowder to the heat and murkiness of midsummer? If we must shed blood let us tap the cool veins of the fishes, not the hot arteries of brooding mother birds and their fledgelings.

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**Articles** from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th Edition, Volume 15, Slices 2 and 3*, by Various

**JAMESON, ANNA BROWNELL** (1794-1860), British writer, was born in Dublin on the 17th of May 1794. Her father, Denis Brownell Murphy (d. 1842), a miniature and enamel painter, removed to England in 1798 with his family, and eventually settled at Hanwell, near London. At sixteen years of age Anna became governess in the family of the marquis of Winchester. In 1821 she was engaged to Robert Jameson. The engagement was broken off, and Anna Murphy accompanied a young pupil to Italy, writing in a fictitious character a narrative of what she saw and did. This diary she gave to a bookseller on condition of receiving a guitar if he secured any profits. Colburn ultimately published it as *‘The Diary of an Ennuyée’* (1826), which attracted much attention. The author was governess to the children of Mr Littleton, afterwards Lord Hatherton, from 1821 to 1825, when she married Robert Jameson. The marriage proved unhappy; when, in 1829, Jameson was appointed puisne judge in the island of Dominica the couple separated without regret, and Mrs Jameson visited the Continent again with her father.

The first work which displayed her powers of original thought was her *‘Characteristics of Women’* (1832). These analyses of Shakespeare's heroines are remarkable for delicacy of critical insight and fineness of literary touch. They are the result of a penetrating but essentially feminine mind, applied to the study of individuals of its own sex, detecting characteristics and defining differences not perceived by the ordinary critic and entirely overlooked by the general reader. German literature and art had aroused much interest in England, and Mrs Jameson paid her first visit to Germany in 1833. The conglomerations of hard lines, cold colours and pedantic subjects which decorated Munich under the patronage of King Louis of Bavaria, were new to the world, and Mrs Jameson's enthusiasm first gave them an English reputation.

In 1836 Mrs Jameson was summoned to Canada by her husband, who had been appointed chancellor of the province of Toronto. He failed to meet her at New York, and she was left to make her way alone at the worst season of the year to Toronto. After six months' experiment she felt it useless to prolong a life far from all ties of family happiness and opportunities of usefulness. Before leaving, she undertook a journey to the depths of the Indian settlements in Canada; she explored Lake Huron, and saw much of emigrant and Indian life unknown to travellers, which she afterwards embodied in her *‘Winter Studies and Summer Rambles’*. She returned to England in 1838. At this period Mrs Jameson began making careful notes of the chief private art collections in and near London.

The result appeared in her *Companion to the Private Galleries* (1842), followed in the same year by the *Handbook to the Public Galleries*. She edited the *Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters* in 1845. In the same year she visited her friend Otilie von Goethe. Her friendship with Lady Byron dates from about this time and lasted for some seven years; it was brought to an end apparently through Lady Byron's unreasonable temper. A volume of essays published in 1846 contains one of Mrs Jameson's best pieces of work, *The House of Titian*. In 1847 she went to Italy with her niece and subsequent biographer (*Memoirs*, 1878), Geraldine Bate (Mrs Macpherson), to collect materials for the work on which her reputation rests--her series of *Sacred and Legendary Art*. The time was ripe for such contributions to the traveller's library. The *Acta Sanctorum* and the *Book of the Golden Legend* had had their readers, but no one had ever pointed out the connexion between these tales and the works of Christian art. The way to these studies had been pointed out in the preface to Kugler's *Handbook of Italian Painting* by Sir Charles Eastlake, who had intended pursuing the subject himself. Eventually he made over to Mrs Jameson the materials and references he had collected. She recognized the extent of the ground before her as a mingled sphere of poetry, history, devotion and art. She infected her readers with her own enthusiastic admiration; and, in spite of her slight technical and historical equipment, Mrs. Jameson produced a book which thoroughly deserved its great success.

She also took a keen interest in questions affecting the education, occupations and maintenance of her own sex. Her early essay on *The Relative Social Position of Mothers and Governesses* was the work of one who knew both sides; and in no respect does she more clearly prove the falseness of the position she describes than in the certainty with which she predicts its eventual reform. To her we owe the first popular enunciation of the principle of male and female co-operation in works of mercy and education. In her later years she took up a succession of subjects all bearing on the same principles of active benevolence and the best ways of carrying them into practice. Sisters of charity, hospitals, penitentiaries, prisons and workhouses all claimed her interest--all more or less included under those definitions of "the communion of love and communion of labour" which are inseparably connected with her memory. To the clear and temperate forms in which she brought the results of her convictions before her friends in the shape of private lectures--published as *Sisters of Charity* (1855) and *The Communion of Labour* (1856)--may be traced the source whence later reformers and philanthropists took counsel and courage.

Mrs Jameson died on the 17th of March 1860. She left the last of her *Sacred and Legendary Art* series in preparation. It was completed, under the title of *The History of Our Lord in Art*, by Lady Eastlake.

**JAMESTOWN**, a former village in what is now James City county, Virginia, U.S.A., on Jamestown Island, in the James River, about 40 m. above Norfolk. It was here that the first permanent English settlement in America was founded on the 13th of May 1607, that representative government was inaugurated on the American Continent in 1619, and that

negro servitude was introduced into the original thirteen colonies, also in 1619. In Jamestown was the first Anglican church built in America. The settlement was in a low marshy district which proved to be unhealthy; it was accidentally burned in January 1608, was almost completely destroyed by Nathaniel Bacon in September 1676, the state house and other buildings were again burned in 1698, and after the removal of the seat of government of Virginia from Jamestown to the Middle Plantations (now Williamsburg) in 1699 the village fell rapidly into decay. Its population had never been large: it was about 490 in 1609, and 183 in 1623; the mortality was always very heavy. By the middle of the 19th century the peninsula on which Jamestown had been situated had become an island, and by 1900 the James River had worn away the shore but had hardly touched the territory of the "New Towne" (1619), immediately E. of the first settlement; almost the only visible remains, however, were the tower of the brick church and a few gravestones. In 1900 the association for the preservation of Virginia antiquities, to which the site was deeded in 1893, induced the United States government to build a wall to prevent the further encroachment of the river; the foundations of several of the old buildings have since been uncovered, many interesting relics have been found, and in 1907 there were erected a brick church (which is as far as possible a reproduction of the fourth one built in 1639-1647), a marble shaft marking the site of the first settlement, another shaft commemorating the first house of burgesses, a bronze monument to the memory of Captain John Smith, and another monument to the memory of Pocahontas. At the head of Jamestown peninsula Cornwallis, in July 1781, attempted to trick the Americans under Lafayette and General Anthony Wayne by displaying a few men on the peninsula and concealing the principal part of his army on the mainland; but when Wayne discovered the trap he made first a vigorous charge, and then a retreat to Lafayette's line. Early in the Civil War the Confederates regarded the site (then an island) as of such strategic importance that (near the brick church tower and probably near the site of the first fortifications by the original settlers) they erected heavy earthworks upon it for defence. (For additional details concerning the early history of Jamestown, see VIRGINIA: \_History\_.)

The founding at Jamestown of the first permanent English-speaking settlement in America was celebrated in 1907 by the Jamestown tercentennial exposition, held on grounds at Sewell's Point on the shore of Hampton Roads. About twenty foreign nations, the federal government, and most of the states of the union took part in the exposition.

See L. G. Tyler, \_The Cradle of the Republic: Jamestown and James River\_ (Richmond, 2nd ed., 1906); Mrs R. A. Pryor, \_The Birth of the Nation: Jamestown, 1607\_ (New York, 1907); and particularly S. H. Yonge, \_The Site of Old "James Towne," 1607-1698\_ (Richmond, 1904), embodying the results of the topographical investigations of the engineer in charge of the river-wall built in 1900-1901.

**JAMI** (NUR-ED-DIN 'ABD-UR-RAHMAN IBN AHMAD) (1414-1492), Persian poet and mystic, was born at Jam in Khorasan, whence the name by which he is

usually known. In his poems he mystically utilizes the connexion of the name with the same word meaning "wine-cup." He was the last great classic poet of Persia, and a pronounced mystic of the Sufic philosophy. His three *\_diwans\_* (1479-1401) contain his lyrical poems and odes; among his prose writings the chief is his *\_Baharistan\_* ("Spring-garden") (1487); and his collection of romantic poems, *\_Haft Aurang\_* ("Seven Thrones"), contains the *\_Salaman wa Absal\_* and his *\_Yusuf wa Zalikha\_* (Joseph and Potiphar's wife).

On Jami's life and works see V. von Rosenzweig, *\_Biographische Notizen über Mewlana Abdurrahman Dschami\_* (Vienna, 1840); Gore Ouseley, *\_Biographical Notices of Persian Poets\_* (1846); W. N. Lees, *\_A Biographical Sketch of the Mystic Philosopher and Poet Jami\_* (Calcutta, 1859); E. Beauvois *\_s.v.\_* Djami in *\_Nouvelle Biographie générale\_*; and H. Ethé in Geiger and Kuhn's *\_Grundriss der iranischen Philologie\_*, ii. There are English translations of the *\_Baharistan\_* by E. Rehatsek (Benares, 1887) and Sorabji Fardunji (Bombay, 1899); of *\_Salaman wa Absal\_* by Edward FitzGerald (1856, with a notice of Jami's life); of *\_Yusuf wa Zalikha\_* by R. T. H. Griffith (1882) and A. Rogers (1892); also selections in English by F. Hadland Davis, *\_The Persian Mystics: Jami\_* (1908). (See also PERSIA: *\_Literature\_*.)

**JAPANNING**, the art of coating surfaces of metal, wood, &c., with a variety of varnishes, which are dried and hardened on in stoves or hot chambers. These drying processes constitute the main distinguishing features of the art. The trade owes its name to the fact that it is an imitation of the famous lacquering of Japan (see JAPAN: *\_Art\_*), which, however, is prepared with entirely different materials and processes, and is in all respects much more brilliant, durable and beautiful than any ordinary japan work. Japanning is done in clear transparent varnishes, in black and in body colours; but black japan is the most characteristic and common style of work. The varnish for black japan consists essentially of pure natural asphaltum with a proportion of gum animé dissolved in linseed oil and thinned with turpentine. In thin layers such a japan has a rich dark brown colour; it only shows a brilliant black in thicker coatings. For fine work, which has to be smoothed and polished, several coats of black are applied in succession, each being separately dried in the stove at a heat which may rise to about 300° F. Body colours consist of a basis of transparent varnish mixed with the special mineral paints of the desired colours or with bronze powders. The transparent varnish used by japanners is a copal varnish which contains less drying oil and more turpentine than is contained in ordinary painters' oil varnish. Japanning produces a brilliant polished surface which is much more durable and less easily affected by heat, moisture or other influences than any ordinary painted and varnished work. It may be regarded as a process intermediate between ordinary painting and enamelling. It is very extensively applied in the finishing of ordinary iron-mongery goods and domestic iron-work, deed boxes, clock dials and papier-mâché articles. The process is also applied to blocks of slate for making imitation of black and other marbles for chimneypieces, &c., and in a modified form is employed for preparing enamelled, japan or patent leather.

**JAPHETH** ([Hebrew: Yefeth]), in the Bible, the youngest son of Noah[1] according to the Priestly Code (c. 450 B.C.); but in the earlier tradition[2] the second son, also the "father" of one of the three groups into which the nations of the world are divided.[3] In Gen. ix. 27, Noah pronounces the following blessing on Japheth--

"God enlarge (Heb. *yapht*) Japheth (Heb. *yepheth*),  
And let him dwell in the tents of Shem;  
And let Canaan be his servant."

This is probably an ancient oracle independent alike of the flood story and the genealogical scheme in Gen. x. Shem is probably Israel; Canaan, of course, the Canaanites; by analogy, Japheth should be some third element of the population of Palestine--the Philistines or the Phoenicians have been suggested. The sense of the second line is doubtful, it may be "let God dwell" or "let Japheth dwell"; on the latter view Japheth appears to be in friendly alliance with Shem. The words might mean that Japheth was an intruding invader, but this is not consonant with the tone of the oracle. Possibly Japheth is only present in Gen. ix. 20-27 through corruption of the text, Japheth may be an accidental repetition of *yapht* "may he enlarge," misread as a proper name.

In Gen. x. Japheth is the northern and western division of the nations; being perhaps used as a convenient title under which to group the more remote peoples who were not thought of as standing in ethnic or political connexion with Israel or Egypt. Thus of his descendants, Gomer, Magog,[4] Tubal, Meshech, Ashkenaz, Riphath and Togarmah are peoples who are located with more or less certainty in N.E. Asia Minor, Armenia and the lands to the N.E. of the Black Sea; Javan is the Ionians, used loosely for the seafaring peoples of the West, including Tarshish (Tartessus in Spain), Kittim (Cyprus), Rodanim[5] (Rhodes). There is no certain identification of Tiras and Elishah.

The similarity of the name Japheth to the Titan Iapetus of Greek mythology is probably a mere accident. A place Japheth is mentioned in Judith ii. 25, but it is quite unknown.

In addition to commentaries and dictionary articles, see E. Meyer, *Die Israeliten und ihre Nachbarstämme*, pp. 219 sqq. (W. H. Be.)

#### FOOTNOTES:

[1] Gen. v. 32, vi. 10, vii. 13, x. 1; cf. 1 Chron. i. 4.

[2] Gen. ix. 27, x. 2, J. c. 850-750 B.C. In ix. 18 Ham is an editorial addition.

[3] Gen. x. 1-5; cf. 1 Chron. i. 5-7. For the significance of the genealogies in Gen. x. see HAM.

[4] See GOMER, GOG.

[5] So we should read with 1 Chron. i. 7 (LXX.) for Dodanim.

**JAR**, a vessel of simple form, made of earthenware, glass, &c., with a spoutless mouth, and usually without handles. The word came into English through Fr. *\_jarre\_* or Span, *\_jarra\_*, from Arab, *\_jarrah\_*, the earthenware vessel of Eastern countries, used to contain water, oil, wine, &c. The simple electrical condenser known as a *\_Leyden Jar\_* (q.v.) was so called because of the early experiments made in the science of electricity at Leiden. In the sense of a harsh vibrating sound, a sudden shock or vibrating movement, hence dissension, quarrel or petty strife, "jar" is onomatopoeic in origin; it is also seen in the name of the bird night-jar (also known as the goat-sucker). In the expression "on the jar" or "ajar," of a door or window partly open, the word is another form of *\_chare\_* or *\_char\_*, meaning turn or turning, which survives in charwoman, one who works at a turn, a job and *\_chore\_*, a job, spell of work.

**JARGON**, in its earliest use a term applied to the chirping and twittering of birds, but since the 15th century mainly confined to any language, spoken or written, which is either unintelligible to the user or to the hearer. It is particularly applied by uninstructed hearers or readers to the language full of technical terminology used by scientific, philosophic and other writers. The word is O. Fr., and Cotgrave defines it as "gibridge (gibberish), fustian language." It is cognate with Span. *\_gerigonza\_*, and Ital. *\_gergo\_*, *\_gergone\_*, and probably related to the onomatopoeic O. Fr. *\_jargouiller\_*, to chatter. The root is probably seen in Lat. *\_garrire\_*, to chatter.

**JARGOON**, or Jargon (occasionally in old writings *\_jargounce\_* and *\_jacounce\_*), a name applied by modern mineralogists to those zircons which are fine enough to be cut as gem-stones, but are not of the red colour which characterizes the hyacinth or jacinth. The word is related to Arab *\_zargun\_* (zircon). Some of the finest jargoons are green, others brown and yellow, whilst some are colourless. The colourless jargoon may be obtained by heating certain coloured stones. When zircon is heated it sometimes changes in colour, or altogether loses it, and at the same time usually increases in density and brilliancy. The so-called Matura diamonds, formerly sent from Matara (or Matura), in Ceylon, were decolorized zircons. The zircon has strong refractive power, and its lustre is almost adamantine, but it lacks the fire of the diamond. The specific gravity of zircon is subject to considerable variation in different varieties; thus Sir A. H. Church found the sp. gr. of a fine

leaf-green jargoon to be as low as 3.982, and that of a pure white jargoon as high as 4.705. Jargoon and tourmaline, when cut as gems, are sometimes mistaken for each other, but the sp. gr. is distinctive, since that of tourmaline is only 3 to 3.2. Moreover, in tourmaline the dichroism is strongly marked, whereas in jargoon it is remarkably feeble. The refractive indices of jargoon are much higher than those of tourmaline (see ZIRCON). (F. W. R.\*)

**JARNAC**, a town of western France in the department of Charente, on the right bank of the river Charente, and on the railway 23 m. W. of Angoulême, between that city and Cognac. Pop. (1906), 4493. The town is well built; and an avenue, planted with poplar trees, leads to a handsome suspension bridge. The church contains an interesting ogival crypt. There are communal colleges for both sexes. Brandy, wine and wine-casks are made in the town. Jarnac was in 1569 the scene of a battle in which the Catholics defeated the Protestants. A pyramid marks the spot where Louis, Prince de Condé, one of the Protestant generals, was slain. Jarnac gave its name to an old French family, of which the best known member is Gui Chabot, comte de Jarnac (d. c. 1575), whose lucky backstroke in his famous duel with Châteigneraie gave rise to the proverbial phrase *\_coup de jarnac\_*, signifying an unexpected blow.

**JARO**, a town of the province of Iloílo, Panay, Philippine Islands, on the Jaro river, 2 m. N.W. of the town of Iloílo, the capital. Pop. (1903), 10,681. It lies on a plain in the midst of a rich agricultural district, has several fine residences, a cathedral, a curious three-tiered tower, a semi-weekly paper and a monthly periodical. Jaro was founded by the Spanish in 1584. From 1903 until February 1908 it was part of the town or municipality of Iloílo.

**JARRAH WOOD** (an adaptation of the native name *\_Jerryhl\_*), the product of a large tree (*\_Eucalyptus marginata\_*) found in south-western Australia, where it is said to cover an area of 14,000 sq. m. The trees grow straight in the stem to a great size, and yield squared timber up to 40 ft. length and 24 in. diameter. The wood is very hard, heavy (sp. gr. 1.010) and close-grained, with a mahogany-red colour, and sometimes sufficient "figure" to render it suitable for cabinet-makers' use. The timber possesses several useful characteristics; and great expectations were at first formed as to its value for ship-building and general constructive purposes. These expectations have not, however, been realized, and the exclusive possession of the tree has not proved that source of wealth to western Australia which was at one time expected. Its greatest merit for ship-building and marine purposes is due to the fact that it resists, better than any other timber, the attacks of the *\_Teredo navalis\_* and other marine borers, and on land it is equally exempt, in tropical countries, from the ravages of white ants. When

felled with the sap at its lowest point and well seasoned, the wood stands exposure in the air, earth or sea remarkably well, on which account it is in request for railway sleepers, telegraph poles and piles in the British colonies and India. The wood, however, frequently shows longitudinal blisters, or lacunae, filled with resin, the same as may be observed in spruce fir timber; and it is deficient in fibre, breaking with a short fracture under comparatively moderate pressure. It has been classed at Lloyds for ship-building purposes in line three, table A, of the registry rules.

**JASMINE**, or JESSAMINE, botanically *Jasminum*, a genus of shrubs or climbers constituting the principal part of the tribe Jasminoideae of the natural order Oleaceae, and comprising about 150 species, of which 40 or more occur in the gardens of Britain. The plants of the genus are mostly natives of the warmer regions of the Old World; there is one South American species. The leaves are pinnate or ternate, or sometimes apparently simple, consisting of one leaflet, articulated to the petiole. The flowers, usually white or yellow, are arranged in terminal or axillary panicles, and have a tubular 5- or 8-cleft calyx, a cylindrical corolla-tube, with a spreading limb, two included stamens and a two-celled ovary.

The name is derived from the Persian *yásmín*. Linnaeus obtained a fancied etymology from [Greek: ia], violets, and [Greek: osmê], smell, but the odour of its flowers bears no resemblance to that of the violet. The common white jasmine, *Jasminum officinale*, one of the best known and most highly esteemed of British hardy ligneous climbers, is a native of northern India and Persia, introduced about the middle of the 16th century. In the centre and south of Europe it is thoroughly acclimatized. Although it grows to the height of 12 and sometimes 20 ft., its stem is feeble and requires support; its leaves are opposite, pinnate and dark green, the leaflets are in three pairs, with an odd one, and are pointed, the terminal one larger and with a tapering point. The fragrant white flowers bloom from June to October; and, as they are found chiefly on the young shoots, the plant should only be pruned in the autumn. Varieties with golden and silver-edged leaves and one with double flowers are known.

[Illustration: *Jasminum grandiflorum*; flower, natural size.]

The zambak or Arabian jasmine, *J. Sambac*, is an evergreen white-flowered climber, 6 or 8 ft. high, introduced into Britain in the latter part of the 17th century. Two varieties introduced somewhat later are respectively 3-leaved and double-flowered, and these, as well as that with normal flowers, bloom throughout the greater part of the year. On account of their exquisite fragrance the flowers are highly esteemed in the East, and are frequently referred to by the Persian and Arabian poets. An oil obtained by boiling the leaves is used to anoint the head for complaints of the eye, and an oil obtained from the roots is used medicinally to arrest the secretion of milk. The flowers of one of the double varieties are held sacred to Vishnu, and used as votive offerings in Hindu religious ceremonies. The

Spanish, or Catalanian jasmine, *J. grandiflorum*, a native of the north-west Himalaya, and cultivated both in the old and new world, is very like *J. officinale*, but differs in the size of the leaflets; the branches are shorter and stouter, and the flowers very much larger, and reddish underneath. By grafting it on two-year-old plants of *J. officinale*, an erect bush about 3 ft. high is obtained, requiring no supports. In this way it is very extensively cultivated at Cannes and Grasse, in the south of France; the plants are set in rows, fully exposed to the sun; they come into full bearing the second year after grafting; the blossoms, which are very large and intensely fragrant, are produced from July till the end of October, but those of August and September are the most odoriferous.

The aroma is extracted by the process known as *enfleurage*, i.e. absorption by a fatty body, such as purified lard or olive oil. Square glass trays framed with wood about 3 in. deep are spread over with grease about half an inch thick, in which ridges are made to facilitate absorption, and sprinkled with freshly gathered flowers, which are renewed every morning during the whole time the plant remains in blossom; the trays are piled up in stacks to prevent the evaporation of the aroma; and finally the pomade is scraped off the glass, melted at as low a temperature as possible, and strained. When oil is employed as the absorbent, coarse cotton cloths previously saturated with the finest olive oil are laid on wire-gauze frames, and repeatedly covered in the same manner with fresh flowers; they are then squeezed under a press, yielding what is termed *huile antique au jasmin*. Three pounds of flowers will perfume 1 lb. of grease--this is exhausted by maceration in 1 pt. of rectified spirit to form the "extract." An essential oil is distilled from jasmine in Tunis and Algeria, but its high price prevents its being used to any extent. The East Indian oil of jasmine is a compound largely contaminated with sandalwood-oil.

The distinguishing characters of *J. odoratissimum*, a native of the Canary Islands and Madeira, consist principally in the alternate, obtuse, ternate and pinnate leaves, the 3-flowered terminal peduncles and the 5-cleft yellow corolla with obtuse segments. The flowers have the advantage of retaining when dry their natural perfume, which is suggestive of a mixture of jasmine, jonquil and orange-blossom. In China *J. paniculatum* is cultivated as an erect shrub, known as *sieu-hing-hwa*; it is valued for its flowers, which are used with those of *J. Sambac*, in the proportion of 10 lb. of the former to 30 lb. of the latter, for scenting tea--40 lb. of the mixture being required for 100 lb. of tea. *J. angustifolium* is a beautiful evergreen climber 10 to 12 ft. high, found in the Coromandel forests, and introduced into Britain during the present century. Its leaves are of a bright shining green; its large terminal flowers are white with a faint tinge of red, fragrant and blooming throughout the year.

In Cochin China a decoction of the leaves and branches of *J. nervosum* is taken as a blood-purifier; and the bitter leaves of *J. floribundum* (called in Abyssinia *habbez-zelim*) mixed with kousso is considered a powerful anthelmintic, especially for tapeworm; the

leaves and branches are added to some fermented liquors to increase their intoxicating quality. In Catalonia and in Turkey the wood of the jasmine is made into long, slender pipe-stems, highly prized by the Moors and Turks. Syrup of jasmine is made by placing in a jar alternate layers of the flowers and sugar, covering the whole with wet cloths and standing it in a cool place; the perfume is absorbed by the sugar, which is converted into a very palatable syrup. The important medicinal plant known in America as the "Carolina jasmine" is not a true jasmine (see GELSEMIUM).

Other hardy species commonly cultivated in gardens are the low or Italian yellow-flowered jasmine, *J. humile*, an East Indian species introduced and now found wild in the south of Europe, an erect shrub 3 or 4 ft. high, with angular branches, alternate and mostly ternate leaves, blossoming from June to September; the common yellow jasmine, *J. fruticans*, a native of southern Europe and the Mediterranean region, a hardy evergreen shrub, 10 to 12 ft. high, with weak, slender stems requiring support, and bearing yellow, odourless flowers from spring to autumn; and *J. nudiflorum* (China), which bears its bright yellow flowers in winter before the leaves appear. It thrives in almost any situation and grows rapidly.

**JASON** ([Greek: Iasôn]), in Greek legend, son of Aeson, king of Iolcus in Thessaly. He was the leader of the Argonautic expedition (see ARGONAUTS). After he returned from it he lived at Corinth with his wife Medea (q.v.) for many years. At last he put away Medea, in order to marry Glauce (or Creusa), daughter of the Corinthian king Creon. To avenge herself, Medea presented the new bride with a robe and head-dress, by whose magic properties the wearer was burnt to death, and slew her children by Jason with her own hand. A later story represents Jason as reconciled to Medea (Justin, xlii. 2). His death was said to have been due to suicide through grief, caused by Medea's vengeance (Diod. Sic. iv. 55); or he was crushed by the fall of the poop of the ship "Argo," under which, on the advice of Medea, he had laid himself down to sleep (argument of Euripides' *Medea*). The name (more correctly Iason) means "healer," and Jason is possibly a local hero of Iolcus to whom healing powers were attributed. The ancients regarded him as the oldest navigator, and the patron of navigation. By the moderns he has been variously explained as a solar deity; a god of summer; a god of storm; a god of rain, who carries off the rain-giving cloud (the golden fleece) to refresh the earth after a long period of drought. Some regard the legend as a chthonian myth, Aea (Colchis) being the under-world in the Aeolic religious system from which Jason liberates himself and his betrothed; others, in view of certain resemblances between the story of Jason and that of Cadmus (the ploughing of the field, the sowing of the dragon's teeth, the fight with the Sparti, who are finally set fighting with one another by a stone hurled into their midst), associate both with Demeter the corn-goddess, and refer certain episodes to practices in use at country festivals, e.g. the stone throwing, which, like the [Greek: ballêtyis] at the Eleusinia and the [Greek: lithobolia] at

Troezen (Pausanias ii. 30, 4 with Frazer's note) was probably intended to secure a good harvest by driving away the evil spirits of unfruitfulness.

See articles by C. Seeliger in Roscher's *Lexikon der Mythologie* and by F. Durrbach in Daremberg and Saglio's *Dictionnaire des antiquités*; H. D. Müller, *Mythologie der griechischen Stämme* (1861), ii. 328, who explains the name Jason as "wanderer"; W. Mannhardt, *Mythologische Forschungen* (1884), pp. 75, 130; O. Crusius, *Beiträge zur griechischen Mythologie und Religionsgeschichte* (Leipzig, 1886).

*Later Versions of the Legend.* -- *Les fais et prouesses du noble et vaillant chevalier Jason* was composed in the middle of the 15th century by Raoul Lefèvre on the basis of Benoît's *Roman de Troie*, and presented to Philip of Burgundy, founder of the order of the Golden Fleece. The manners and sentiments of the 15th century are made to harmonize with the classical legends after the fashion of the Italian pre-Raphaelite painters, who equipped Jewish warriors with knightly lance and armour. The story is well told; the digressions are few; and there are many touches of domestic life and natural sympathy. The first edition is believed to have been printed at Bruges in 1474.

Caxton translated the book under the title of *A Boke of the hoole Lyf of Jason*, at the command of the duchess of Burgundy. A Flemish translation appeared at Haarlem in 1495. The Benedictine Bernard de Montfaucon (1655-1741) refers to a MS. by Guido delle Colonne, *Historia Medeae et Jasonis* (unpublished).

The *Histoire de la Thoison d'Or* (Paris, 1516) by Guillaume Fillastre (1400-1473), written about 1440-1450, is an historical compilation dealing with the exploits of the *très chrétiennes maisons* of France, Burgundy and Flanders.

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**Articles** from Project Gutenberg's The Nuttall Encyclopaedia, by Edited by Rev. James Wood

**JAPAN** (40,719), an island empire of the N. Pacific, lying along the E. coast of Asia, and separated from Corea and Primorsk by the Sea of Japan, consists of Honshiu (31,000), Shikoku (3,000), Kyushu (6,000), Yezo (314), and 4000 small islands; though not of volcanic origin, the islands are the most mountainous in the world, have many volcanoes and sulphur springs, and are subject to earthquakes; they are very picturesque, and have peaks from 8000 to 12,000 ft. high; the rivers are too swift for navigation; the coast, not much indented, has yet some good harbours; the valleys are well wooded, but the soil not very fertile; temperature and climate are various; nowhere is the heat intense, but in some parts the winter is very cold; there is much rain, but on the whole it is healthy; the chief industry is agriculture; farming is careful and intelligent; rice, cereals, pulse, tea, cotton, and tobacco are raised, and many fruits; gold, silver, all the useful metals, coal, granite, some

decorative stones are found, but good building-stone is scarce; the manufacture of porcelain, lacquer-work, and silk is extensive, and in some artistic work the Japanese are unrivalled; the chief ports are Yokohama (143), on the E. of Honshiu, which has grown up since 1854, when the country was opened to trade; and Hyogo (143), on the S. coast of the same island, where are also shipbuilding yards; the chief exports are tea, silk, and rice; imports cotton, woollen, iron goods, and chemicals; the Japanese, sprung from an ancient union of Tartars with Ainos and with S. Malays, are a kindly, courteous, law-abiding folk, with highly developed artistic tastes; education is compulsory, and well provided for; religion is Shintoism and Buddhism, but Christianity is gaining rapid ground; the government is in the hands of the Mikado, who rules now with the aid of ministers and two houses of parliament; education, government, army, and navy--indeed the whole modern civilisation of the country--is on Western lines, though until 1853 foreigners were excluded; a civil war in 1867-68 effected the change from the old feudalism, and the amazing success of Japan in the war against China in 1894 has proved that the new civilisation is no mere veneer; the capital is Tokyo (1,162).

JACOBINS, a political club, originally known as the Club Breton, which was founded in Paris during the French Revolution; so called from its place of meeting in the Rue St. Honoré, which had previously been a Jacobin friar convent; it exercised a great influence over the course of the Revolution, and had affiliated societies all over the country, working along with it; its members were men of extreme revolutionary views, procured the death of the king, exterminated the Girondists, roused the lowest classes against the middle, and were the ruling spirits during the Reign of Terror, of whom Robespierre was the chief, the fall of whom sealed their doom; they were mobbed out of their place of meeting with execrations on Hallow-Eve 1794.

JACOBITES, a name given to certain partisans of Eutychean sect in the 17th century in the East, from the name of their leader.

JACOBITES, the name given to the adherents of the Stuart dynasty in Great Britain after their expulsion from the throne in 1688, and derived from that of James II., the last Stuart king; they made two great attempts to restore the exiled dynasty, in 1715 and 1745, but both were unsuccessful, after which the movement exhausted itself in an idle sentimentality, which also is by this time as good as extinct.

"JENKINS'S EAR," refers to an incident which provoked a war with Spain in 1739, viz., the conduct of the officer of a Spanish guardship not far from Havana towards the captain of an English trading ship of the name of Jenkins; the Spaniards boarded his ship, could find nothing contraband on board, but treated him cruelly, cut off his left ear, which he brought home in wadding, to the inflaming of the English people against Spain, with the above-named issue.

JENNER, EDWARD, an English physician, born in Berkeley, and practised there; was the discoverer of inoculation with cowpox as a preventive of smallpox, or vaccination as it is called, a discovery which has immortalised his name (1749-1822).

JENNER, SIR WILLIAM, an eminent physician, born at Chatham; held several professorships in University College; was physician to the Queen and the Prince of Wales; discovered the symptoms which differentiate typhus from typhoid fever (1815-1899).

JERSEY (55), the largest and richest of the Channel Islands, lies 15 m. off the French coast, 100 m. S. of Portland Bill, is oblong in shape, with great bays in the coast, and slopes from the N. to the SW.; the soil is devoted chiefly to pasture and potato culture; the exports are early potatoes for the London market and the famous Jersey cattle, the purity of whose breed is carefully preserved; the island is self-governing, has a somewhat primitive land tenure, is remarkably free from poverty and crime, has been under the English crown since 1066; the capital is St. Helier (29), where there is a college, a public library, a harbour, and a good market.

JERSEY CITY (206), the most populous city in New Jersey, is separated from New York, of which it is practically a part, only by the Hudson River; has no pretension to beauty, but is a busy railway centre; has very varied manufactures, including sugar, flour, machinery, and chemicals, extensive shipping interests, and great trade in iron, coal, and agricultural produce.

JERUSALEM (41), the capital of Palestine, holy city of the Jews, belonged originally to the Jebusites, but was captured by David and made his capital; a strong place, built on four hills 2000 ft. above the Mediterranean, enclosed within walls and protected nearly all round by deep valleys and rising grounds beyond; it has been so often besieged, overthrown, and rebuilt that the present city stands on rubbish heaps, the ruins of ancient structures.

JEWS, THE, a people of Semitic origin, descended from Abraham in the line of Jacob; conspicuous for the profession of a religion that has issued from them, and affected to the core the rest of the civilised world. Their religion was determined by a moral standard; through them more than through any other race has the moral principle, or the law of conscience, been evolved in humanity as the sovereign law of life, and this at length resolved itself into a faith in one God, the sole ruler in heaven and on earth, the law of whose government is truth and righteousness, only they stopped short with the assertion of this divine unity, and in their hard monotheism stubbornly refused, as they do still, to accept the doctrine of trinity in unity which, spiritually understood

is, as it has been well defined, the central principle of the Christian faith, the principle that to have a \_living\_ morality one must have a faith in a Divine Father, a Divine Son, and a Divine Spirit, all three equally Divine. But, indeed, it is to be noted that the Jewish religion never was nor ever has been the religion of the Jewish people, but was from first to last solely the religion of the law-givers and prophets sent to teach them, to whom they never as a race paid any heed. There was never such antagonism of Yea to God and Nay to Him in the history of any nation as among them; never such openness to whisperings, and such callousness to the thunder of God's voice; on the one side, never such tenderness, and on the other, never such hardness, of heart. Nor except by their religion, which they did not believe at heart themselves, and of which they have but been the vehicles, have they as a race contributed anything to the true wealth of the world, "being mere dealers in money, gold, jewels, or else old clothes, material and spiritual." And it has been noted they have all along shown a want of humour, a want of gentle sympathy with the under side, "a fatal defect, as without it no man or people is good for anything." They were never good for much as a nation, and they are still more powerless for good since it was broken up, numerous as they have been, and are in their widely scattered state; for there are 4,500,000 in Russia, 1,600,000 in Austria-Hungary, 1,567,000 in Germany, 567,000 in Roumania, 300,000 in Turkey, 120,000 in Holland, 97,000 in France, 72,000 in England, 101,000 in Italy, 50,000 in Switzerland, 4652 in Servia, and 15,792 in Greece, in all, 7,701,261 in Europe; throughout the globe altogether 11,000,000, while the numbers in Palestine are increasing.

JEYPORE (2,832), a native state in Rajputana; has been under British protection since 1818, and was loyal at the Mutiny; the soil is rocky and sandy, but there is much irrigation; copper, iron, and cobalt are found; enamelled gold ware and salt are manufactured; education is well provided for; at the capital, Jeypore (159), the handsomest town in India, there is a State college and a school of art; its business is chiefly banking and exchange.

JEZEBEL, the wicked wife of Ahab, king of Israel, whose fate is recorded in 2 Kings ix. 30-37; gives name to a bold, flaunting woman of loose morals.

JINA (lit. the "victorious" one as contrasted with Buddha the merely "awakened" one) is in the religion of the JAINAS (q. v.) a sage who has achieved \_omniscience\_, and who came to re-establish the law in its purity where it has become corrupted among men; one of a class, of which it appears there have been 24 in number, who have appeared at intervals after long periods of time, in shapes less imposing or awe-inspiring than at first, and after less and less intervals as time goes on. The Jainas claim that Buddha was a disciple of the Jina, their founder, who had finished the faith to which the latter had only been awakened.

JINGO, a name, of uncertain derivation, given to a political party favourable to an aggressive, menacing policy in foreign affairs, and first applied in 1877 to that political section in Great Britain which provoked the Turco-Russian war.

JINN, in the Arabian mythology one of a class of genii born of fire, some of them good spirits and some of them evil, with the power of assuming visible forms, hideous or bewitching, corresponding to their character.

JOHN, PRESTER, a supposed king and priest of a mediæval kingdom in the interior of Asia; converted to Christianity by the Nestorian missionaries; was defeated and killed in 1202 by Genghis Khan, who had been tributary to him but had revolted; he was distinguished for piety and magnificence.

JOHN, ST., the Apostle, the son of Zebedee and Salome, the sister of the virgin Mary; originally a fisherman on the Galilæan Lake; after being a disciple of John the Baptist became one of the earliest disciples of Christ; much beloved and trusted by his Master; lived after His death for a time in Jerusalem, and then at Ephesus as bishop, where he died at a great age; he lived to see the rise of the Gnostic heresy, against which, as a denial that Christ had come in the flesh, he protested with his last breath as an utter denial of Christ; he is represented in Christian art as either writing his Gospel, or as bearing a chalice out of which a serpent issues, or as in a caldron of boiling oil.

JOHN, THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO, the fourth Gospel, of which tradition alleges St. John was the author, and which is presumed to have been written by him at Ephesus about A.D. 78; its great design is to bear witness to the Son of God as having come in the flesh, as being not an ideal, therefore, but a real incarnation, and as in the reality of that being the light and life of man; whereas the scene of the other Gospels is chiefly laid in Galilee, that of John's is mostly in Judea, recording, as it does, no fewer than seven visits to the capital, and while it portrays the person of Christ as the light of life, it represents him as again and again misunderstood, even by those well disposed to Him, as if the text of his Gospel were "the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not"; the authenticity of this Gospel has been much debated, and its composition has by recent criticism been referred to somewhere between A.D. 160 and 170.

JOHN BULL, a humorous impersonation of the English people, conceived of as well fed, good natured, honest hearted, justice loving, and plain spoken.

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## JOAN OF ARC

Project Gutenberg's Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*,

It is meet that the reader should be acquainted with the true history of Joan of Arc surnamed "the Maid." The details of her adventure are very little known and may give readers pleasure; here they are.

Paul Jove says that the courage of the French was stimulated by this girl, and takes good care not to believe her inspired. Neither Robert, Gaguin, Paul Emile, Polydore Vergile, Genebrard, Philip of Bergamo, Papyre Masson, nor even Mariana, say that she was sent by God; and even though Mariana the Jesuit had said it, that would not deceive me.

Mézerai relates "that the prince of the celestial militia appeared to her." I am sorry for Mézerai, and I ask pardon of the prince of the celestial militia.

Most of our historians, who copy each other, suppose that the Maid uttered prophecies, and that her prophecies were accomplished. She is made to say that "she will drive the English out of the kingdom," and they were still there five years after her death. She is said to have written a long letter to the King of England, and assuredly she could neither read nor write; such an education was not given to an inn servant in the Barois; and the information laid against her states that she could not sign her name.

But, it is said, she found a rusted sword, the blade of which was engraved with five golden fleurs-de-lis; and this sword was hidden in the church of Sainte Catherine de Fierbois at Tours. There, certainly is a great miracle!

Poor Joan of Arc having been captured by the English, despite her prophecies and her miracles, maintained first of all in her cross-examination that St. Catherine and St. Marguerite had honoured her with many revelations. I am astonished that she never said anything of her talks with the prince of the celestial militia. These two saints apparently liked talking better than St. Michael. Her judges thought her a sorceress, she thought herself inspired.

One great proof that Charles VII.'s captains made use of the marvellous in order to encourage the soldiers, in the deplorable state to which France was reduced, is that Saintrilles had his shepherd, as the Comte de Dunois had his shepherdess. The shepherd made prophecies on one side, while the shepherdess made them on the other.

But unfortunately the Comte de Dunois' prophetess was captured at the siege of Compiègne by a bastard of Vendôme, and Saintrilles' prophet was captured by Talbot. The gallant Talbot was far from having the shepherd burned. This Talbot was one of those true Englishmen who scorn superstition, and who have not the fanaticism for punishing fanatics.

This, it seems to me, is what the historians should have observed, and what they have neglected.

The Maid was taken to Jean de Luxembourg, Comte de Ligny. She was shut up in the fortress of Beaulieu, then in that of Beaurevoir, and from there in that of Crotoy in Picardy.

First of all Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who was of the King of England's party against his own legitimate king, claims the Maid as a sorceress arrested on the limits of his diocese. He wishes to judge her as a sorceress. He supported the right he claimed by a downright lie. Joan had been captured on the territory of the bishopric of Noyon: and neither the Bishop of Beauvais, nor the Bishop of Noyon assuredly had the right of condemning anybody, and still less of committing to death a subject of the Duke of Lorraine, and a warrior in the pay of the King of France.

There was at that time (who would believe it?) a vicar-general of the Inquisition in France, by name Brother Martin.[8] It was one of the most horrible effects of the total subversion of that unfortunate country. Brother Martin claimed the prisoner as smelling of heresy (*\_odorantem hæresim\_*). He called upon the Duke of Burgundy and the Comte de Ligny, "by the right of his office, and of the authority given to him by the Holy See, to deliver Joan to the Holy Inquisition."

The Sorbonne hastened to support Brother Martin, and wrote to the Duke of Burgundy and to Jean de Luxembourg--"You have used your noble power to apprehend this woman who calls herself the Maid, by means of whom the honour of God has been immeasurably offended, the faith exceedingly hurt, and the Church too greatly dishonoured; for by reason of her, idolatry, errors, bad doctrine, and other inestimable evils have ensued in this kingdom ... but what this woman has done would be of small account, if did not ensue what is meet for satisfying the offence perpetrated by her against our gentle Creator and His faith, and the Holy Church with her other innumerable misdeeds ... and it would be intolerable offence against the divine majesty if it happened that this woman were freed." [9]

Finally, the Maid was awarded to Jean Cauchon whom people called the unworthy bishop, the unworthy Frenchman, and the unworthy man. Jean de Luxembourg sold the Maid to Cauchon and the English for ten thousand livres, and the Duke of Bedford paid them. The Sorbonne, the bishop and Brother Martin, then presented a new petition to this Duke of Bedford, regent of France, "in honour of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, for that the said Joan may be briefly put into the hands of the Church." Joan was led to Rouen. The archbishopric was vacant at that time, and the chapter permitted the Bishop of Beauvais to *\_work\_* in the town. (*\_Besogner\_* is the term which was used.) He chose as assessors nine doctors of the Sorbonne with thirty-five other assistants, abbots or monks. The vicar of the Inquisition, Martin, presided with Cauchon; and as he was only a vicar, he had but second place.

Joan underwent fourteen examinations; they are singular. She said that she saw St. Catherine and St. Marguerite at Poitiers. Doctor Beaupère asks her how she recognized the saints. She answers that it was by their way of bowing. Beaupère asks her if they are great chatterboxes. "Go look on the register," she says. Beaupère asks her if, when she saw St. Michael, he was naked. She answers: "Do you think our Lord had nothing to clothe him with?"

The curious will carefully observe here that Joan had long been directed with other religious women of the populace by a rogue named Richard,[10] who performed miracles, and who taught these girls to perform them. One day he gave communion three times in succession to Joan, in honour of the Trinity. It was then the custom in matters of importance and in times of great peril. The knights had three masses said, and communicated three times when they went to seek fortune or to fight in a duel. It is what has been observed on the part of the Chevalier Bayard.

The workers of miracles, Joan's companions, who were submissive to Richard, were named Pierrone and Catherine. Pierrone affirmed that she had seen that God appeared to her in human form as a friend to a friend. God was "clad in a long white robe, etc."

Up to the present the ridiculous; here now is the horrible.

One of Joan's judges, doctor of theology and priest, by name Nicholas \_the Bird-Catcher\_, comes to confess her in prison. He abuses the sacrament to the point of hiding behind a piece of serge two priests who transcribed Joan of Arc's confession. Thus did the judges use sacrilege in order to be murderers. And an unfortunate idiot, who had had enough courage to render very great services to the king and the country, was condemned to be burned by forty-four French priests who immolated her for the English faction.

It is sufficiently well-known how someone had the cunning and meanness to put a man's suit beside her to tempt her to wear this suit again, and with what absurd barbarism this transgression was claimed as a pretext for condemning her to the flames, as if in a warrior girl it was a crime worthy of the fire, to put on breeches instead of a skirt. All this wrings the heart, and makes common sense shudder. One cannot conceive how we dare, after the countless horrors of which we have been guilty, call any nation by the name of barbarian.

Most of our historians, lovers of the so-called embellishments of history rather than of truth, say that Joan went fearlessly to the torture; but as the chronicles of the times bear witness, and as the historian Villaret admits, she received her sentence with cries and tears; a weakness pardonable in her sex, and perhaps in ours, and very compatible with the courage which this girl had displayed amid the dangers of war; for one can be fearless in battle, and sensitive on the scaffold.

I must add that many persons have believed without any examination that the Maid of Orleans was not burned at Rouen at all, although we have the

official report of her execution. They have been deceived by the account we still have of an adventuress who took the name of the "Maid," deceived Joan of Arc's brothers, and under cover of this imposture, married in Lorraine a nobleman of the house of Armoise. There were two other rogues who also passed themselves off as the "Maid of Orleans." All three claimed that Joan was not burned at all, and that another woman had been substituted for her. Such stories can be admitted only by those who want to be deceived.

#### FOOTNOTES:

[8] Beuchot says: There was at that time in France an Inquisitor-General, named Brother Jean or Jacques le Graverend. His vice-inquisitor or vicar, who took part in Joan's trial, was not called Brother Martin, but Brother Jean Magistri or the Master.

[9] This is a translation of the Latin of the Sorbonne, made long after.

[10] Beuchot says that Berriat Saint-Prix, in his "Jeanne d'Arc," proves, page 341 \_et seq., that the imputations against Brother Richard are groundless, and that he could exercise no influence at the trial.

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### Entries from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Our Knowledge Box*., Edited by Geo. Blackie

\_Japanese Cement.\_--Intimately mix the best powdered rice with a little cold water, then gradually add boiling water until a proper consistence is acquired, being particularly careful to keep it well stirred all the time; lastly, it must be boiled for one minute in a clean saucepan or earthen pipkin. This glue is beautifully white and almost transparent, for which reason it is well adapted for fancy paper work, which requires a strong and colorless cement.

\_Jockey Tricks.\_--\_How to make a horse appear as though he was badly Foundered.\_--Take a fine wire and fasten it tight around the fetlock, between the foot and the heel, and smooth the hair over it. In twenty minutes the horse will show lameness.--Do not leave it on over nine hours.--\_To make a horse lame.\_--Take a single hair from his tail, put it through the eye of a needle, then lift the front leg, and press the skin between the outer and the middle tendon or cord, and shove the needle through, cut off the hair each side and let the foot down; the horse will go lame in twenty minutes.--\_How to make a horse stand by his food and not take it.\_--Grease the front teeth and the roof of the mouth with common beef tallow, and he will not eat until you wash it out; this in conjunction with the above will consummate a complete founder.--\_How to cure a horse from the crib or sucking wind.\_--Saw between the upper teeth to the gums.--\_How to put a young countenance on a horse.\_--Make a small incision in the sunken place over the eye, insert the point of a goose quill and blow it up; close the external wound with thread and it is done.--\_To cover up the heaves.\_--Drench the horse with one-fourth

pound of common bird shot, and he will not heave until they pass through him.--\_To make a horse appear as if he had the glanders.\_--Melt four ounces of fresh butter and pour it into his ear.--\_To distinguish between distemper and glanders.\_--The discharge from the nose in glanders will sink in water; in distemper it floats.--\_How to make a true pulling horse baulk.\_--Take tincture of cantharides one ounce, and corrosive sublimate one drachm; mix, and bathe his shoulder at night.--\_How to nerve a horse that is lame.\_--Make a small incision about half way from the knee to the joint on the outside of the leg, and at the back part of the shin bone you will find a small white tendon or cord, cut it off and close the external wound with a stitch, and he will walk off on the hardest pavement and not limp a particle.

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## Entries from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Putnam's Word Book*, by Louis A. Flemming

jeopardize, v. jeopard.

jeopardy, n. danger, peril, hazard, exposure.

jerk, v. twitch, yerk.

jerked beef. charqui.

jerky, a. abrupt, unconnected.

jest, n. joke, witticism, quip, \_jeu d' esprit\_, Joe Miller.

jest, v. joke.

jester, n. joker, wag; buffoon, merry-andrew, clown, harlequin, zany.

jesting, n. joking, jest, raillery, banter, persiflage, facetiousness, badinage, jocularity.

jesting, a. waggish, jocular, facetious, sportive.

jet, v. spurt, spout, gush; protrude, project.--n. spouting, spurt, gush.

Jew, n. Hebrew, Israelite, Judahite, Judean, Semite, Yid; Rabbi, Sadducee, Pharisee, Levite. Associated Words: Yiddish, ghetto, kosher, tref, Talmud, kittel, sephardic, Sanhedrim, synagogue, Jewry, Judaism, judaize.

Jewish, a. Hebrew, Judaic, Israelitish, Hebraic, Semitic.

Jewish beggar. schnorrer.

Jewish marriage broker. schatchen.

jewel, n. gem, brilliant.

jewelry, n. jewels; bijoutry.

Jew's pitch. asphaltum, bitumen.

Jezebel, n. virago, she-devil, fury, Gorgon, termagant.

jibe, v. (Colloq.) agree, harmonize, fit.

jiffy, n. (Colloq.) moment, instant, second, trice.

jill, n. coquette, flirt; sweetheart, gill.

jilt, n. coquette, flirt.

jingle, n. tinkling, jingling, tintinnabulation; rhyme.--v. tinkle.

job, n. task; situation, position.

jocose, a. facetious, waggish, sportive, merry, jocular, humorous.

jocular, a. jesting, jocose, sportive, merry, waggish.

jocularity, n. jesting, waggishness, waggery, facetiousness, drollery.

jog, n. shake, jolt, jar, shove; hitch, break.

jog, v. push, shake, jostle; suggest to, notify, remind.

johnny cake. hoecake, corncake.

join v. connect, couple, unite, combine, associate, add, append, annex, link, conjoin, mortise, dowel, splice, knit, dovetail, mingle, coalesce, unify, confederate; abut. Antonyms: disjoin, disconnect. See separate.

joiner, n. link, coupling, bond; woodworker, carpenter.

joint, n. gimbal joint, dove-tail joint, joggle joint, mortise joint, miter, dowel, scarf joint, rabbet joint.

joint, n. articulation; suture, commissure, knuckle. Associated words: arthrology, arthrography, synosteology arthrectomy, synovia, articular, bursa, synovial, internode, internodal, anchylose, dislocate, dislocation, luxate, luxation.

joint, a. combined, joined, united.

jointed, a. articulated, hinged; knotted, gnarled.

jointless, a. acondylous, anarthrous, inarticulate.

joke, n. jest, witticism, jocosity, sally, \_jeu d'esprit\_, quip, quirk, Joe Miller.

joke, v. rally, banter, jest.

joking, n. jesting, rallying, banter, persiflage, jocularity, waggishness.

jokingly, adv. sportively, jestingly, waggishly, jocularly.

jolly, a. jovial, vivacious, congenial, convivial, mirthful, sportive, gay, facetious, boon, waggish, jocular, jocose, witty, blithe, sprightly, cheery.

jolly, v. (Colloq.) make good-natured, joke, jest, cheer, encourage.

jolt, n. jar, shock, jounce, jolting.--v. shake, jar, jounce.

jot, n. iota, point, tittle, bit, mite, atom, scintilla, ace, particle, whit.

jotting, n. memorandum, note, entry.

jounce, n. jolt, shake, jolting.--v. jolt, shake, jar.

journal, n. day-book, daily register, record; diary; periodical, publication, magazine, gazette, ephemeris.

journey, n. trip, tour, pilgrimage, excursion, travel, jaunt, peregrination. Associated Words: itinerary, itinerancy, viatic, viaticum.

journeyman, n. handicraftsman, artisan. Antonyms: apprentice, amateur.

joust, v. tilt.

Jove, n. Jupiter.

jovial, a. jolly, mirthful, gay, merry, sportive, hilarious, gleeful.

joviality, n. gayety, jollity, sportiveness, liveliness.

joy, n. gladness, exultation, jubilation, mirth, festivity glee, elation, merriment.

joyful, a. joyous, glad, elated, jubilant, exhilarating, happy, buoyant, merry, encouraging, felicitous.

joyous, a. joyful.

jubilant, a. joyful, exultant, triumphant.

jubilation, n. rejoicing, exultation, triumph.

Judas, n. betrayer, traitor.

Judas, a. traitorous, treacherous, disloyal, perfidious.

judge, v. adjudge, adjudicate, try; discern, distinguish, discriminate, decide; esteem, think, consider, reckon, deem, regard; arbitrate.

judge, n. justice, judger; arbitrator, arbiter, umpire, referee; connoisseur, critic; puisne; deemster (Isle of Man). Associated Words: judicial, judicially, judicable, judicatory, judicature, judiciary.

judges, n. pl. judiciary.

judgment, n. decision, adjudication, arbitrament, arbitration, adjudgment; sentence, decree, verdict; discrimination, discernment.

judgment-seat, n. court, tribunal, bar, judicatory.

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## **SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES**

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Pictures Every Child Should Know*, by Dolores Bacon

\_English (Pre-Raphaelite) School\_  
1833-1898  
\_Pupil of Rossetti\_

This artist has been called the most original of all contemporaneous artists. He has also been called the "lyric painter"; meaning that he is to painting what the lyric poet is to literature. His work once known can almost always be recognised wherever seen afterward. He did not slavishly follow the Pre-Raphaelite school, yet he drew most of his ideas from its methods. He was, in the use of stiff lines, a follower of Botticelli, and not original in that detail, as some have seemed to think.

PLATE--CHANT D'AMOUR  
\_(The Love-Song)\_

This is a picture in the true Burne-Jones style: a beautiful woman in billowy draperies, playing upon a harp forms the central figure of the group of three--a listener on either side of her. There is the attractiveness of the Burne-Jones method about this picture, but after all there seems to be no very good reason for its having been

painted. The subject thus treated has only a negative value, and little suggestion of thought or dramatic idea.

Another picture of this artist, in which his use of stiff draperies is specially shown, is that of the women at the tomb of Christ, when they find the stone rolled away and, looking around, see the Saviour's figure before them. The scene is low and cavern-like, with a brilliant light surrounding the tomb. This artist also painted "The Vestal Virgin," "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," "Pan and Psyche," "The Golden Stairs," and "Love Among the Ruins."

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J The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Sign Talk*, by Ernest Thompson Seaton

[Illustration]

=Jealous= (Elbowing aside). Hold the fists near the breast; alternately swing each elbow out and back a little. (C)

[Illustration]

=Jealous= (Hide and stab). Hold out flat left, back up, and with right G stab under it once or twice.

Fr. \_jaloux\_; Ger. \_eifersüchtig\_.

[Illustration]

=Jesus= (The Cross above). The right G finger upright and crossed on top with the left G; this cross then placed above the eyes, the face looking upward; then the cross pushed toward the sky to the full extent of the arms. The real meaning being, "He who was crucified and is now in heaven." (Scott.) Or sign \_Big\_, \_Medicine\_, \_Child\_.

Fr. \_Jésus\_; Ger. \_Jesus\_.

[Illustration]

=Joke= (Play talk). Sign \_Play\_; that is, hold the right 5 hand near the mouth, back down, fingers a little curved; swing the hand forward and upward; then add \_Talk\_.

Fr. \_la plaisanterie\_; Ger. \_der Scherz\_.

=Joyous.= Sign \_Heart\_, \_Glad\_, and \_Sing\_. (C) Sign \_Heart\_, \_Happy\_, or \_Playing\_.

Fr. \_joyeux\_; Ger. \_fröhlich\_.

=Judge.= See \_Consider\_.

=Jump= (Human). Stand right V on left palm; assume these to be legs and make them jump up and down. (Sheeaka.)

[Illustration]

=Jump= or =Spring= (Anything). Hold compressed right hand, pointing to left, near right shoulder; swing it up forward and down in a long curve. Also used for \_Animal\_, in which case use several short jumps.

Fr. \_sauter\_; Ger. \_springen\_.

=Junior.= See \_Younger\_; also \_Inferior\_.

=Just= or =Fair=. From a position near each side, bring the extended O hands, palms inward, together so the tips of right thumb and index touch tips of left thumb and index, like two balance pans side by side. (D)  
Or, sign \_True\_ and \_Same\_, or \_Good\_.

Fr. \_juste\_; Ger. \_gerecht\_.

=Just so.= Make the sign \_Yes\_ once or twice; or else, use \_True\_.

Fr. \_justement\_, \_précisément cela\_; Ger. \_genau so\_, \_ganz richtig\_.

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## LESSON V

### CHEMISTRY OF DIGESTION

#### DIGESTIVE ORGANS AND DIGESTIVE JUICES

##### FIRST--THE MOUTH:

The three salivary glands of the mouth secrete the saliva, which is an \_alkaline\_ substance containing a digestive enzyme called ptyalin.

The saliva begins the digestion of starch and moistens food to facilitate swallowing.

##### SECOND--THE STOMACH:

The gastric juice secreted by the mucous lining of the stomach is an \_acid\_. It contains hydrochloric acid and pepsin, which act on proteids, changing them to \_proteoses\_ ("intermediate products formed naturally

in the process of digestion") and peptone.

The gastric juice also contains \_rennet\_, which acts directly on milk, and indirectly on all proteids.

### THIRD--THE LIVER:

The liver secretes a digestive fluid called bile, which is an \_alkaline\_ substance. Its chief purpose is to emulsify fats and to supply the alimentary tract with the requisite amount of moisture.

### FOURTH--THE PANCREAS:

The pancreatic juice, secreted by the pancreas, is an \_alkaline\_ and slightly \_acidulous\_ substance. It contains three enzymes, the names and action of which are as follows:

Amylopsin completes the digestion of starch.

Trypsin completes the digestion of proteids.

Steapsin converts fats into fatty acids and glycerin.

### FIFTH--THE SMALL INTESTINES

The intestinal juices secreted by the small intestines are \_alkaline\_ substances which change sugar and maltose into glucose, and perform the last step in the process of breaking up or subdividing food so fine that it will pass through the intestinal walls into the circulation.

## LESSON V

### CHEMISTRY OF DIGESTION

[Sidenote: Alternation of digestive juices]

The digestive juices of the human body are five in number, namely: Saliva, gastric juice, bile, pancreatic juice, and the several

intestinal juices. Beginning with the saliva these juices alternate, first an alkali, then an acid. It is the opinion of the writer that this alternating plan is carried on throughout the entire intestinal tract, as the final dissolution of food matter takes place in the intestinal canal. These five juices are secreted from the blood by special cells or glands. Each of these juices contain one or more enzymes or digestive principles. These enzymes are highly organized chemical compounds which have the property of changing other chemical compounds without being destroyed or used up themselves except in minute quantities.

[Sidenote: Malt and yeast-cells]

Malt, which was studied in the last lesson, and which is produced by the sprouting of barley, is a true digestive enzyme of the barley. Yeast-cells are minute plants which secrete an enzyme that causes the fermentation of bread. It was formerly thought that the fermentation of yeast could not take place except in the presence of a living cell. This has now been disproved, as a German scientist has succeeded in grinding up yeast-cells and filtering off the chemical compound or true enzyme which causes the fermentation of sugar.

[Sidenote: Fermentation due to enzymes]

It is now recognized by scientists that all processes of fermentation and digestion found in plant and animal life are due to definite chemical compounds known as enzymes. The action of digestion is truly a chemical one, and could take place without the body as well as within, if we could manufacture the proper enzyme and could produce the exact conditions of temperature, moisture, etc., that are found in the human digestive economy.

[Sidenote: Predigested foods]

The manufacture of predigested foods depends upon various processes of fermentation, or upon the digestion that may be carried on by inorganic chemical agents, such as acids, or by the ferments of bacteria, or other forms of life. The following are illustrations of these processes of predigestion:

- 1 The manufacture of glucose from starch by the action of sulfuric acid
- 2 The malting of starch for the production of malt-sugar or of fermented liquors
- 3 The making of cheese by the action of the enzyme rennet which has been extracted from the stomach of a calf

A great amount of discussion, pro and con, has been raised over the subject of predigested food. The foregoing examples will show that the subject of predigested food, taken in its broadest sense, cannot be dismissed summarily with either approbation or disapproval. We must consider the particular chemical process involved in each case and the

final chemical products, as well as its mechanical condition. These things must be taken into consideration when we pass an opinion upon the wholesomeness of a so-called predigested food.

With this diversion to illustrate the breadth and the importance of the action of enzymes, I will now return to the consideration of the chemical action of the human digestive organs.

## SALIVA

[Sidenote: Starch digestion in the mouth]

The saliva is the digestive juice of the mouth. It is secreted by three pairs of salivary glands. The secretions from these three glands are slightly different in composition, but for our purpose may be considered as one secretion. The saliva is an alkaline fluid, and the principal enzyme that it contains is a starch-digesting enzyme known as ptyalin, which can act only in an alkaline solution. As the gastric juice is strongly acid, the digestive action of the saliva is stopped soon after the food has entered the stomach, and the enzyme is of no further use. The action of the saliva is very weak, and the amount of starch digestion which is accomplished in the mouth is comparatively insignificant.

[Sidenote: Saliva and mastication]

The chief function of the saliva is to moisten food and to facilitate swallowing. From these statements one might first infer that the emphasis given to thorough mastication is unwarranted. In fact, the mastication of food has a much more important function than the digestion of starch by saliva. This subject will be referred to again when the physical condition of food as a factor in digestion, and the nervous control or co-ordination of the various functions of the digestive system are considered. (See "Composition of Gastric Juice," p. 147.)

## GASTRIC JUICE

[Sidenote: Chief function of the stomach]

The importance of the stomach as an organ of digestion has been overestimated in modern times. From the discussions in the average text-book and physiology, one would be led to believe that the stomach is the only organ of digestion, when, as a matter of fact, the chief purpose of the stomach is that of a receptacle for the storage of food for digestion further on. I do not mean by this statement that there is no digestive action in the stomach, but I do mean to say that there are no digestive processes completed in the stomach, and that all foods which are acted on by the gastric juice can also be acted on by the digestive juices in the intestines. This has been proved by the fact that surgeons have successfully removed the entire stomach from both

animals and men without seriously interfering with the nutrition of the body. They merely had to eat more often, as the depot or storage receptacle had been removed.

[Sidenote: Inaccuracy of digestive tables]

The stomach should be considered as a preliminary organ of digestion. The tables published in the physiologies giving the digestibility of various foods as so many hours, refer entirely to the length of time it takes for the food to pass out of the stomach. According to these tables boiled rice is given as one of the most digestible of foods. As a matter of fact, the chief reason why rice passes out of the stomach more quickly than other grains, is because it contains practically nothing but starch, and as starch is not digested in the stomach, the rice is passed on to the next station where it can be acted on by an alkali.

[Sidenote: Comparison of predigested and uncooked cereals]

In this connection it becomes necessary to refer to the interpretation of the experimental results obtained by investigators at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. In these experiments cereal products which had been put through various processes of predigestion were compared with uncooked whole wheat, the contents being removed from the stomach after a given period. The results of this experiment showed a greater amount of starch digestion in the case of the dextrinized or super-cooked foods. These results were published as proof that starchy foods should be put through a process of super-cooking, dextrinization or predigestion. To those who are not familiar with food chemistry, such results would appear very convincing, but to a well-informed food scientist they only illustrate how misinterpretation of scientific facts may indicate conclusions opposed to the truth.

Starchy foods are not intended by Nature to be digested in the stomach, but in the intestines, and the processes of partial digestion of these foods, by artificial means, before entering the stomach, serve only to interfere with Nature's plan, and to deprive both the stomach and the intestines of their natural functions.

## COMPOSITION OF THE GASTRIC JUICE

[Sidenote: Action of pepsin on proteids]

[Sidenote: Peptone and proteoses]

The gastric juice contains three principal enzymes or digestive principles. These are hydrochloric acid, pepsin, and rennet. The hydrochloric acid and the pepsin are secreted by different cells, and could be considered as separate digestive juices, but as the action of one is dependent upon the other, I will consider these actions as one. Pepsin, in the presence of hydrochloric acid, acts on proteids, and changes them into proteoses and peptone. Comparatively little food is completely peptonized in gastric digestion. Proteoses are intermediate

products between food proteids and peptone, being the principal product of the action of the gastric juice. Thus it is seen that this stomach-action is only preparatory for the digestive processes of the intestines.

[Sidenote: Action of gastric juice on fat]

The gastric juice does not act on fat, but in the case of animal food, in which the membranes or connective tissues that enclose the fat-cells are formed of proteid material, the gastric juice sets the fat-globules free by dissolving these enclosing membranes.

[Sidenote: Purpose of hydrochloric acid]

The chief action of hydrochloric acid in the stomach is to aid the action of the pepsin. Pepsin alone has no digestive power. There are no other acids produced by the secretive glands of the stomach. If other acids are found in the contents of the stomach, it is because they have been taken in with the food, or produced by abnormal fermentation.

[Sidenote: How hydrochloric acid is formed]

The source of hydrochloric acid is from the sodium chlorid or common salt of the blood. The secreting cells of the stomach-glands are thought to have the power to form hydrochloric acid by uniting the chlorin of the salt with the hydrogen of the water. This is a very unusual chemical process, and has not yet been successfully produced in a laboratory.

[Sidenote: Hydrochloric acid as an antiseptic]

One of the chief functions of hydrochloric acid in the stomach is that of an antiseptic. In other words, hydrochloric acid kills bacteria. This is not true of all bacteria, for some germs can live in an acid medium, while others may live best in an alkaline solution. The alternation of the digestive juices from alkali to acid is a provision of Nature which has a dual purpose:

- 1 To reduce food to the finest possible solution; that is, to subdivide or to digest food elements into a form that will admit of assimilation and use

- 2 To destroy bacteria and enzymes of plant and animal origin that are taken into the digestive tract with food

(These two facts constitute additional reasons for the thorough mastication of food)

[Sidenote: Object of alternating digestive juices]

By such plan Nature provides for the digestion of food only by such enzymes and ferments as will produce a finished product wholly suited to the particular requirements of the body. When we attempt by artificial processes to digest our food with other enzymes than those

of our own digestive organs, or take into the stomach large quantities of food without proper mastication, which causes fermentation, we may expect that the nutritive material supplied to our tissues will not be perfectly adapted to the needs of human cell-growth, and, as a natural result, consequent derangement of the body-functions will take place.

[Sidenote: Rennet]

The rennet of the gastric juice is primarily for the purpose of digestion. Other than this it has no particular function that has yet been discovered.

[Sidenote: Why stomach does not digest itself]

The problem as to why the stomach does not digest itself has puzzled scientists for many years. Investigations of the twentieth century have at last solved this fascinating question. The walls of the human stomach are composed of proteid material, and should be dissolved by the gastric juice according to all known chemical laws. The explanation formerly given was that the stomach did not digest itself because it was alive. This answer did not satisfy scientists.

[Sidenote: Antipepsin in the blood]

There has recently been discovered an enzyme, known as antipepsin, which is secreted by the cells in the stomach-walls. This antipepsin destroys the action of the pepsin, thus in turn preventing its action on the stomach-wall itself. Were antipepsin secreted in sufficiently large quantities to mix with the food in the stomach-cavity, no digestion could take place. The presence of this antipepsin in the stomach-walls has been proved in the following manner: The arteries leading to a portion of the stomach-wall of a dog was severed. This portion, receiving no blood supply, did not form the usual amount of antipepsin. The secretion of pepsin went on in the remainder of the animal's stomach, but digested that portion of the stomach-wall which was receiving no blood supply; that is, secreting no antipepsin.

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## INCIDENTS OF A **JOURNEY** THROUGH THE NORTHERN KALAHARI

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *African Nature Notes and Reminiscences*, by  
Frederick Courteney Selous

Southern Rhodesia--Country farther west still a primeval wilderness--Seldom traversed by white men--Scarcity of water--Remarkable rain-storm--Porcupine flooded out--Every hollow filled with water--All game in good condition--Many varieties encountered--Large herd of elephants--Four large bulls--Wariness of elephants--Lions roaring near camp--Search for them on the following morning--Large male seen and chased into thick bush--Successful encounter with a second male.

Southern Rhodesia, in which vast territory is comprised Matabeleland, Mashunaland, Manicaland, and part of Gazaland, is now a well-known country traversed by railways and supporting a considerable white population, the bulk of which, however, is confined to the mining districts and to the towns of Bulawayo, Salisbury, Umtali, and Gwelo. But between the western frontier of Southern Rhodesia and the swamps of the Okavango river there stretches a broad expanse of primeval wilderness which the recent development of European activity in all parts of Africa has left entirely untouched.

The reason for this is not far to seek, since the whole of this country is, in the first place, entirely without hills or indeed stone of any kind, and therefore cannot contain gold; and in the second, entirely without rivers, and therefore as a rule a sun-scorched waste, almost destitute of surface water, except during the rainy season.

Thus it has been left an unexplored wilderness which has seldom been traversed by white men, except on certain well-known routes, such as the old waggon trails from Tati to Pandamatenka and from Bamangwato to the Mababi river, and even on these I have travelled in dry seasons seventy and a hundred and twenty miles respectively without water.

Occasionally, however, when exceptionally heavy rains have fallen during the past wet season, this desert land becomes a very pleasant country to travel in. Such a year was 1884. Towards the end of May of that year, a full six weeks after the usual close of the wet season, the most extraordinary rain-storm I have ever experienced swept over the desert to the west of Matabeleland. I was at that time travelling slowly westwards by bullock waggon, following no track, but making my way across country under the guidance of Masarwa Bushmen from one pool of water to another.

One afternoon dense masses of black clouds gathered in the west, and presently spread over the whole sky. There was neither thunder nor lightning, but towards evening a strong wind sprang up, and soon afterwards a steady rain began to fall, at first light, but ever increasing in intensity, until soon after dark it was coming down in such a way that I thought it impossible that it could last long. But all through that night and until midday the following day, the heavy rain never ceased to fall. During the afternoon, however, the sky again grew lighter and the rain gradually ceased. By midnight the stars were shining from a cloudless sky.

Early the following morning I rode out to see the effect of this unprecedented downpour, and found the face of the country completely changed. On the sand ridges no difference was apparent, as the thirsty soil had easily absorbed all the rain that had fallen on it, but the intervening spaces where the Mopani trees flourish, and where the soil is a sort of light clay, had been transformed into broad, shallow lakes, from a few inches to two feet in depth. Riding across one of these flooded valleys, I came upon a porcupine seated disconsolately on

the stem of a fallen Mopani tree--the first of these animals I had ever come across in the daytime.

The surface floods soon soaked away on the level ground, but every hollow became a lake or pond which held water for a longer or shorter time according to its depth, and when retraversing this same tract of country some five months later, I still found all the larger hollows fairly full, and was therefore able to travel at my leisure with ease and comfort through a country which, in ordinary seasons, would have been quite impassable by bullock waggon at that time of the year.

Under these conditions, I found this usually arid waste a very pleasant place to wander over. Game, though not very abundant, was still in sufficient numbers to enable me to keep my own people and the several families of Bushmen who had attached themselves to me in rude plenty. Owing to the favourable season, all grazing and browsing animals, including my own cattle, were in very good condition, and my larder seldom lacked the choicest portions of the giraffe, eland, gemsbuck, and springbuck, four of the best animals for the table, when in prime condition, which South Africa, or any other part of the world, can produce. Blue wildebeests were more plentiful than all other species of game, and on the broad, grassy plains which stretch westwards from Metsibutluku--the bitter water--often congregated in herds of from one to two hundred individuals. Here, too, large troops of zebras--Chapman's variety of Burchell's zebra--were often to be met with, as well as small herds of the Cape hartebeest, now quite a scarce animal, as it has been either exterminated in most parts of its former range or driven into the waterless deserts of South-Western Africa.

In the dense thorn jungles which lay a little to the north of my route, a large herd of elephants spent the whole year, as I saw their tracks when travelling westwards from Matabeleland, and again on my return eastwards some five months later. These animals were, however, very wary, never drinking twice running at one pool, and travelling immense distances every night. I twice followed their spoor for a whole day and slept on it without coming up with them. But besides this large herd of cow and young bull elephants, there were four immense old bulls (judging from their tracks), which frequented the same jungles but lived by themselves apart from the herd.

These old patriarchs I tried hard but unsuccessfully to find in the daytime, and I also watched for them at nights on several occasions at vleys at which they had been in the habit of drinking, but I never had the luck to hit off the right pool of water on the right night. Once they drank at a vley within a mile of the one at which I was watching, and I heard them at the water, but on this occasion I think they must have got my wind, as, although I was early on their tracks and followed them all day with the best Bushmen spoorers, I never got near them, and the next day rode home, shooting a fat giraffe cow on the way.

I may here remark that it is of little use, if you do not come up with elephants which have been frightened on the first day, to follow

them any farther, as, when alarmed, these animals travel very fast and far at nights, and on the morning of the second day will, in all probability, be much farther off than they were when you first took up their spoor.

Of lions there were a few, but not very many, in this part of the country, and my one successful encounter with one of these animals during this season occurred late in the year, when I was once more nearing the western frontier of Matabeleland. My waggon was then standing beneath some tall, feathery leaved thorn trees near a large vley of water, beyond which stretched an open plain covered with a rather short growth of yellow grass for South Africa--as it was not more than about two feet in length. This open plain was skirted to the north by dense jungles of wait-a-bit thorns, and on its other three sides by open Mopani forest and scrub. My camp was on the northern side of the plain, quite close to the thorn jungles.

At this time I had been long absent from the farthest outpost of civilisation, and had not seen a white mans face or spoken a word of English for more than six months; but I never felt lonely or low spirited, for I had plenty of books with me to read at nights, and hunting and collecting specimens of natural history filled all my time by day. I was, too, in perfect health.

One night I was reading in the waggon rather late, when a lion--the first I had heard for a long time--commenced to roar loudly apparently not very far away, and was immediately answered by several other lions roaring in unison. After this, and until I went to sleep, this roaring became almost continuous, but I could tell that there was one lion which always roared alone, and was answered by several others which all roared together. Presently, lulled by this grandest of all earthly music, I went to sleep.

I awoke just before daylight, and as the lions were still roaring, apparently within a mile of the waggon, I at once got up, and after drinking a cup of coffee, rode out just at daylight, accompanied by a mounted Griqua lad and several of my best Bushmen, to look for them. Twice after we had left the waggon their deep, menacing voices rolled out over the silent veld, and assured us that they were still in the open grass plain, but after the sun rose they became silent.

We had ridden for perhaps a mile and a half across the open plain, when I suddenly saw something dark appear above the long yellow grass some four hundred yards ahead of me, and knew at once that what I had seen was the maned shoulder of a lion. At this time I do not think he had seen us, but had just risen from the spot where he had been lately lying roaring, with the intention of making his way to the thorn jungles ahead of him. I was mounted on a very good, well-trained shooting horse, in splendid hard condition, and very fast, and I at once put spurs to him, and rode as hard as he could go, in the hope of getting up to the lion before the latter gained the shelter of the thorn jungle, where no horse could have followed him.

The noble quarry gave but one quick look towards the approaching horse, and then turned and galloped away through the grass at a great pace, making straight for a small island of forest and jungle lying in the open plain just outside the main bush. I was now going at racing speed, and was gaining fast on the lion, who did not appear to be exerting himself, though he got over the ground pretty quickly, going at an easy gallop, and looking like an enormous mastiff. He was very dark in colour, with a full dark mane.

Just before he got to the edge of the small isolated piece of bush, I ought to have pulled in and taken a shot at him at about 150 yards, but I thought he would halt at the edge of the cover and turn round and look at me, as lions, after having been chased across an open place on horseback, often do; but this one galloped straight into the cover, and I lost the chance. The patch of bush in which he now was, was not more than 100 yards long by 50 broad, but was only separated from the main jungle by an open piece of ground quite destitute of cover and about 60 yards across at the narrowest point. Having ridden round this isolated piece of bush without seeing anything more of the lion, I thought he must be hiding within it, and determined to send to the waggon for my dogs, which I knew would soon show me his whereabouts, as soon as the Bushmen came up.

They soon appeared with my mounted after-rider, who at once told me that, after I galloped forward, he had come on behind me across the plain, and had ridden right on to five lions lying in the grass, a big male and four females, which had trotted slowly away to a tongue of bush extending into the plain from the main jungle about a mile back.

I now rode round the piece of bush again, in which I thought that the lion I had chased was still hiding, with the Bushmen, in order to make sure that he was still there, and had not run straight through it and across the open into the solid jungle beyond, which he might just have had time to do without my seeing him, for I had pulled in for a moment near where he had disappeared.

Sure enough, we found his tracks emerging from the top end of the bush, and followed them across the open to the thick cover beyond, and as it would have been useless to look for him here without dogs, I galloped back at once with my after-rider to where the latter had last seen the other lions. "Was the male a big one?" I asked him. "Sir," he answered, "when he turned and stood looking at me from the top of that piece of rising ground, he looked like an eland bull!"

We had just passed the point of the tongue of bush I have previously alluded to, when my boy said in Dutch, "Daar's hij; pass op; hij zal ons jagd" ("There he is; look out; he will chase us"), and turning his horse's head, galloped away. I had not yet seen the lion, but I soon made him out standing looking at me, with his head held low. He was not more than eighty yards off, and I was just going to dismount and have a shot at him, when out he came with mouth held half open and ears laid back, jerking out with every breath a rolling thunderous growl. My horse knew the business well, and was round and off with

the promptitude and speed of a well-trained polo pony, the lion close behind.

I think he got up pretty near us with his first furious rush, but then my horse got into his stride and gradually drew away from him, and when he had chased us for about 150 yards, he pulled up, at the same time ceasing to growl. It was the cessation of the roaring that let me know he had given up the chase, and pulling my horse in, I brought him round again as quickly as possible.

The lion was then standing looking at me, and as I approached he lowered his head, and at once commenced to growl again, whisking his tail rapidly from side to side without cessation. I knew he would charge again in a moment, so gave him no time to get his wind, but dismounting as quickly as possible, raised my rifle and took a quick shot for his open mouth. The bullet must have passed just below or on one side of his lower jaw, as it struck him in the chest, causing him to stand straight up on his hind-legs, and fall over backwards. He recovered himself immediately, but abandoning for the moment all thought of again charging, turned and trotted back towards the shelter of the trees he had left a short time before.

I was quickly in the saddle again and galloping up behind him, as I feared to lose sight of him in the bush. He heard me coming, and whipping round with an angry roar, charged again in fine style, this time, however, chasing me for less than a hundred yards, and coming to a halt as before right in the open. I brought my horse round as quickly as I could, and again dismounting, fired as he stood facing me, and again hit him in the chest, when he at once turned and made for the bush, on reaching which he lay down under a large thorn tree. I now walked my horse towards him, and finding that he was apparently too far gone to get on his legs again, though he raised his great head and growled savagely as I approached, I came quite near to him, and gave him a third shot in the chest which killed him. He proved to be a fine lion just in his prime, in beautiful coat and with a very fair mane. He was, too, extraordinarily fat. The Bushmen took every particle of fat from the slain monarch, but left the rest of the carcase for the hyænas and vultures, which they would not have done had they been short of meat of other kinds.

I imagine that this lion was the lord and master of the four lionesses who were with him when my after-rider disturbed them, and that the single lion I had chased and lost was a depraved animal who wished to interfere with this domestic arrangement, but had been unable to allure any of the lionesses away from their rightful lord, and had not dared to put the matter to the ordeal of combat. This explanation would, I think, account for the continuous roaring which had gone on during the whole of the previous night.

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## THE JUNE GARDEN

Project Gutenberg's *Colour in the flower garden*, by Gertrude Jekyll

Beyond the lawn and a belt of Spanish Chestnut I have a little cottage that is known as the Hut. I lived in it for two years while my house was building, and may possibly live in it again for the sake of replenishing an over-drained exchequer, if the ideal well-to-do invalid flower-lover or some such very quiet summer tenant, to whom alone I could consent to surrender my dear home for a few weeks, should be presented by a kind Providence. Meanwhile it is always in good use for various purposes, such as seed-drying, \_pot-pourri\_ preparing, and the like.

The garden in front and at the back is mainly a June garden. It has Peonies, Irises, Lupines, and others of the best flowers of the season, and a few for later blooming. The entrance to the Hut is through Yews that arch overhead. Close to the right is a tall Holly with a \_Clematis montana\_ growing into it and tumbling out at the top. The space of garden to the left, being of too deep a shape to be easily got at from the path on the one side and the stone paving on the other, has a kind of dividing backbone made of a double row of Rose hoops or low arches, rising from good greenery of Male Fern and the fern-like Sweet Cicely. This handsome plant (\_Myrrhis odorata\_) is of great use in many ways. It will grow anywhere, and has the unusual merit of making a good show of foliage quite early in the year. It takes two years to get to a good size, sending its large, fleshy, aromatic roots deep down into the soil. By the end of May, when the bloom is over and the leaves are full grown, they can be cut right down, when the plant will at once form a new set of leaves that remain fresh for the rest of the summer. Its chief use is as a good foliage accompaniment or background to flowers, and no plant is better for filling up at the bases of shrubs that look a little leggy near the ground, or for any furnishing of waste or empty spaces, especially in shade. From among the Ferns and Myrrhis at the back of this bit of eastern border rise white Foxgloves, the great white Columbine, and the tall stems of white Peach-leaved Campanula. Nearer to the front are clumps of Peonies. But, as one of the most frequented paths passes along this eastern border, it was thought best not to confine it to June flowers only, but to have something also for the later months. All vacant places are therefore filled with Pentstemons and Snapdragons, which make a show throughout the summer; while for the early days of July there are clumps of the old garden Roses--Damask and Provence. The whole south-western angle is occupied by a well-grown Garland Rose that every summer is loaded with its graceful wreaths of bloom. It has never been trained or staked, but grows as a natural fountain; the branches are neither pruned nor shortened. The only attention it receives is that every three or four years the internal mass of old dead wood is cut right out, when the bush seems to spring into new life.

Passing this angle and going along the path leading to the studio door in the little stone-paved court, there is a seat under an arbour formed

by the Yews; the front of it has a Dundee Rambler Rose supported by a rough wooden framework. On the right, next the paving, are two large standard Roses with heads three and four feet through. They are old garden Roses, worked in cottage fashion on a common Dog-rose stock. One is Celeste, of loveliest tender rose colour, its broad bluish leaves showing its near relationship to *Rosa alba*; the other the white Mme. Plantier. This old Rose, with its abundant bunches of pure white flowers, always seems to me to be one of the most charming of the older garden kinds. It will grow in almost any way, and is delightful in all; as a pillar, as a hedge, as a bush, as a big cottage standard, or in the border tumbling about among early summer flowers. Like the Blush Gallica, which just precedes it in time of blooming, it is one of the old picture Roses. Both should be in quantity in every garden, and yet they are but rarely seen.

The border next the paving has clumps of the old garden Peonies (*P. officinalis*). By the time these are over, towards the end of June, groups of the earlier orange Herring Lilies are in bloom. A thick and rather high Box edging neatly trims these borders, and favours the cottage-garden sentiment that is fostered in this region. At the back of the Yews that form the arbour is one end of the Hidden Garden. Going along the path, past the projection on the block-plan of the Hut, which represents the large angle of the studio, we come to the other bit of June garden behind the little cottage. Here again, the space being over-wide, it is divided in the middle by a double border of Rosemary that is kept clipped and is not allowed to rise high enough to prevent access to the border on each side.

On the side next the Hut the flowers are mostly of lilac and purple colouring with white. Pale lilac Irises, including the fine *I. pallida dalmatica* and the rosy lilac variety, Queen of the May, perennial Lupines, white, bluish lilac and purple--one of a conspicuous and rare deep red-purple of extreme richness without the slightest taint of a rank quality--a colour I can only call a strong wine-purple; then a clump of the feathery, ivory-white *Spiræa Aruncus*, the large Meadowsweet that is so fine by the side of alpine torrents. There are also some flesh-pink Albiflora Peonies and lower growths of Catmint, and of the grand blue-purple Cranesbill, *Geranium ibericum platyphyllum*; with white and pale yellow Spanish Irises in generous tufts springing up between. At the blunt angle nearly opposite the dovecote is a pink cloud of London Pride; beyond it pale yellow Violas with more white Spanish Iris, leading to a happy combination of the blue *Iris Cengialti* and the bushy Aster *Olearia Gunni*, smothered in its white starry bloom. An early flowering Flag Iris, named Chamæleon, nearly matches the colour of *I. Cengialti*; it is the bluest that I know of the Flag Irises, and is planted between and around the Olearias to form part of the colour-picture.

[Illustration: *ROSE BLUSH GALLICA* PLANTED ON THE TOP OF DRY WALLING.]

[Illustration: *SPANISH IRIS*.]

Beyond this group, and only separated from it by some pale yellow

Irises, are two plants of the Dropmore Anchusa, marked A on the plan, of pure pale blue, and another clump of *Spiræa Aruncus*, marked S, and one of a good pure white Lupine, with some tall clear yellow Irises and white Foxgloves. Now the colouring changes, passing through a group or two of the rich half-tones of Irises of the *squalens* section to the perennial Poppies; *P. rupifragum* nearest the path and, next to it, *P. pilosum*; both of a rich apricot colour. Backing these is a group of the larger hybrid that nearly always occurs in gardens where there are both *P. rupifragum* and *P. orientale*. In appearance it is a small *orientale* with a strong look of *rupifragum* about the foliage. As a garden plant it has the advantages of being of an intermediate size and of having a long season of bloom, a quality no doubt inherited from *rupifragum*, which will flower more or less throughout the summer if the seed-pods are removed. A plant of Oriental Poppy of the tone of orange-scarlet that I know as red-lead colour, and some deep orange Lilies complete this strongly coloured group.

In the north-western clump, where there are some Thorn-trees and two Thuyas, the dominant feature is the great bush of an old garden rambling Rose that looks as if its parentage was somewhere between *sempervirens* and *arvensis*. I can neither remember how I came by it nor match it with any nursery kind. It stands nearly opposite the Hut kitchen window, and when in full bloom actually sheds light into the room. I know it as the Kitchen Rose. The diameter of the bush is even greater than the plan shows, for it overwhelms the nearest Thuya and rushes through the Thorn, and many of its shoots are within hand-reach of the back path. The rest of this clump is occupied by plants of tall habit--the great Mullein (*Verbascum orientale*), the Giant Cow-Parsnip (*Heracleum*), and white Foxgloves.

The plan shows how the border of early bulbs, described in a former chapter (now a mass of hardy Ferns, as shown at p. 7), lies in relation to this part of the garden. There is also a grand mass of Oriental Poppy and Orange Lilies in half-shade on the other side of the path, where it turns and is bordered with *Berberis*. This makes a fine distant effect of strong colour looking north-west from the southern end of the bulb-border.

I greatly wish I could have some other June borders for the still better use of the Flag Irises, but not only have I quite as much dressed ground as I can afford to keep up, but the only space where such borders could be made has to be nursery-ground of plants for sale. But though I am denied this pleasure myself, I should like to suggest it to others, and therefore give plans of two borders of different colourings. There would be no great harm if they came opposite each other, though perhaps, as colour-schemes, they would be rather better seen singly and quite detached from each other.

[Illustration: *THE JUNE GARDEN.*]

[Illustration: *IRIS AND LUPINE BORDERS.*]

It must be remembered, as in all cases of planting flower borders, that they cannot be expected to show their full beauty the year after planting. Irises will give a few blooms the first season, but are not in strength till their second and third years. China Roses must have time to grow. Tree Lupines must be planted young, and, though they make rapid growth, they also do not fill their spaces till the third year. Lupine Somerset is a desirable hybrid, not quite a true Tree Lupine, though it has a half-woody growth. Its best colour is a clear, lively light yellow, but it readily varies from seed to whitish or washy purplish tints. As the seedlings often show bloom the first season in the seed-bed, the colours should be noted and marked, for some of the light purples are pretty things, with more refinement of character than the same colourings in the old Tree Lupines. Both the tree and hybrid kinds may have their lives much prolonged--for if they are not specially treated they are short-lived things--by judicious pruning. After flowering, each branch should be cut well back. It is not enough to cut away the flowers, but every branch should be shortened about two-thirds as soon as the bloom is over and the seed-pods begin to form.

The plans show the two schemes of colouring. The upper is of white, lilac, purple and pink, with grey foliage; the lower of white, yellow, bronze-yellow and, for the most part, rich green foliage. They will show mainly as Iris and Lupine borders, and are intended to display the beauty of these two grand plants of early summer. The kinds of Iris are carefully considered for their height, time of blooming, and colour-value. In the yellow border is one patch of clear, pale pure blue, the Dropmore Anchusa, grouped with pale yellows and white.

In the purple border are some important front-edge patches of the beautiful Catmint (\_Nepeta Mussini\_), a plant that can hardly be over-praised. The illustration shows it in a part of a border-front that is to be for August. For a good three weeks in June it makes this border a pretty place, although the Catmint is its only flower. But with the white-grey woolly patches of Stachys and the half-grown bushes of Gypsophila, and the Lavender and other plants of greyish foliage, the picture is by no means incomplete. Its flowery masses, seen against the warm yellow of the sandy path, give the impression of remarkably strong and yet delightfully soft colouring. The colour itself is a midway purple, between light and dark, of just the most pleasing quality. As soon as the best of the bloom is done it is carefully cut over; then the lateral shoots just below the main flower-spike that has been taken out will gain strength and bloom again at the border's best show-time in August. In another double flower border that is mostly for the September-blooming Michaelmas Daisies the Catmint is cut back a little later.

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One of the joys of June is the beauty of the Scotch Briers. On the south side of the house there are Figs and Vines, Rosemary and China Roses; a path and then some easy stone steps leading up to the strip of lawn some fifty feet wide that skirts the wood. To right and left of the steps, for a length equal to that of the house-front, is a hedge

of these charming little Roses. They are mostly double white, but some are rosy and some yellow. When it is not in flower the mass of small foliage is pleasant to see, and even in winter leaflessness the tangle of close-locked branches has an appearance of warm brown comfort that makes it good to have near a house.

[Illustration: \_WHITE TREE LUPINE.\_]

[Illustration: \_CATMINT IN JUNE IN THE GREY AUGUST BORDER.\_]

June is also the time of some of the best of the climbing plants and slightly tender shrubs that we have against walls and treat as climbers, such as \_Solamum crispum\_ and \_Abutilon vitifolium\_ and the hardy \_Clematis montana\_; but some notes on these will be offered in a further chapter.

One is always watching and trying for good combinations of colour that occur or that may be composed. Besides such as are shown in the plans, the following have been noted for June:

In rock-work the tiny China Rose Pompon de Paris, also the tender pink Fairy Rose, with pale lilac tufted Pansy and \_Achillea umbellata\_.

The pretty pale pink dwarf Rose Mignonette, with the lilac of Catmint (\_Nepeta Mussini\_) and the grey-white foliage of Stachys and \_Cineraria maritima\_.

In a cool, retired place in a shrubbery margin, away from other flowers, the misty red-grey-purple of \_Thalictrum purpureum\_ with the warm white foam-colour of \_Spiræa Aruncus\_.

On bold rock-work, a mass of a fine-coloured strain of Valerian (\_Centranthus\_) with a deep scarlet-crimson Snapdragon. This is a success of reciprocally becoming texture as well as colour; the texture having that satisfying quality that one recognises in the relation of the cut and uncut portions of the fine old Italian cut-velvets.

[Illustration: \_SCOTCH BRIARS.\_]

[Illustration: \_GERANIUM IBERICUM PLATYPHYLLUM; THE BEST OF THE CRANEBILLS.\_ (\_See page 42.\_)]

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## "LITTLE JINNY"

Project Gutenberg's *The Confessions of a Beachcomber*, by E J Banfield  
In Life and In Death

She was called "Little Jinny" to distinguish her from another of the blacks about the place--a great, good-natured, giggling creature who laughs perpetually and grows ever fatter. There was nothing in common between the two. Indeed they frequently had differences, for "Jinny" proper is industrious, obliging, cheerful, and full of fun, while she, "Little Jinny," was silent, sulky, and ever averse from toil.

Tom, her man, alternately petted and beat her. She, no doubt, deserved both, for she was proud and haughty for a black gin, and as venomous at times as a scorpion. His hand is heavy, and when he lifted it in anger poor "Little Jinny" suffered--but suffered in silence. Her chastisements were not frequent, but they seemed to increase her loyalty towards her lord and master.

From a European standpoint, "Little Jinny" had little of which to be vain. She had a fuzzy head of hair. Some, like fur, crept down across her brows, giving her face a singularly unbecoming cast. I did not notice this peculiar uncomeliness until she was dying, and I felt then more than ever that she was not to be judged in accordance with our standard of beauty--though she had many of our little weaknesses. Her ignorance of civilised ways was pathetic, yet she was vain and coquettish as the fairest of her sex. And her besetting vanity was endeavouring to be a "lady." Work was sordid, for she wore garments which made her the leader of fashion. She possessed a pair of--well, a bifurcated garment--and her whole life was spent in trying to live up to it--or them. She succeeded to a certain extent. Her ways were mincing and precise, and she lazed away her days quite artistically. A can of water was too heavy for her to carry, less than two hours "spell" at a time quite an offence to her ideal of the amount of repose that a lady wearing the bifurcated garment should permit herself. She was wont to sit in the shade of the mango-tree and pretend to do a little gardening. It was all pretence. What she really loved to do was to wander among the bloodwoods--with Tom, of course--with next to nothing on, the next to nothing being the drawers. There, you have them. Then you saw her at her best--or rather worst, for she was a thin sapling of a girl, of a dull coppery colour, and the garment was not always snowy-white.

Hers, after all, was an ideal existence. She had plenty to eat, as much tobacco as was good for her, and outer raiment that in gaudiness outrivalled the flame-tree and the yellow hibiscus. She was the favourite of two consorts, and only when her pride and scorpion-like attributes got the better of her was she corrected.

Now, just the other morning, Tom announced that "Little Jinny" was sick "along a bingey" (stomach), and suggested that salt medicine might do her good. It was quite a common occurrence for her to be sick. It was such an easy and excellent excuse for a day's holiday, when she would bask on the soft grey sand and smoke, gazing across the placid bay and

waiting for meal-times. So no one took her sickness seriously. Subsequent inquiries, however, elicited the fact that "Little Jinny" had eaten little or no tucker the day prior to Tom's application for medicine on her behalf, and that she was really entitled to sympathy of the most practical kind. But no one had the least suspicion of the fact. Dinner-time came and she did not appear, though she was strolling about the flat below the house, apparently only a "little bit sick," as Tom reported when he came up to his work.

"That one all right to-morrow," was the reply to an inquiry.

But at five o'clock Tom visited his hut, and hurried back for medicine. "Little Jinny" was very bad. We went down with remedies that seemed fit from his diagnosis of the case and description of the symptoms, and there lay "Little Jinny," obviously dying. She had never complained nor whimpered when Tom's heavy hand had corrected her, though the dried trickle of blood had been seen on her forehead, and now that she lay a-dying, with her figure strangely swollen, she moaned only when Tom, with his heavy hand, sought to squeeze out the dead man, "all the same like debil-debil," who was, according to him, the cause of the trouble.

But it was all too implacable and crafty a "debil-debil" for Tom to cast out. We did our best with brandy and steaming flannels; but it was all so useless, for none understood the sickness, or how to prescribe a remedy that might be effective. Our helplessness was grievous. We could only repeat the sips of brandy and water, and endeavour to warm the chilly little body with steamy flannels.

All did something. Even Nelly, the second best wife, who had had to play a very subordinate part in the camp, and whom "Little Jinny" had slapped and had abused with all the volubility of spite and temper, crouched beside her dying rival, chafing her cold hands and warming her cheeks.

And here was the most touching incident of the pathetic scene. We had brandy and blankets and flannels wherewith to endeavour to afford relief. Poor Nelly had nothing. Her poverty was grim, but she had some resource. She had no means of alleviating the suffering save those which spendthrift Nature provided--the smooth oily leaf of the "Raroo." She used these aromatic leaves, all that she had, with no little art and tenderness. Warming them over the fire until the oil exuded, she would apply them to the hairy jowl of the girl, and anon to her furry forehead and cheeks.

While there is life there is hope is evidently Nelly's creed, and so she crunched and warmed the pungently odorous leaves, and rubbed the hands that had often smitten her in anger. Poor Nelly sighed piteously as she continued her work, while Tom massaged the body of the girl, hoping to expel the "debil-debil!" His theory was, and is, that some man whom "Little Jinny" had known down about Hinchinbrook had died, and his "debil-debil all the same like dead man," had "sat down" in "Little Jinny's bingey,"--hence her distended condition.

His efforts to cast out this personal "debil" were futile, and as the poor creature lapsed into unconsciousness he would blow gusty breaths upon her big black eyes. It was his method of revivification. In my ignorance I knew none more to the purpose. But it was all in vain. The great eyes of this specimen of uncivilised humanity clouded over, and then brightened. She moaned in response to Tom's well-intended but too forcible massaging. Nelly applied without ceasing the one means of relief that she possessed, the heated "Raroo" leaf, to cheek and forehead, while we exhausted our woefully meagre stock of knowledge in endeavouring to ease the last moments of the dying.

But poor "Little Jinny's" creditor was not to be denied. He was exacting, cruelly exacting, imperious, implacable. He would have the uttermost farthing's worth of her poor, crude life.

Nelly might sigh and use the whole armful of "Raroo" leaves; Tom might massage, and the others do their best, which was pitifully poor, and their uttermost, which was ever so mean and little, the Conquering Worm would have its victim. And so with a few long-drawn, gulping sighs, each at a longer interval than the last, until the final one, "Little Jinny" passed away as the sun touched the dark blue barrier of mountains across the channel to the west.

Then Nelly's sighs changed into a wail, in which the other members of the camp joined, a penetrating falsetto cry which continued for two days, mingled with the strong man's expression of woe, a low, weird yet not inharmonious hum. For two days they chanted the virtues of the dead, told of her likes and dislikes, and of their grief, crouching beside the blanket-covered form. Then they buried her in the smoky hut in which she lived, digging a shallow grave in the black sand, and there she rests with them.

Tom has put on the mourning of his tribe, and will not for several years eat of a certain fish associated with "Little Jinny's" original name. Nor can he bear to be reminded of her. The day after she was buried he spent the hours between daylight and sunset wandering about wherever "Little Jinny" had been wont, obliterating the tracks made by her feet. With the keenest of sight, which is one of the superior qualifications of the race, he discerned the tracks on the sandy, forest-clad flat, and rubbed them out with his foot.

Just as love-lorn Orlando ran about the forest of Arden carving on

"Every tree  
The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she,"

so this tough, rude savage, spent the whole day smothering the marks that would "sad remembrance bring" of the poor creature for whom he had that kind of feeling that in the savage stands for love. Nature would have performed the office as effectually, and perhaps more tenderly, but Tom's hasty grief drove him remorselessly, until no outward and visible sign of the dead girl remained to challenge it.

When I ponder upon Nelly's "Raroo" leaves and Tom's terrible and precise earnestness in blotting out the memory of the past, I am convinced that this race, despised and neglected of men, can be as devoted to one another as truly as we who are so superior to them in many attributes.

## THE LANGUAGE TEST

Casual investigations confirm the opinion that the language of the natives of Dunk, Hinchinbrook and the intervening isles was mutually understood. Certainly there are more terms in common with Dunk Island and the southern end of Hinchinbrook--40 miles away--than with Dunk Island and the adjacent mainland. In pre-white folks days amicable intercourse between the natives of the islands and of the mainland was unknown though the islanders frequently visited one another. Hence no doubt their dominant character and higher order of intelligence generally. Literally the insular was a floating population, and derived the advantage of intercommunication. That of the mainland was stationary. It groped dimly in the jungle, each sept, isolated by bewildering differences in language, cramped, narrow, suspicious. Tribes whose country came within 2 or 3 miles of the sea never intruded on the beach, and the Beachcombers dared not venture beyond recognised limits. To this day Tom will not "walk about" inland unless he is in possession of real superiority in the matter of arms, or has a following in force. He professes fear of the primordial savagery of the "man alonga bush."

## LAST OF THE LINE

The last King of Dunk Island--known to the whites as "Jimmy"--was a tall, lanky man, irreclaimably truculent, incapable of recognising the dominance of those who bestowed his Christian name. Long after most of his fellows had submitted in a more or less kindly spirit to the o'ermastering-race, "Jimmy" held aloof, and in his savage, self-reliant way, deemed himself a worthy foe of the best of them. Often he endeavoured to persuade his companions to join him in a policy of active resentment. Once, when remonstrated with on account of some offence against the rights of property, he assumed a hostile disposition, and calling upon others, took up a spear, determined if possible to rouse a revolt. Few in number, the whites could not permit their authority to be questioned, and a demonstration with a rifle silenced all show of opposition. "Jimmy," disgusted with the docility of his fellows, departed, uttering wrath and threatenings, and was no more seen in the vicinity. This incident took place nearly twenty years ago on the mainland. "King Jimmy, the Irreconcilable," died a natural death. He does not sleep with his fathers on his native soil, but at Tam o' Shanter Point, nor are any of his acts and deeds remembered, save that which illustrates his hatred of the whites, and his bold and truculent spirit.

None of those who remain is equal to the last of the royal line in stature. Toby stands 5 feet 7 1/2 inches. Tom, 5 feet 7 inches. Brow, 5 feet 2 3/4 inches, and Willie, 5 feet 2 inches. Tom's expanded chest measures 36 1/2 inches, and Toby's, 36; Brow's, 34 1/2, Willie's, 34 inches.

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## KINGSTON, JAMAICA

Project Gutenberg's *Gardens of the Caribbees*, v. 2/2, by Ida May Hill Starr

I.

Had he not come aboard, it is doubtful if even the "kirk-ganging habit" inherited from a long line of devout ancestors could have dragged us to the service. But there was an unforgettable something in his face which compelled us, in spite of the intense heat, to leave ship by a shore-boat on Sunday morning and inquire the way to the Parish Church.

[Illustration: KINGSTON, JAMAICA, FROM THE BAY]

Shortly after we had dropped anchor in Kingston Harbour, early on Saturday, we saw the rector of the English Church being rowed through the crowd of fruit-boats, which were bobbing about us like so many brilliant birds; but it was with considerable difficulty that he was finally enabled to reach the ship, so strenuous were the black fruiterers to give their wares the best possible showing. They were well worth the showing, too, for such masses and varieties and colours were a marvel indeed, even in the tropics. The shaddocks were as big as melons, and the tangerines, measuring some fifteen inches in circumference, were dyed as deep a yellow as the colour sense could grasp, and piled in great, heaping baskets, were watched over by beflowered negresses, who sat motionless in the boats, except for their great rolling eyes.

The oranges of Mandeville, Jamaica, were well known to us through the accounts of former travellers, but no description had ever brought a suggestion of the true radiance of the Jamaican fruit as it shone forth that brilliant morning. After one look, the little girls ran down to the stateroom for the St. Thomas basket, to fill it to the very handle-tip with luscious tangerines. And while they scampered off with the basket brimful, the lid pressed back by piles of tender, yellow beauties, a strange boat-load of new passengers blocked the way once more for the good priest, and he leaned patiently back in his boat, as if he knew that to protest would be of no avail.

The newcomers were two enormous live sea-turtles which the fishermen hauled up the gangway by a stout cable. The turtles groaned and puffed and flapped, and the little girls wanted them turned on their legs just to see what would happen; it would be such fun to ride a-turtle-back. And Wee One says, "Why, Mother! They are just like 'John the Baptist,' our pet turtle at home, only lots and lots bigger. I wish they'd turn over." But the sailors had evidently handled turtles before, for they were left on their backs and were--after having been duly wondered at--dragged down the deck out of sight, to reappear again in stew and \_fricassee\_, not in steak as the Jamaicans serve them. But Sister

laments. She and Little Blue Ribbons wanted to see the turtles run.  
"Mother, if they had only been right side up we could have helped turn them on their backs just like the 'Foreign Children' Stevenson tells about,--

"You have seen the scarlet trees  
And the lions over seas;  
You have eaten ostrich eggs,  
And turned the turtles off their legs."

[Illustration: RIO COBRE, NEAR SPANISH TOWN

Jamaica

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Meanwhile, as the way clears, the priest reaches the ship, and is soon lost among the crowd of passengers who are waiting for the first boat ashore.

All of Saturday, we wandered about the dusty, uninteresting streets of Kingston, waiting for the great impression. But it didn't come. We were ready and willing to admire the beautiful, but it did not appear. Kingston was even more unattractive than Port of Spain, Trinidad; dirtier, hotter, and in every way dull and uninteresting. Had it not been for the Blue Mountains, against which Kingston leans, and the glorious old Northeast Trades which fan her wayworn features, and for the sea at her feet, we could not have forgiven her frowsy appearance. The whole place had a "has been" air, with unkempt streets, and low, square, dumpy-looking houses, facing each other like tired old tramps.

II.

In order to form a just estimate of the Englishman's work and methods in Jamaica, one must leave Kingston, and take to the roads outside, for example that one along the Rio Cobre which winds in and out among the mountains in a most enchanting course. This particular drive of eleven miles, called the "Bog Walk Drive," leads to a little settlement called "Bog Walk." It is to be hoped that there was at one time some excuse for this name, but as bogs do not disappear in a day, it must have been in quite a distant past that the name had any real significance. We saw no suggestion of a Bog Walk, although actively on the alert for it. We had uncertain anticipations of having to scramble over wet and oozing turf, and one of us, without saying a word to any one else, tucked a pair of rubbers into a capacious basket. But the rubbers stayed right there, for there was no bog, nor any suggestion of one,--funny way these English have of naming things!

And speaking of names,--well, there never was a place--except other English colonial towns--where the good old British custom of naming houses is more rampant than in Kingston. Had the houses of some pretension been so labelled, it might not have seemed so strange; but,

no, every little cottage had a name painted somewhere on its gate-post, and very grandiloquent ones they were, I assure you. No two-penny affairs for them! There was "Ivy Lodge" and "Myrtle Villa" and "Ferndale" and "Oakmere" and "The Hall," tacked on to the wobbly fence-posts of the merest shanties. And yet, in spite of their apparent incongruity, there was a sort of pitiful fitness in those names. It was a holding-on, in a crude way, to some half-forgotten ideal of the old English life. It might have been a memory of the far-away mother country, left as the only legacy to a Creole generation; it might have been the last reaching for gentility; who can tell what "The Hall" meant to the inmates of that shambling roof. But for the "Bog Walk" there was no reason apparent, and we did not waste a bit of sympathy on the supposititious man who first sank to his armpits in what may have been a bog.

The Bog Walk road is wide enough for the passing of vehicles, and as solid as a rock. The English in the West Indies--as elsewhere--have ever been great road-builders. Now this bit of road--eleven miles long, as smooth as a floor, as firmly built as the ancient roads of Rome--is part of a great system of roads which extends for hundreds of miles throughout the island, and these roads have been constructed with so much care that, in spite of the torrents of tropical rain which must at times flood them, they remain as firm and enduring as the mountains themselves, seemingly the only man-made device in the West Indies which has been able to withstand the ravages of the tropical elements.

Jamaica is one hundred and forty-four miles long and fifty miles wide, and its entire area is a network of these wonderful roads. Roads which would grace a Roman Empire, here wind through vast lonely forests and plantations of coffee and cacao, past towns whose ramshackle houses are giving the last gasps of dissolution. Jamaica has evidently suffered under the affliction of road-making governors, whose single purpose has been to build roads though all else go untouched, and they have held to that ambition with bulldog pertinacity. No one can deny the wonder of the Jamaican highway. But whither, and to what, does it lead? Good roads are truly civilisers, and essential to the good of a country, but there must be a reason for their existence which is mightier than the way itself. Had there been half as many forest roads in Jamaica as there are now, and the money which has been buried in practically unused paths put into good schools and the encouragement of agriculture, Jamaica might to-day show a very different face. The most casual observation tells us of vast, unreasoning waste of money on the beautiful island, and one cannot but pity the patient blacks who have suffered so much from the poor administration of their white brothers.

[Illustration: A NATIVE HUT

Jamaica

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It was our pleasure to drive some distance on these hard turnpikes, and in miles we met but one conveyance of any kind, and that was a rickety

old box on wheels, carrying a family of coolies to Spanish Town.

This place out-Spanished any Spanish town we had ever seen in filth and general dilapidation. It was simply a lot of rambling old shacks, huddled together under the long-suffering palms--dirty, forlorn, forsaken, never good for much when young, and beyond redemption in its puerile old age. Down through these haunts of the half-naked blacks, there sweeps a road fit for a chariot and four. Diamond necklaces are queenly prerogatives, and the proper setting for a royal feast; but, thrown about the neck of a starving child, they are, to say the least, out of place. Nothing can be more entrancing, when perfect of its kind, than either diamonds or children, but they do not belong together. It may be, that, when the child is grown, circumstances will make the wearing of such a necklace a graceful adornment, but, until that time does come, the child's belongings should be those of simple necessity, all else being sacrificed to the normal growth of body and mind; let this be once well under way and adornments may follow. Jamaica has given her children a diamond necklace, and, although magnificent and wonderful, it is out of place, and the worst of it is, the children have had to pay dearly for it.

What Jamaica would have been under wise and prudent management, and with a different racial problem, no one can say. She has certainly never been lacking in resources, nor has she lacked amenable--though not always desirable--subjects. But there is a hitch somewhere, and to find that hitch would take a long unravelling of a torn and broken skein, the kind of work few care to undertake; but it is the work which must be done if Jamaica is ever to have a future.

[Illustration: THE BOG WALK ROAD, NEAR SPANISH TOWN

Jamaica]

Dusty and hot and still wondering where the "Bog Walk" would appear, we left the carriages for an inn which stood close to the road. It was somewhat--no, I should say much--above the average Jamaican house, passably clean, just passably, and in a way rather inviting to the traveller who is glad enough to go anywhere, where he can be satisfied, if he is hungry and tired. But the house was not what I wanted to tell you about; it was the \_grande dame\_ within, who played the indifferent hostess. We did not see her as we ran up-stairs to the upper balcony; it was well after we had sipped our rum and lemonade--for we did sip it; we not only sipped it, but we drank it, and it was fine, and we felt so comfortable that, when she--\_la grande dame\_--appeared, it never occurred to us to express our disappointment over the Bog Walk; we just agreed with her in everything she said, and felt beatific. I think we would have agreed with her even without the rum and lemonade, for she had an air about her that made one feel acquiescent. She was tall and angular. Her features were as clean-cut as though chiselled in marble; she was clearly Caucasian in type. Her lips were thin, her nose was aquiline, and her mouth had a haughty, indifferent curve, suggesting a race of masters, not slaves. But her skin was like a smoke-browned pipe, and her hair was glossy, and waved in quick little curves in spite of

the tightly drawn coil at the back of her stately neck. She was dressed in the fashion of long ago, with a full flounced skirt and a silk shawl. She sent her menials to wait upon us, although I noticed that, in spite of herself, she was taking an interest in the strangers.

The Madame went before, and we followed, through the ever-open door of the West Indian home. The Madame's skirts swept over the uneven threshold, over the bare, creaky floors, and her noiseless feet led the way into a past, rich in romance and disaster. The Madame had little to say; she just glided on before us like a black memory. Here on the bare, untidy floors were the Madame's treasures; treasures she used daily, for the table was spread (the Madame served dinner there just the hour before). Here was a table of Dominican mahogany with carved legs and oval top, and there on the sideboard was rare old plate, and quaintest pieces of Dresden china and Italian glass glistened as it once had done near the lips of its lordly master. The side-table of mahogany gave out a dull, rich lustre of venerable age, and there was a punch-bowl--silver, and much used--and curious candlesticks with glass shades. Ah! The Madame was rich. What a place, I thought, for a lover of the antique!

In her bedroom hard-by, a massive four-poster reached to the ceiling, and off in a dark corner there was an old chest, richly ornamented with brass. In every room there were chairs and davenports in quaintest fashion, all dull and worn and beautiful, while the billiard-room outside was well filled by a massive old-fashioned rosewood billiard-table whose woodwork, undermined by the extensive ravages of ants, was fast falling in pieces. "Where has it come from?" we ask; and she replies, with a lofty air, that her grandfather brought all these over from England long, long ago. No doubt the Madame would have sold any and all of it, and we caught ourselves wondering how we could get one of those old pieces home. It really seemed as if we ought to buy something, for the black Madame, towering above us, certainly expected to make a sale. But we didn't buy; we just admired it all, and particularly the Madame, and then we began again to try and think out the dreary tangle.

There was just one thing the Madame had which she would not sell, and that was the one thing we wanted most: the story of that grandfather. She was the \_grande dame\_; his history was sealed behind those unfathomable eyes. She admitted only the patrician in her blood, not the savage. The grandfather had left his stamp upon that face, but there was that other stamp! Alas, the Englishman has sold his birthright in Jamaica; he is selling it to-day, and what more hopeless future could rest over a people than does this day over the island of Jamaica?

III.

And now we are back in Kingston, the city. "How would it be for us to leave Daddy here--he wants to be measured at the military tailor's for some khaki suits--and run off down the street on the shady side, to what seems to be a 'Woman's Exchange?'" The little girls, always ready for a new expedition, take the lead, and for once we found a sign which was

not misleading. It proved to be a veritable Woman's Exchange, filled with no end of curious specimens of native workmanship which had been brought there for sale. Among the natural curios--to us the most wonderful--was a branch of what is known as the lacebark-tree. The botanist will have to tell you its real unpronounceable name. For us "lacebark" answers very well, because we don't know the other, and have no way of finding it out just now. Who ever thought of carrying an encyclopedia in a steamer-trunk? I am sadly conscious that we even forgot the pocket-dictionary. Please forgive us this time! But it was the tree that interested us, not its name. Its fibrous inner bark (much like the bark of our Northern moosewood) is made of endless layers of lacelike network, which can be opened and stretched a great width, even in the bark of a bit of wood an inch and a half in diameter. These layers of lace are separated and opened into flowerlike cups, with rim upon rim of lacy edge, all coming from the one solid stick of wood, or carefully unrolled into filmy sheets of net-like tissue. The native whips are made by taking long branches of this tree, scraping off the brittle outer bark, opening the inner fibrous bark, and braiding the ends into a tapering lash as long as one wishes. Hats are trimmed with scarfs of this dainty woodland lace, and even dresses are said to be made from this cloth of the forest, which rivals in loveliness the fairest weaving of Penelope.

The gracious woman in charge told us that, while the Exchange was self-supporting, it owed its existence to the liberality of an American girl, who had many years ago married an English nobleman. And it made me glad to think that our glorious American women had, with all their foolish love for titles, a generous hand for woman the world over, and that, wherever they wandered, their ways could be followed by the light of their liberality. In a way, the Exchange--founded by an American woman--made us forgive much in Kingston; so, when we took the street up to the Myrtle Bank Hotel, expecting from its name to find a sweet, delicious caravansary, embowered in myrtle green and magnolia, and found the "Myrtle Bank" an arid sand beach, with a large, self-sufficient modern hotel built therein, we still forgave, because we said we would for the sake of that dear American girl who couldn't quite forget.

And then, too, the Doctor met us straight in the doorway; not the newly made Philadelphia doctor. No, not that one; it was the other one, the Northeast Trade, the million-year-old West Indian Doctor. Do you suppose he is as old as that? Yes, even older. But, for all that, he's as faithful to his trust as though but yesterday he had slipped from out the wrangling of chaos. So we kiss the Doctor, and run up after him into the big, spacious parlour of the Myrtle Bank Hotel, drop down into a delightful rocker, and think it all over.

Here we are in Kingston, owned by the English, governed by the English, bullyragged by the English,--but where is he, the Englishman, where the Englishwoman? To be sure, we found some white faces in the shops, and we remembered seeing a few fair-haired, sallow little girls. And we saw on the street, just as we left the Exchange, an Englishman with a golf-bag on his shoulder; but these were the landmarks only--the exception. The

people we saw were of all shades of a negro admixture, and some very black ones at that.

But the Myrtle Bank Hotel was not the place for such reflections. At least, so the good Doctor seemed to think, for he had no sooner brought us under the magic of his presence, than we were carried into the most affable state of contentment with all things visible, and it was not until the next morning that the question fully dawned upon us in its true significance.

IV.

[Illustration: WHERE WE LANDED

Kingston, Jamaica

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I suppose we might have walked from the boat-landing to the Parish Church embowered in its palms a few blocks away, but even that short distance was exaggerated by the early hot glare of the sun. The Northeast Trade was taking his morning nap, and the air was utterly motionless. So Daddy hails a cab, and we rumble off in the direction of some ringing bells. The town, as we drove along, had the dead look of an English Sunday morning; there were few people visible, and those we saw were evidently following the bells, as we were. Back of our desire to go where the face of the priest was leading us, there was a hope that, in attending an English church, presided over by a white, English priest, we should there see the representative people of Kingston, the white owners of the island. This church was one of the few beautiful sights in Kingston. Truly, some good priest of the olden time must have planned with lingering touch the graceful garden which so lovingly enshrined the venerable spot. An avenue of palms, singing their silvery song all the long day, skirted on either side the wide stone walk to the entrance, and bent their long, waving arms very close to our heads as we stepped within the doorway. The church, as an ancient tablet indicated, was built in the latter part of the seventeenth century. It followed the sweet lines of the English cathedral, built from time to time, as one could readily observe from the varying indications of age in the structure itself.

We were early for the service, for the second bell had not rung. The priest met us at the door. He was a man of ripe years, with close-cut whitening hair, and a face that one would always remember. It was framed in strength and moulded by the love of God. There was in it that indefinable beauty which comes from a sacrificial life, from a life breathed upon by the spirit of holiness and quiet. There were no lines of unrest there; the poise of divine equilibrium was his living benediction, and we followed him down the stone aisle, over the memorial slabs of the departed great buried beneath, to a seat just the other side of a massive white pillar, midway between open windows on one side and an open door on the other, where the grateful breeze, now faintly rustling the palms without, swept in upon us in delicious waves.

We were placed quite well in front of the transept, and as we waited there in the quiet old building, I began to make a mental estimate of just where the different classes of Jamaican society would find themselves. Here, where we were, would be the whites, and back beyond the transept, the negroes, and in the choir, of course, the fair-haired English boys. Then the old bell began to ring again, and a few of our fellow voyagers came in and took seats in front of us,--notably Mr. and Mrs. F----, who had been the guests of the priest the day before. The church was filling. The owners of the seat in which the priest had placed us arrived, and we were requested by a silent language, which speaks more forcibly than words, to move along and make room. In the meantime, the pew was also filled from the other side, and in the same dumb language we were requested to move back the other way. Thus we were wedged in closely between the two respective owners of the seat. And they were not white owners,--they were black, brown, yellow--but not white. The church filled rapidly. It filled to the uttermost. Mr. and Mrs. F----, in front of us, were obliged to separate, for, when the owners of their seat arrived, they simply stood there until Mr. F---- was forced to leave his wife and crowd in somewhere else. The pew-owners were the rightful possessors, and the white man or the stranger apparently of little consequence. There was every conceivable shade of the African mixture. The choir was made up partially of black negresses, partially of yellow girls, with men of all hues besides, and the whole congregation in this Church of England was similarly mixed, with the black blood strongly predominant. I saw, outside of our party, only one Englishwoman and one Englishman, and a few about whom I was doubtful, and those were all. The blacks were very far from being the true type of African. In some cases, there would be the negro face in all its characteristics, with one exception, and that would be the oblique eyes of the Chinese. There were Japanese negroes, and Chinese negroes, and English and French negroes. It was a horrible mixture of negro with every other people found in the island, with the negro in the ascendant.

I saw no marks of deference paid to the white strangers; they were placed in the same position in which a negro would find himself in a Mississippi gathering of white people. If you have ever witnessed the enthusiasm with which the negro is welcomed in such places, you can understand our position that day in Jamaica. We had been told of the contempt in which the white man is held in Haïti, and, not having experienced it, were disinclined to believe such an abnormal state of things. But, here in Jamaica, without ever having been informed of the state of society, we felt it as plainly as if it had been emblazoned on the sign-boards. We were not welcome and we felt it. We were out of our element.

[Illustration: EL MORRO, ENTRANCE TO HARBOUR

Santiago de Cuba

Copyright, 1901, by Detroit Photographic Co.]

The people were all well clothed,--many in elegance. The most of them in

white and black; court mourning for the queen.

And then the grand old service began,--that wonderful world-encircling service of our old English Mother Church--always the same and always sufficient--and it was all so strange,--the feeling I had about that word "we." There was a slow dawning in my soul that never before had the word "humanity" meant anything but a white humanity to me--a universal love for black, yellow, chocolate, brown, saffron humanity had never come fully into my consciousness. And, while I sat there in that vast, black assemblage, the long, terrible past of Jamaica arose before me, and, too, the doubtful future loomed up in gloomy outlines, and I wondered what would be the outcome of it all. Where would the Englishman be in another century in Jamaica? Would Jamaica revert back to the Haïtien type, or is some hand coming to uphold the island? It is far from my intention to touch upon the political situation in Jamaica,--especially as I don't know anything about it. I can only tell you what I saw, and you can draw your own conclusions. All I can say is, where is the white man in Jamaica? What is his position, and what has brought him into his present deplorable condition? Has the white blood after all so little potency?

One needs but to glance at James Anthony Froude's masterful book, "The English in the West Indies," in order to see the why and wherefore of it all. His words have greater force to-day than even at the time of his writing, for the course of events has more than justified his predictions.

Our opinions of the situation were wholly unbiased, for we did not read Froude's account until long after, so that our sensations, our surprises, at the Jamaican English Church service, were wholly original.

[Illustration: THE PLAZA

Cienfuegos, Cuba]

The service proceeded through the prayers--our prayers--and then came the sermon. I shall never forget the text. It was taken from that masterpiece of Biblical literature, the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

The priest had been there for over thirty years, and he began:

"Beloved in the Lord, my children!" And we, white and black, were all his children. We were in a strangely reversed situation, for even the good priest had the tawny hue of Africa faintly shining in his fine face. No mention of colour distinction was made: but which of us was to have the charity? Did it not seem that he pleaded for the white man--that the stronger black should have more charity? Or was it for us as well? And it seemed to me I realised for the first time the position of our well-bred Southerner; and everything was jumbled and queer in my mind as the priest spoke. And his beautiful strong face shone over the people, and his voice quivered with a deep love, touching the raiment of

one who said, "Come unto me all ye"--all--all--all! The white arches echoed back the pleadings, the commands, the love, while in quiet eloquence he told of One who set his face steadfastly toward Jerusalem.

The church emptied itself, and we were left with the priest, and the old sunken tombs, and the sleeping organ, and the white light streaming through the windows. And we wondered if we had yet learned what the Master meant when he said:

"Come unto me all ye--"

[Illustration: THE GRAVE OF CERVERA'S FLEET

West of Santiago de Cuba]

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## CAMELLIA JAPONICA.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Talks about Flowers.*, by M. D. Wellcome

This is a very popular genus on account of their rich dark-green leaves, and beautiful rose-like flowers. They are hardy greenhouse plants, and thrive best in light loam mixed with sand and peat, but will do well in light soil without the peat. It will not flourish in a limestone soil. Mr. Vick gives the following in his Magazine:

"The Camellia Japonica was sent to England in 1739 by Father Kamel, a missionary, for whom it was named. As a house-plant the Camellia requires considerable care, on account of the tendency of the flower buds to drop off. A northern exposure is best, and a temperature of from forty to fifty degrees. When the buds are swelling, water plentifully with warm water, but allow none to stand in the saucer. Sponge the leaves once a week. In the spring put the plant out in a shady place on the north side of a house or fence, not under the drip of trees, and water it every day. Set the pots on a hard bottom, so that no worms can get into them. They form their flower beds during the summer, and at this time a good growth of wood must be encouraged.

"In the Southern States the Camellia can be raised with not more than ordinary care; at the North it must be considered entirely a green-house plant, and as such will always be highly prized. We are often asked how it should be cared for as a house-plant, and to all such, in the northern part of the country, where it is necessary to maintain good fires in warm houses for several months of the year, we have no hesitation in saying, let it alone, do not expend care and labor where there is so little prospect of reward."

Camellias are of many hues, and some are beautifully striped. \_Gen. Lafayette\_, bright rose, striped with white, imbricated. \_Bell Romann\_, imbricated, large flower and petals, rose striated with bright crimson.

\_Matteo Molfino\_, petals cerise, with pure white band down center.  
\_Mrs. Lurmann\_, crimson, spotted, very beautiful. Pure colors of white, red, crimson, rose and carmine, can be obtained.

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## Entries from The Project Gutenberg eBook, *In the Mountains*, by Elizabeth von Arnim

### \_July 22nd.\_

I want to be quiet now.

I crawled up here this morning from the valley like a sick ant,--struggled up to the little house on the mountain side that I haven't seen since the first August of the war, and dropped down on the grass outside it, too tired even to be able to thank God that I had got home.

Here I am once more, come back alone to the house that used to be so full of happy life that its little wooden sides nearly burst with the sound of it. I never could have dreamed that I would come back to it alone. Five years ago, how rich I was in love; now how poor, how stripped of all I had. Well, it doesn't matter. Nothing matters. I'm too tired. I want to be quiet now. Till I'm not so tired. If only I can be quiet....

### \_July 23rd.\_

Yesterday all day long I lay on the grass in front of the door and watched the white clouds slowly passing one after the other at long, lazy intervals over the tops of the delphiniums,--the row of delphiniums I planted all those years ago. I didn't think of anything; I just lay there in the hot sun, blinking up and counting the intervals between one spike being reached and the next. I was conscious of the colour of the delphiniums, jabbing up stark into the sky, and of how blue they were; and yet not so blue, so deeply and radiantly blue, as the sky. Behind them was the great basin of space filled with that other blue of the air, that lovely blue with violet shades in it; for the mountain I am on drops sharply away from the edge of my tiny terrace-garden, and the whole of the space between it and the mountains opposite brims all day long with blue and violet light. At night the bottom of the valley looks like water, and the lamps in the little town lying along it like quivering reflections of the stars.

I wonder why I write about these things. As if I didn't know them! Why do I tell myself in writing what I already so well know? Don't I know about the mountain, and the brimming cup of blue light? It is because, I suppose, it's lonely to stay inside oneself. One has to come out and talk. And if there is no one to talk to one imagines someone, as though one were writing a letter to somebody who loves one, and who will want to know, with the sweet eagerness and solicitude of love, what one does

and what the place one is in looks like. It makes one feel less lonely to think like this,--to write it down, as if to one's friend who cares. For I'm afraid of loneliness; shiveringly, terribly afraid. I don't mean the ordinary physical loneliness, for here I am, deliberately travelled away from London to get to it, to its spaciousness and healing. I mean that awful loneliness of spirit that is the ultimate tragedy of life. When you've got to that, really reached it, without hope, without escape, you die. You just can't bear it, and you die.

\_July 24th.\_

It's queer the urge one has to express oneself, to get one's self into words. If I weren't alone I wouldn't write, of course, I would talk. But nearly everything I wanted to say would be things I couldn't say. Not unless it was to some wonderful, perfect, all-understanding listener,--the sort one used to imagine God was in the days when one said prayers. Not quite like God though either, for this listener would sometimes say something kind and gentle, and sometimes, stroke one's hand a little to show that he understood. Physically, it is most blessed to be alone. After all that has happened, it is most blessed. Perhaps I shall grow well here, alone. Perhaps just sitting on these honey-scented grass slopes will gradually heal me. I'll sit and lick my wounds. I do so dreadfully want to get mended! I do so dreadfully want to get back to confidence in goodness.

\_July 25th.\_

For three days now I've done nothing but lie in the sun, except when meals are put in the open doorway for me. Then I get up reluctantly, like some sleepy animal, and go and eat them and come out again.

In the evening it is too cold and dewy here for the grass, so I drag a deep chair into the doorway and sit and stare at the darkening sky and the brightening stars. At ten o'clock Antoine, the man of all work who has looked after the house in its years of silence during the war, shuts up everything except this door and withdraws to his own room and his wife; and presently I go in too, bolting the door behind me, though there is nothing really to shut out except the great night, and I creep upstairs and fall asleep the minute I'm in bed. Indeed, I don't think I'm much more awake in the day than in the night. I'm so tired that I want to sleep and sleep; for years and years; for ever and ever.

There was no unpacking to do. Everything was here as I left it five years ago. We only took, five years ago, what each could carry, waving goodbye to the house at the bend of the path and calling to it as the German soldiers called to their disappearing homes, 'Back for Christmas!' So that I came again to it with only what I could carry, and had nothing to unpack. All I had to do was to drop my little bag on the first chair I found and myself on to the grass, and in that position we both stayed till bedtime.

Antoine is surprised at nothing. He usedn't to be surprised at my gaiety, which yet might well have seemed to him, accustomed to the sobriety of the peasant women here, excessive; and nor is he now surprised at my silence. He has made a few inquiries as to the health and whereabouts of the other members of that confident group that waved goodbyes five years ago, and showed no surprise when the answer, at nearly every name, was 'Dead.' He has married since I went away, and hasn't a single one of the five children he might have had, and he doesn't seem surprised at that either. I am. I imagined the house, while I was away, getting steadily fuller, and used to think that when I came back I would find little Swiss babies scattered all over it; for, after all, there quite well might have been ten, supposing Antoine had happened to possess a natural facility in twins.

\_July 26th.\_

The silence here is astonishing. There are hardly any birds. There is hardly any wind, so that the leaves are very still and the grass scarcely stirs. The crickets are busy, and the sound of the bells on distant cows pasturing higher up on the mountains floats down to me; but else there is nothing but a great, sun-flooded silence.

When I left London it was raining. The Peace Day flags, still hanging along the streets, drooped heavy with wet in what might have been November air, it was so dank and gloomy. I was prepared to arrive here in one of the mountain mists that settle down on one sometimes for days,--vast wet stretches of grey stuff like some cold, sodden blanket, muffling one away from the mountains opposite, and the valley, and the sun. Instead I found summer: beautiful clear summer, fresh and warm together as only summer up on these honey-scented slopes can be, with the peasants beginning to cut the grass,--for things happen a month later here than down in the valley, and if you climb higher you can catch up June, and by climbing higher and higher you can climb, if you want to, right back into the spring. But you don't want to if you're me. You don't want to do anything but stay quiet where you are.

\_July 27th.\_

If only I don't think--if only I don't think and remember--how can I not get well again here in the beauty and the gentleness? There's all next month, and September, and perhaps October too may be warm and golden. After that I must go back, because the weather in this high place while it is changing from the calms of autumn to the calms of the exquisite alpine winter is a disagreeable, daunting thing. But I have two whole months; perhaps three. Surely I'll be stronger, tougher, by then? Surely I'll at least be better? I couldn't face the winter in London if this desperate darkness and distrust of life is still in my soul. I don't want to talk about my soul. I hate to. But what else am I to call the innermost \_Me,\_ the thing that has had such wounds, that is so much hurt and has grown so dim that I'm in terror lest it should give up and go under, go quite out, and leave me alone in the dark?

\_July 28th.\_

It is dreadful to be so much like Job.

Like him I've been extraordinarily stripped of all that made life lovely. Like him I've lost, in a time that is very short to have been packed so full of disasters, nearly everything I loved. And it wasn't only the war. The war passed over me, as it did over everybody, like some awful cyclone, flattening out hope and fruitfulness, leaving blood and ruins behind it; but it wasn't only that. In the losses of the war, in the anguish of losing one's friends, there was the grisly comfort of companionship in grief; but beyond and besides that life has been devastated for me. I do feel like Job, and I can't bear it. It is so humiliating, being so much stricken. I feel ridiculous as well as wretched; as if somebody had taken my face and rubbed it in dust.

And still, like Job, I cling on to what I can of trust in goodness, for if I let that go I know there would be nothing left but death.

\_July 29th.\_

Oh, what is all this talk of death? To-day I suddenly noticed that each day since I've been here what I've written down has been a whine, and that each day while I whined I was in fact being wrapped round by beautiful things, as safe and as perfectly cared for \_really\_ as a baby fortunate enough to have been born into the right sort of family. Oughtn't I to be ashamed? Of course I ought; and so I am. For, looking at the hours, each hour as I get to it, they are all good. Why should I spoil them, the ones I'm at now, by the vivid remembrance, the aching misery, of those black ones behind me? They, anyhow, are done with; and the ones I have got to now are plainly good. And as for Job who so much haunted me yesterday, I can't really be completely like him, for at least I've not yet had to take a potsherd and sit down somewhere and scrape. But perhaps I had better touch wood over that, for one has to keep these days a wary eye on God.

Mrs. Antoine, small and twenty-five, who has been provided by Antoine, that expert in dodging inconveniences, with a churn suited to her size out of which she produces little pats of butter suited to my size every day, Switzerland not having any butter in it at all for sale,--Mrs. Antoine looked at me to-day when she brought out food at dinner time, and catching my eye she smiled at me; and so I smiled at her, and instantly she began to talk.

Up to now she has crept about softly on the tips of her toes as if she were afraid of waking me, and I had supposed it to be her usual fashion of moving and that it was natural to her to be silent; but to-day, after we had smiled at each other, she stood over me with a dish in one hand and a plate in the other, and held forth at length with the utmost blitheness, like some carolling blackbird, about her sufferings, and

the sufferings of Antoine, and the sufferings of everybody during the war. The worse the sufferings she described had been the blither became her carollings; and with a final chirrup of the most flute-like cheerfulness she finished this way:

\_'Ah, ma foi, oui--il y avait un temps où il a fallu se fier entièrement au bon Dieu. C'était affreux.\_'

\_July 30th.\_

It's true that the worst pain is the remembering one's happiness when one is no longer happy and perhaps it may be just as true that past miseries end by giving one some sort of satisfaction. Just their being over must dispose one to regard them complacently. Certainly I already I remember with a smile and a not unaffectionate shrug troubles that seemed very dreadful a few years back. But this--this misery that has got me now, isn't it too deep, doesn't it cut too ruthlessly at the very roots of my life ever to be something that I will smile at? It seems impossible that I ever should. I think the remembrance of this year will always come like a knife cutting through any little happiness I may manage to collect. You see, what has happened has taken away my faith in \_goodness\_,--I don't know who \_you\_ are that I keep on wanting to tell things to, but I must talk and tell you. Yes; that is what it has done; and the hurt goes too far down to be healed. Yet I know time is a queer, wholesome thing. I've lived long enough to have found that out. It is very sanitary. It cleans up everything. It never fails to sterilise and purify. Quite possibly I shall end by being a wise old lady who discourses with, the utmost sprightliness, after her regular meals, on her past agonies, and extracts much agreeable entertainment from them, even is amusing about them. You see, they will be so far away, so safely done with; never, anyhow, going to happen again. Why of course in time, in years and years, one's troubles must end by being entertaining. But I don't believe, however old I am and however wisely hilarious, I shall ever be able to avoid the stab in the back, the clutch of pain at the heart, that the remembrance of beautiful past happiness gives one. Lost. Lost. Gone. And one is still alive, and still gets up carefully every day, and buttons all one's buttons, and goes down to breakfast.

\_July 31st.\_

Once I knew a bishop rather intimately--oh, nothing that wasn't most creditable to us both--and he said to me, 'Dear child, you will always be happy if you are good.'

I'm afraid he couldn't have been quite candid, or else he was very inexperienced, for I have never been so terribly good in the bishop's sense as these last three years, turning my back on every private wish, dreadfully unselfish, devoted, a perfect monster of goodness. And unhappiness went with me every step of the way.

I much prefer what some one else said to me, (not a bishop but yet

wise,) to whom I commented once on the really extraordinary bubbling happiness that used to wake up with me every morning, the amazing joy of each day as it came, the warm flooding gratitude that I should be so happy,--this was before the war. He said, beginning also like the bishop but, unlike him, failing in delicacy at the end, 'Dear child, it is because you have a sound stomach.'

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## HENRY JAMES

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Famous Authors (Men)*, by E. F. (Edward Francis) Harkins

Henry James has been at pains, lately, to put a stop to a report that he proposes to return to America, yet by descent and at heart he is undoubtedly as loyal an American as his neighbor in England, Bret Harte. Even a cosmopolite may be patriotic.

Mr. James has been called the first American cosmopolitan author. It is an unusually interesting fact that, like Mr. Harte, who also lives in England, James was born in Albany, N. Y., the date of his birth being April 15, 1843. His grandfather, William James, who made a fortune in the Syracuse salt works, had settled in Albany soon after his immigration from Ireland. His millions were divided among eleven children, one of whom was Henry James, Sr., the novelist's father. This branch of the James family moved to Germany when our author was a boy; and there he and his brothers and sister were educated for some years. It used to be said that, like his distinguished contemporaries, Howells and Aldrich, James never enjoyed the advantages of a college education; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the James children were thoroughly educated. Henry James, Sr., intellectually, was a remarkable man, and Miss Walsh of New York, whom he married, has been described as "his complement in the possession of sterling practical qualities and the sustaining common sense of woman." Besides, there were the educational advantages of travel which the James children enjoyed. When the Jameses returned to this country they settled in Cambridge. It was there that Howells made the acquaintance of the elder James.

We are tempted to quote extensively from Howells's memories of Henry James, Sr., but we shall confine our quotation to a single paragraph:

"At all times he thought originally in words of delightful originality, which painted a fact with the greatest vividness. Of a person who had a nervous twitching of the face, and who wished to call up a friend to them, he said: 'He spasmed to the fellow across the room, and introduced him.' His written style had traits of the same adventurousness, but it was his speech which was most captivating. As I write of him I see him before me: his white bearded face, with a kindly intensity which at first glance seemed fierce, the mouth humorously shaping the mustache, the eyes vague behind the glasses; his sensitive hand gripping the stick on which he rested his weight to ease it from

the artificial limb he wore."

Henry James, Jr., is one of five children. Equally as celebrated as Henry, both at home and abroad, is William James, a professor at Harvard. In March, 1865, a month before his twenty-second year, Henry James made his first appearance in literature with a contribution to *The Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "A Story of a Year," which naturally had to do with the War of the Rebellion. It was *The Atlantic* which also published his first serial story, "Poor Richard," which ran through three numbers. Later followed "Gabrielle de Bergerac" and "Watch and Ward," each a little more ambitious than its predecessors; and finally came his first long story, "Roderick Hudson," which lasted through twelve numbers of *The Atlantic*. The stories aroused a great deal of comment, most of which was favorable. This encouraged him to abandon all thought of law, which he had studied at Harvard, and make literature his profession. About the same time he went to England, where he has since spent most of his time.

Like Harte, James has suffered from the charge of expatriation. The very fact that the English reading public, which is a most discerning public, was quick to appreciate the rare quality of James's style has been sufficient to keep some American critics in bad temper--as if the mere matter of residence has any intimate connection with literature! If James were an utter snob, if he slurred Americans or disclaimed any acquaintance with them, if his cynicism were not well founded, or if his satire were simply burlesque, he might justly be attacked; but as, personally, he is gentle and unassuming, as his cynicism is not a mania, and as his satire is more or less truthful, the belligerent critics have been largely wasting their ammunition. Probably no story of his has ever stirred up bitterer talk than "Daisy Miller," with its unconventional American heroine; yet it was only justice, not to mention literary acumen, which prompted so spirited an American as Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in his "Short Studies of American Authors," to say of the author of "Daisy Miller" that "he has achieved no greater triumph than when, in this last-named book, he succeeds in holding our sympathy and even affection, after all, for the essential innocence and rectitude of the poor wayward girl whose follies he has so mercilessly portrayed." It is a singular commentary on the injustice of the denouncers of "Daisy Miller" that the young lady of Boston whom gossip made the original of the story was "cut" by society.

His friends and enemies were still further divided by "The American" and "The Portrait of a Lady," and we suspect that the author was poking a little fun at the hostile camp when he had the American woman journalist in the latter story say, "I was going to bring in your cousin--the alienated American. There is a great demand now for the alienated American, and your cousin is a beautiful specimen. I should have handled him severely."

Mr. James's friends say that he went to England, originally, for the benefit of his health. It cannot be gainsaid that he has a temperament which makes itself at home in all lands. He is, indeed, as much a citizen of Paris as of London, and his stories in French have been

warmly praised by French critics. But it may be that, after all, he saw the wisdom of writing reminiscently, of writing at a distance from his subjects. Mr. Cable, for example, saw it when he moved North from New Orleans; and, furthermore, we know that many an author has been condemned unjustly for telling the truth. The great novelist is not the idealist, with his world of prize-baby angels and impossible saints; he is a photographer, and his mind and his hand are a camera that cannot lie. Mr. Warner once said that the object of the novel is to entertain; Mr. James has said that it is to represent life. James Lane Allen, we remember, joined the two statements thus: "The object of the novel is to entertain by representing life."

James's reach is transatlantic. Americans and Britons alike share prominence in his works. Then, too, of late, his characters have grown more and more ethereal and ghostly; they have such faint connection with the world of chalk-cliffs and prairies that the question of their citizenship is insignificant. Physically they appear to us only in episodes; intellectually they are universal types. But, really, the last word on Henry James's art was said long ago by The Spectator:

"Mr. Henry James is certainly a very remarkable illustration of the tendency of our age to subdivide, in the finest way, the already rather extreme division of labor, till a very high perfection is attained in producing articles of the most curiously specialized kind, though apparently without the power of producing anything outside that kind. For a long time we have had novelists who are wonderfully skillful in a particular form of novels, but who seem unable to master more than one form for themselves. But Mr. Henry James, though he has attained a very great perfection in his own line, seems not to aim at anything quite so considerable as a story of human life of any sort. He eschews a story. What he loves is an episode, i. e., something which by the nature of the case is rather a fragment cut out of life, and not a fair or average specimen of it, nor even such a part of it as would give you the best essence of the whole,—but rather an eddy in it, which takes you for an interval out of its main current, and only ends as you get back into the main current again, or at least at the point at which you might get back into the main current again, if some event (accidental, in relation to the art of the story) did not occur to cut off abruptly the thread of the narrative.... One might perhaps say that Mr. Henry James has discerned in relation to literature what has long been known in relation to art—that with artists of any genius, 'sketches' are apt to be more satisfying than finished pictures. But then the sketches we like so much in artists' studios are, though unfinished pictures, still pictures of what the painter has been most struck with, pictures in which he has given all that struck him most, and left only what did not strike him to be filled in by the fancy of the public. Now, Mr. Henry James does not give us sketches of the most striking features in what he sees of human life and passion, so much as finished pictures of the little nooks and bays into which human caprice occasionally drifts, when the main current of life's deeper interests has left us for a moment on one side, and rushed past us.... Mr. Henry James is not so much a novelist as an episodist, if such a term be allowable. But he is a wonderful episodist."

All in all, that is the keenest and fairest criticism of James's works ever written. It should be taken with every one of his stories, just as soda is taken with brandy. Such a criticism is not fugacious; it is complementary.

It brings to mind the amusing criticism of "The Sacred Fount," notably Carolyn Wells's "Verbarium Tremens," published in *The Critic*, with its bright termination--

The mad gush of "The Sacred Fount" is ringing in my ear,  
Its dictional excitements are obsessing me, I fear.  
For its subtle fascination makes me read it, then, alack,  
I find I have the James-james, a very bad attack!

James is an exceedingly neat man, and this side of him at once strikes every visitor to his home. The only known exception to this characteristic neatness is his handwriting, which is said to be as vexatious as Horace Greeley's was. "I have a letter from him before me now," says one of his correspondents. "The signature I know to be 'Henry James.' You might take it for Henryk Sienkiewicz."

The same correspondent relates a story which throws a new light on his personality:

"You will be astonished, possibly, to know that his income from his writing is a scant three hundred pounds a year, though in spite of this there has never come a man in need to Henry James to whom he has not offered a part of what he calls his own.

"Not so long ago a novelist in England died. He left two little children, absolutely alone in the world. One of that man's friends put by a little sum for them, and, out of the kindness of his heart, wrote to other literary men soliciting their help. He sought a maker of books who lives in a castle ... whom he knew to have an income of over twenty thousand pounds from his literary work.

"'Won't you aid these little folk?' he asked. Not a cent was forthcoming.

"Henry James was written in the matter. By return mail came a check for fifty pounds, one-tenth of his whole year's income."

We have been informed that this estimate of Mr. James's income is rather small; but, even if his income be as large as that of the "maker of books who lives in a castle," the fact remains that Mr. James proved his generosity handsomely.

James has acquired his extraordinarily brilliant style at the expense of incessant and determined effort. The dazzling spontaneities are really the product of toilsome hours. He works mostly in the morning, writing slowly, and his stories are written again and again before they go off to his publisher's. With him writing is a profession, a

task; he is not the child of moods. Occasionally he visits friends--old friends, like Marion Crawford--but the greater part of the year he spends quietly and almost reclusely in England.

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## HENRY JAMES

Project Gutenberg's *Instigations*, by Ezra Pound and Ernest Fenollosa

This essay on James is a dull grind of an affair, a Baedeker to a continent.

I set out to explain, not why Henry James is less read than formerly--I do not know that he is. I tried to set down a few reasons why he ought to be, or at least might be, more read.

Some may say that his work was over, well over, finely completed; there is mass of that work, heavy for one man's shoulders to have borne up, labor enough for two life-times; still we would have had a few more years of his writing. Perhaps the grasp was relaxing, perhaps we should have had no strongly-planned book; but we should have had paragraphs here and there, and we should have had, at least, conversation, wonderful conversation; even if we did not hear it ourselves, we should have known that it was going on somewhere. The massive head, the slow uplift of the hand, *\_gli occhi onesti e tardi\_*, the long sentences piling themselves up in elaborate phrase after phrase, the lightning incision, the pauses, the slightly shaking admonitory gesture with its "wu-a-wait a little, wait a little, something will come;" blague and benignity and the weight of so many years' careful, incessant labor of minute observation always there to enrich the talk. I had heard it but seldom, yet it was all unforgettable.

The man had this curious power of founding-affection in those who had scarcely seen him and even in many who had not, who but knew him at second hand.

No man who has not lived on both sides of the Atlantic can well appraise Henry James; his death marks the end of a period. The *\_Times\_* says: "The Americans will understand his changing his nationality," or something of that sort. The "Americans" will understand nothing whatsoever about it. They have understood nothing about it. They do not even know what they lost. They have not stopped for eight minutes to consider the meaning of his last public act. After a year of ceaseless labor, of letter writing, of argument, of striving in every way to bring in America on the side of civilization, he died of apoplexy. On the side of civilization--civilization against barbarism, civilization, not Utopia, not a country or countries where the right always prevails in six weeks! After a life-time spent in trying to make two continents understand each other, in trying, and only his thoughtful readers can have any conception of how he had tried, to make three nations intelligible one to another. I am tired of hearing pettiness talked about Henry James's

style. The subject has been discussed enough in all conscience, along with the minor James. Yet I have heard no word of the major James, of the hater of tyranny; book after early book against oppression, against all the sordid petty personal crushing oppression, the domination of modern life; not worked out in the diagrams of Greek tragedy, not labeled "epos" or "Aeschylus." The outbursts in *The Tragic Muse*, the whole of *The Turn of the Screw*, human liberty, personal liberty, the rights of the individual against all sorts of intangible bondage!<sup>[1]</sup> The passion of it, the continual passion of it in this man who, fools said, didn't "feel." I have never yet found a man of emotion against whom idiots didn't raise this cry.

And the great labor, this labor of translation, of making America intelligible, of making it possible for individuals to meet across national borders. I think half the American idiom is recorded in Henry James's writing, and whole decades of American life that otherwise would have been utterly lost, wasted, rotting in the unhermetic jars of bad writing, of inaccurate writing. No English reader will ever know how good are his New York and his New England; no one who does not see his grandmother's friends in the pages of the American books. The whole great assaying and weighing, the research for the significance of nationality, French, English, American.

"An extraordinary old woman, one of the few people who is really doing anything good." There were the cobwebs about connoisseurship, etc., but what do they matter? Some yokel writes in the village paper, as Henley had written before, "James's stuff was not worth doing." Henley has gone pretty completely. America has not yet realized that never in history had one of her great men abandoned his citizenship out of shame. It was the last act--the last thing left. He had worked all his life for the nation and for a year he had labored for the national honor. No other American was of sufficient importance for his change of allegiance to have constituted an international act; no other American would have been welcome in the same public manner. America passes over these things, but the thoughtful cannot pass over them.

Armageddon, the conflict? I turn to James's *A Bundle of Letters*; a letter from "Dr. Rudolph Staub" in Paris, ending:

"You will, I think, hold me warranted in believing that between precipitate decay and internecine enmities, the English-speaking family is destined to consume itself and that with its decline the prospect of general pervasiveness to which I alluded above, will brighten for the deep-lunged children of the fatherland!"

We have heard a great deal of this sort of thing since; it sounds very natural. My edition of the volume containing these letters was printed in '83, and the imaginary letters were written somewhat before that. I do not know that this calls for comment. Henry James's perception came thirty years before Armageddon. That is all I wish to point out. Flaubert said of the War of 1870: "If they had read my *Education Sentimentale*, this sort of thing wouldn't have happened." Artists are the antennæ of the race, but the bullet-headed many will never learn to

trust their great artists. If it is the business of the artist to make humanity aware of itself; here the thing was done, the pages of diagnosis. The multitude of wearisome fools will not learn their right hand from their left or seek out a meaning.

It is always easy for people to object to what they have not tried to understand.

I am not here to write a full volume of detailed criticism, but two things I do claim which I have not seen in reviewers' essays. First, that there was emotional greatness in Henry James's hatred of tyranny; secondly, that there was titanic volume, weight, in the masses he sets in opposition within his work. He uses forces no whit less specifically powerful than the proverbial "doom of the house,"--Destiny, \_Deus ex machina\_,--of great traditional art. His art was great art as opposed to over-elaborate or over-refined art by virtue of the major conflicts which he portrays. In his books he showed race against race, immutable; the essential Americanness, or Englishness or Frenchness--in \_The American\_, the difference between one nation and another; not flag-waving and treaties, not the machinery of government, but "why" there is always misunderstanding, why men of different race are not the same.

We have ceased to believe that we conquer anything by having Alexander the Great make a gigantic "joy-ride" through India. We know that conquests are made in the laboratory, that Curie with his minute fragments of things seen clearly in test tubes in curious apparatus, makes conquests. So, too, in these novels, the essential qualities which make up the national qualities, are found and set working, the fundamental oppositions made clear. This is no contemptible labor. No other writer had so essayed three great nations or even thought of attempting it.

Peace comes of communication. No man of our time has so labored to create means of communication as did the late Henry James. The whole of great art is a struggle for communication. All things that oppose this are evil, whether they be silly scoffing or obstructive tariffs.

And this communication is not a leveling, it is not an elimination of differences. It is a recognition of differences, of the right of differences to exist, of interest in finding things different. Kultur is an abomination; philology is an abomination, all repressive uniforming education is an evil.

## A SHAKE DOWN

I have forgotten the moment of lunar imbecility in which I conceived the idea of a "Henry James" number.[2] The pile of typescript on my floor can but annoyingly and too palpably testify that the madness has raged for some weeks.

Henry James was aware of the spherical form of the planet, and

susceptible to a given situation, and to the tone and tonality of persons as perhaps no other author in all literature. The victim and the votary of the "scene," he had no very great narrative sense, or at the least, he attained the narrative faculty but *per aspera*, through very great striving.

It is impossible to speak accurately of "his style," for he passed through several styles which differ greatly one from another; but in his last, his most complicated and elaborate, he is capable of great concision; and if, in it, the single sentence is apt to turn and perform evolutions for almost pages at a time, he nevertheless manages to say on one page more than many a more "direct" author would convey only in the course of a chapter.

His plots and incidents are often but adumbrations or symbols of the quality of his "people," illustrations invented, contrived, often factitiously and almost transparently, to show what acts, what situations, what contingencies would befit or display certain characters. We are hardly asked to accept them as happening.

He did not begin his career with any theory of art for art's sake, and a lack of this theory may have damaged his earlier work.

If we take "French Poets and Novelists" as indication of his then (1878) opinions, and novels of the nineties showing a later bias, we might contend that our subject began his career with a desire to square all things to the ethical standards of a Salem mid-week Unitarian prayer meeting, and that to almost the end of his course he greatly desired to fit the world into the social exigencies of Mrs. Humphry Ward's characters.

Out of the unfortunate cobwebs he emerged into his greatness, I think, by two causes: first by reason of his hatred of personal intimate tyrannies working at close range; and secondly, in later life, because the actual mechanism of his scriptorial processes became so bulky, became so huge a contrivance for record and depiction, that the old man simply couldn't remember or keep his mind on or animadvert on anything but the authenticity of his impression.

I take it as the supreme reward for an artist; the supreme return that his artistic conscience can make him after years spent in its service, that the momentum of his art, the sheer bulk of his processes, the (*sicet*) size of his fly-wheel, should heave him out of himself, out of his personal limitations, out of the tangles of heredity and of environment, out of the bias of early training, of early predilections, whether of Florence, A.D. 1300, or of Back Bay of 1872, and leave him simply the great true recorder.

And this reward came to Henry James in the ripeness of his talents; even further perhaps it entered his life and his conversation. The stages of his emergence are marked quite clearly in his work. He displays himself in *French Poets and Novelists*, constantly balancing over the question of whether or no the characters presented in their works are, or are

not, fit persons to be received in the James family back-parlor.

In *The Tragic Muse* he is still didactic quite openly. The things he believes still leap out nakedly among the people and things he is portraying; the parable is not yet wholly incarnate in the narrative.

To lay all his faults on the table, we may begin with his self-confessed limitation, that "he never went down town." He displayed in fact a passion for high life comparable only to that supposed to inhere in the readers of a magazine called *Forget-me-not*.

Hardy, with his eye on the Greek tragedians, has produced an epic tonality, and *The Mayor of Casterbridge* is perhaps more easily comparable to the *Grettir Saga* than to the novels of Mr. Hardy's contemporaries. Hardy is, on his other side, a contemporary of Sir Walter Scott.

Balzac gains what force his crude writing permits him by representing his people under the *ἀνάγκη* of modernity, cash necessity; James, by leaving cash necessity nearly always out of the story, sacrifices, or rather fails to attain, certain intensities.

He never manages the classic, I mean as Flaubert gives us in each main character: *Everyman*. One may conceivably be bored by certain pages in Flaubert, but one takes from him a solid and concrete memory, a property. Emma Bovary and Frederic and M. Arnoux are respectively every woman and every man of their period. Maupassant's *Bel Ami* is not. Neither are Henry James's people. They are always, or nearly always, the bibelots.

But he does, nevertheless, treat of major forces, even of epic forces, and in a way all his own. If Balzac tried to give a whole civilization, a whole humanity, James was not content with a rough sketch of one country.

As *Armageddon* has only too clearly shown, national qualities are the great gods of the present and Henry James spent himself from the beginning in an analysis of these potent chemicals; trying to determine from the given microscopic slide the nature of the Frenchness, Englishness, Germanness, Americanness, which chemicals too little regarded, have in our time exploded for want of watching. They are the permanent and fundamental hostilities and incompatibles. We may rest our claim for his greatness in the magnitude of his protagonists, in the magnitude of the forces he analyzed and portrayed. This is not the bare matter of a number of titled people, a few duchesses and a few butlers.

Whatever Flaubert may have said about his *Education Sentimentale* as a potential preventive of the débâcle of 1870, *if people had read it*, and whatever Gautier's friend may have said about *Emaux et Camées* as the last resistance to the Prussians, from Dr. Rudolph Staub's paragraph in *The Bundle of Letters* to the last and almost only public act of his life, James displayed a steady perception and a steady consideration of the qualities of different western races, whose consequences none of us

can escape.

And these forces, in precisely that they are not political and executive and therefore transient, factitious, but in precisely that they are the forces of race temperaments, are major forces and are indeed as great protagonists as any author could have chosen. They are firmer ground than Flaubert's when he chooses public events as in the opening of the third part of *Education Sentimentale*.

The portrayal of these forces, to seize a term from philology, may be said to constitute "original research"--to be Henry James's own addendum; not that this greatly matters. He saw, analyzed, and presented them. He had most assuredly a greater awareness than was granted to Balzac or to Mr. Charles Dickens or to M. Victor Hugo who composed the *Légende des Siècles*.

His statement that he never went down town has been urged greatly against him. A butler is a servant, tempered with upper-class contacts. Mr. Newman, the American, has emerged from the making of wash-tubs; the family in *The Pupil* can scarcely be termed upper-class, however, and the factor of money, Balzac's, *ἀνάγκη*, scarcely enters his stories.

We may leave Hardy writing Sagas. We may admit that there is a greater *robustezza* in Balzac's messiness, simply because he is perpetually concerned, inaccurately, with the factor of money, of earning one's exiguous living.

We may admit the shadowy nature of some of James's writing, and agree whimsically with R.H.C. (in the *New Age*) that James will be quite comfortable after death, as he had been dealing with ghosts all his life.

James's third donation is perhaps a less sweeping affair and of more concern to his compatriots than to any one who might conceivably translate him into an alien tongue, or even to those who publish his writings in England.

He has written history of a personal sort, social history well documented and incomplete, and he has put America on the map both in memoir and fiction, giving to her a reality such as is attained only by scenes recorded in the arts and in the writing of masters. Mr. Eliot has written, and I daresay most other American admirers have written or will write, that, whatever any one else thinks of Henry James, no one but an American can ever know, really know, how good he is at the bottom, how good his "America" is.

No Englishman can, and in less degree can any continental, or in fact any one whose family was not living on, say, West 23rd Street in the old set-back, two-story-porched red brick vine-covered houses, etc., when Henry James was being a small boy on East 23rd Street; no one whose ancestors had not been presidents or professors or founders of Ha'avwd College or something of that sort, or had not heard of a time when people lived on 14th Street, or had known of some one living in

Lexington or Newton "Old Place" or somewhere of that sort in New England, or had heard of the New York that produced "Fanny," New York the jocular and uncritical, or of people who danced with General Grant or something of that sort, would quite know Washington Square or The Europeans to be so autochthonous, so authentic to the conditions. They might believe the things to be "real," but they would not know how closely they corresponded to an external reality.

Perhaps only an exile from these things will get the range of the other half of James's presentations! Europe to the Transpontine, New York of brown stone that he detested, the old and the new New York in Crapey Cornelia and in The American Scene, which more than any other volumes give us our peculiar heritage, an America with an interest, with a tone of time not overstrained, not jejune over-sentimentalized, which is not a redoing of school histories or the laying out of a fabulous period; and which is in relief, if you like, from Dickens or from Mark Twain's Mississippi. He was not without sympathy for his compatriots as is amply attested by Mr. and Mrs. B.D. Hayes of New York (vide The Birthplace) with whom he succeeds, I think, rather better than with most of his princely continentals. They are, at any rate, his bow to the Happy Genius of his country--as distinct from the gentleman who displayed the "back of a banker and a patriot," or the person whose aggregate features could be designated only as a "mug."

In his presentation of America he is greatly attentive, and, save for the people in Cœur Simple, I doubt if any writer has done more of "this sort of thing" for his country, this portrayal of the typical thing in timbre and quality--balanced, of course, by the array of spittoons in the Capitol ("The Point of View").

Still if one is seeking a Spiritual Fatherland, if one feels the exposure of what he would not have scrupled to call, two clauses later, such a wind-shield, "The American Scene" greatly provides it. It has a mermaid note, almost to outvie the warning, the sort of nickelplate warning which is hurled at one in the saloon of any great transatlantic boat; the awfulness that engulfs one when one comes, for the first time unexpectedly on a pile of all the Murkhn Magazines laid, shingle-wise on a brass-studded, screwed-into-place, baize-covered steamer table. The first glitter of the national weapons for driving off quiet and all closer signs of intelligence.[3]

Attempting to view the jungle of the work as a whole, one notes that, despite whatever cosmopolitan upbringing Henry James may have had, as witness "A Small Boy's Memoirs" and "Notes of Son and Brother," he nevertheless began in "French Poets and Novelists" with a provincial attitude that it took him a long time to work free of. Secondly we see various phases of the "style" of his presentation or circumambiance.

There is a small amount of prentice work. Let us say "Roderick Hudson," "Casamassima." There are lucky first steps in "The American" and "Europeans," a precocity of result, for certainly some of his early work is as permanent as some of the ripest, and more so than a deal of the intervening. We find (for in the case before us criticism must be in

large part a weeding-out) that his first subject matter provides him with a number of good books and stories: "The American," "The Europeans," "Eugene Pickering," "Daisy Miller," "The Pupil," "Brooksmith," "A Bundle of Letters," "Washington Square," "The Portrait of a Lady," before 1880, and rather later, "Pandora," "The Four Meetings," perhaps "Louisa Pallant." He ran out of his first material.

We next note a contact with the "Yellow Book," a dip into "cleverness," into the epigrammatic genre, the bare epigrammatic style. It was no better than other writers, not so successful as Wilde. We observe him to be not so hard and fine a satirist as is George S. Street.

We come then to the period of allegories ("The Real Thing," "Dominick Ferrand," "The Liar"). There ensues a growing discontent with the short sentence, epigram, etc., in which he does not at this time attain distinction; the clarity is not satisfactory, was not satisfactory to the author, his *donné* being radically different from that of his contemporaries. The "story" not being really what he is after, he starts to build up his medium; a thickening, a chiaroscuro is needed, the long sentence; he wanders, seeks to add a needed opacity, he overdoes it, produces the cobwebby novel, emerges or justifies himself in "Maisie" and manages his long-sought form in "The Awkward Age." He comes out the triumphant stylist in the "American Scene" and in all the items of "The Finer Grain" collection and in the posthumous "Middle Years."

This is not to damn incontinent all that intervenes, but I think the chief question addressed to me by people of good-will who do not, but are yet ready and willing to, read James, is: Where the deuce shall I begin? One cannot take even the twenty-four volumes, more or less selected volumes of the Macmillan edition all at once, and it is, alas, but too easy to get so started and entailed as never to finish this author or even come to the best of him.

The laziness of an uncritical period can be nowhere more blatant than in the inherited habit of talking about authors as a whole. It is perhaps the sediment from an age daft over great figures or a way of displaying social gush, the desire for a celebrity at all costs, rather than a care of letters.

To talk in any other way demands an acquaintance with the work of an author, a price few conversationalists care to pay, *ma che!* It is the man with inherited opinions who talks about "Shelley," making no distinction between the author of the Fifth Act of "The Cenci" and of the "Sensitive Plant." Not but what there may be a personal *virtu* in an author--appraised, however, from the best of his work when, that is, it is correctly appraised. People ask me what James to read. He is a very uneven author; not all of his collected edition has marks of permanence.

One can but make one's own suggestion:--

"The American," "French Poets and Novelists," "The Europeans," "Daisy Miller," "Eugene Pickering," "Washington Square," "A Bundle of Letters,"

"Portrait of a Lady," "Pandora," "The Pupil," "Brooksmith," "What Maisie Knew," and "The Awkward Age" (if one is "doing it all"), "Europe," "Four Meetings," "The Ambassadors," "The American Scene," "The Finer Grain" (all the volume, i.e., "The Velvet Glove," "Mona Montravers," "Round of Visits," "Crapey Cornelia," "Bench of Desolation"), "The Middle Years" (posthumous) and "The Ivory Tower" (notes first).

I "go easy" on the more cobwebby volumes; the most Jamesian are indubitably "The Wings of a Dove" and "The Golden Bowl"; upon them devotees will fasten, but the potential devotee may as well find his aptitude in the stories of "The Finer Grain" volume where certain exquisite titillations will come to him as readily as anywhere else. If he is to bask in Jamesian tickle, nothing will restrain him and no other author will to any such extent afford him equal gratifications.

If, however, the reader does not find delectation in the list given above, I think it fairly useless for him to embark on the rest.

Part of James is a caviare, part I must reject according to my lights as bad writing; another part is a spécialité, a pleasure for certain temperaments only; the part I have set together above seems to me maintainable as literature. One can definitely say: "this is good"; hold the argumentative field, suffer comparison with other writers; with, say, the De Goncourt, or De Maupassant. I am not impertinently throwing books on the scrap-heap; there are certain valid objections to James; there are certain standards which one may believe in, and having stated them, one is free to state that any author does not comply with them; granting always that there may be other standards with which he complies, or over which he charmingly or brilliantly triumphs.

James does not "feel" as solid as Flaubert; he does not give us "Everyman," but on the other hand, he was aware of things which Flaubert was not aware of, and in certain things supersedes the author of "Madame Bovary."

He appears at times to write around and around a thing and not always to emerge from the "amorous plan" of what he wanted to present, into definite presentation.

He does not seem to me at all times evenly skillful in catching the intonations of speech. He recalls the New England "a" in the "Lady's" small brothers "Ha-ard" (Haahr-d) but only if one is familiar with the phonetics described; but (vide the beginning of "The Birthplace") one is not convinced that he really knows (by any sure instinct) how people's voices would sound. Some remarks are in key, some obviously factitious.

He gives us more of his characters by description than he can by any attribution of conversation, save perhaps by the isolated and discreet remarks of Brooksmith.

His emotional centre is in being sensitive to the feel of the place or to the tonality of the person.

It is with his own so beautiful talk, his ability to hear his own voice in the rounded paragraph, that he is aptest to charm one. I find it often though not universally hard to "hear" his characters speaking. I have noted various places where the character notably stops speaking and the author interpolates words of his own; sentences that no one but Henry James could in any circumstances have made use of. Beyond which statements I see no great concision or any clarity to be gained by rearranging my perhaps too elliptical comments on individual books.

Honest criticism, as I conceive it, cannot get much further than saying to one's reader exactly what one would say to the friend who approaches one's bookshelf asking: "What the deuce shall I read?" Beyond this there is the "parlor game," the polite essay, and there is the official pronouncement, with neither of which we are concerned.

Of all exquisite writers James is the most colloquial, yet in the first edition of his "French Poets and Novelists," his style, save for a few scattered phrases, is so little unusual that most of the book seems, superficially, as if it might have been written by almost any one. It contains some surprising lapses ... as bad as any in Mr. Hueffer or even in Mr. Mencken. It is interesting largely in that it shows us what our subject had to escape from.

Let us grant at once that his novels show him, all through his life, possessed of the worst possible taste in pictures, of an almost unpunctured ignorance of painting, of almost as great a lack of taste as that which he attributes to the hack-work and newspaper critiques of Théophile Gautier. Let us admit that "painting" to Henry James probably meant, to the end of his life, the worst possible late Renaissance conglomerations.

Let us admit that in 1876, or whenever it was, his taste in poetry inclined to the swish of De Musset, that it very likely never got any further. By "poetry" he very possibly meant the "high-falutin" and he eschewed it in certain forms; himself taking still higher falutes in a to-be-developed mode of his own.

I doubt if he ever wholly outgrew that conception of the (by him so often invoked) Daughters of Memory. He arrived truly at a point from which he could look back upon people who "besought the deep blue sea to roll." Poetry to him began, perhaps, fullfledged, springing Minerva-like from the forehead of George Gordon, Lord Byron, and went pretty much to the bad in Charles Baudelaire; it did not require much divination by 1914 ("The Middle Years") to note that he had found Tennyson rather vacuous and that there "was something in" Browning.

James was so thoroughly a recorder of people, of their atmospheres, society, personality, setting; so wholly the artist of this particular genre, that it was impossible for him ever to hold a critical opinion of art out of key with the opinion about him--except possibly in so far as he might have ambitions for the novel, for his own particular métier. His critical opinions were simply an extension of his being in key with the nice people who "impressed" themselves on his gelatine "plate."

(This is a theoretical generalization and must be taken \_cum grano.\_)

We may, perhaps, take his adjectives on De Musset as a desperate attempt to do "justice" to a man with whom he knew it impossible for him to sympathize. There is, however, nothing to hinder our supposing that he saw in De Musset's "gush" something for him impossible and that he wished to acknowledge it. Side by side with this are the shreds of Back Bay or Buffalo, the mid-week-prayer-meeting point of view.

His most egregious slip is in the essay on Baudelaire, the sentence quoted by Hueffer.[4] Notwithstanding this, he does effectively put his nippers on Baudelaire's weakness:--

"A good way to embrace Baudelaire at a glance is to say that he was, in his treatment of evil, exactly what Hawthorne was not--Hawthorne, who felt the thing at its source, deep in the human consciousness. Baudelaire's infinitely slighter volume of genius apart, he was a sort of Hawthorne reversed. It is the absence of this metaphysical quality in his treatment of his favorite subjects (Poe was his metaphysician, and his devotion sustained him through a translation of 'Eureka!') that exposes him to that class of accusations of which M. Edmond Scherer's accusation of feeding upon \_pourriture\_ is an example; and, in fact, in his pages we never know with what we are dealing. We encounter an inextricable confusion of sad emotions and vile things, and we are at a loss to know whether the subject pretends to appeal to our conscience or--we were going to say--to our olfactories. 'Le Mal?' we exclaim; 'you do yourself too much honor. This is not Evil; it is not the wrong; it is simply the nasty!' Our impatience is of the same order as that which we should feel if a poet, pretending to pluck 'the flowers of good,' should come and present us, as specimens, a rhapsody on plum-cake and \_eau de Cologne\_."

Here as elsewhere his perception, apart from the readability of the work, is worthy of notice.

Hueffer says[5] that James belauds Balzac. I cannot see it. I can but perceive Henry James wiping the floor with the author of "Eugénie Grandet," pointing out all his qualities, but almightily wiping the floor with him. He complains that Gautier is lacking in a concern about supernatural hocus-pocus and that Flaubert is lacking. If Balzac takes him to any great extent in, James with his inherited Swedenborgianism is perhaps thereby laid open to Balzac.

It was natural that James should write more about the bulky author of "La Comédie Humaine" than about the others; here was his richest quarry, here was there most to note and to emend and to apply so emended to processes of his own. From De Maupassant, De Goncourt or Baudelaire there was nothing for him to acquire.

His dam'd fuss about furniture is foreshadowed in Balzac, and all the paragraphs on Balzac's house-furnishing propensities are of interest in proportion to our interest in, or our boredom with, this part of Henry James's work.

What, indeed, could he have written of the De Goncourts save that they were a little dull but tremendously right in their aim? Indeed, but for these almost autobiographical details pointing to his growth out of Balzac, all James would seem but a corollary to one passage in a De Goncourt preface:--

"Le jour où l'analyse cruelle que mon ami, M. Zola, et peut-être moi-même avons apportée dans la peinture du bas de la société sera reprise par un écrivain de talent, et employée à la reproduction des hommes et des femmes du monde, dans les milieux d'éducation et de distinction--ce jour-là seulement le classicisme et sa queue seront tués....

"Le Réalisme n'a pas en effet l'unique mission de décrire ce qui est bas, ce qui est répugnant....

"Nous avons commencé, nous, par la canaille, parce que la femme et l'homme du peuple, plus rapprochés de la nature et de la sauvagerie, sont des créatures simples et peu compliquées, tandis que le Parisien et la Parisienne de la société, ces civilisés excessifs, dont l'originalité tranchée est faite toute de nuances, toute de demi-teintes, toute de ces riens insaisissables, pareils aux riens coquets et neutres avec lesquels se façonne le caractère d'une toilette distinguée de femme, demandent des années pour qu'on les perce, pour qu'on les sache, pour qu'on les attrape--et le romancier du plus grand génie, croyez-le bien, ne les devinera jamais ces gens de salon, avec les racontars d'amis qui vont pour lui à la découverte dans le monde....

"Ce projet de roman qui devait se passer dans le grand monde, dans le monde le plus quintessencié, et dont nous rassemblions lentement et minutieusement les éléments délicats et fugaces, je l'abandonnais après la mort de mon frère, convaincu de l'impossibilité de le réussir tout seul."

But this particular paragraph could have had little to do with the matter. "French Poets and Novelists" was published in '78 and Edmond De Goncourt signed the preface to "Les Frères Zemganno" in '79. The paragraphs quoted are interesting, however, as showing De Goncourt's state of mind in that year. He had probably been preaching in this vein long before setting the words on paper, before getting them printed.

If ever one man's career was foreshadowed in a few sentences of another, Henry James's is to be found in this paragraph.

It is very much as if he said: I will not be a megatherium botcher like Balzac; there is nothing to be said about these De Goncourts, but one must try to be rather more interesting than they are in, let us say, "Madame Gervaisais." [6]

Proceeding with the volume of criticism, we find that "Le Jeune H." simply didn't "get" Flaubert; that he was much alive to the solid parts of Turgenev. He shows himself very apt, as we said above, to judge the

merits of a novelist on the ground that the people portrayed by the said novelist are or are not suited to reception into the household of Henry James senior; whether, in short, Emma Bovary or Frederic or M. Arnoux would have spoiled the so delicate atmosphere, have juggled the so fine susceptibilities of a refined 23rd Street family at the time of the Philadelphia "Centennial."

I find the book not so much a sign that Henry James was "disappointed," as Hueffer puts it, as that he was simply and horribly shocked by the literature of his continental forebears and contemporaries.

It is only when he gets to the Théâtre Français that he finds something which really suits him. Here there is order, tradition, perhaps a slight fustiness (but a quite pardonable fustiness, an arranged and suitable fustiness having its recompense in a sort of spiritual quiet); here, at any rate, was something decorous, something not to be found in Concord or in Albany. And it is easy to imagine the young James, not illuminated by De Goncourt's possible conversation or writing, not even following the hint given in his essay on Balzac and Balzacian furniture, but sitting before Madame Nathalie in "Le Village" and resolving to be the Théâtre Français of the novel.

A resolution which he may be said to have carried out to the great enrichment of letters.

## II

Strictures on the work of this period are no great detraction. "French Poets and Novelists" gives us a point from which to measure Henry James's advance. Genius showed itself partly in the escape from some of his original limitations, partly in acquirements. His art at length became "second nature," became perhaps half unconscious; or in part wholly unconscious; in other parts perhaps too highly conscious. At any rate in sunnier circumstances he talked exactly as he wrote, the same elaborate paragraph beautifully attaining its climax; the same sudden incision when a brief statement could dispose of a matter.

Be it said for his style: he is seldom or never involved when a direct bald statement will accurately convey his own meaning, \_all of it\_. He is not usually, for all his wide leisure, verbose. He may be highly and bewilderingly figurative in his language (vide Mr. Hueffer's remarks on this question)

Style apart, I take it that the hatred of tyrannies was as great a motive as any we can ascribe to Galileo or Leonardo or to any other great figure, to any other mythic Prometheus; for this driving force we may well overlook personal foibles, the early Bostonese bias, the heritage from his father's concern in commenting Swedenborg, the later fusses about social caution and conservation of furniture. Hueffer rather boasts about Henry James's innocence of the classics. It is

nothing to brag of, even if a man struggling against natural medievalism have entrenched himself in impressionist theory. If James had read his classics, the better Latins especially, he would not have so excessively cobwebbed, fussed, blathered, worried about minor mundanities. We may conspuer with all our vigor Henry James's concern with furniture, the Spoils of Poynton, connoisseurship, Mrs. Ward's tea-party atmosphere, the young Bostonian of the immature works. We may relegate these things mentally to the same realm as the author's pyjamas and collar buttons, to his intellectual instead of his physical valeting. There remains the capacious intelligence, the searching analysis of things that cannot be so relegated to the scrap-heap and to the wash-basket.

Let us say that English freedom legally and traditionally has its basis in property. Let us say, à la Balzac, that most modern existence is governed by, or at least interfered with by, the necessity to earn money; let us also say that a Frenchman is not an Englishman or a German or an American, and that despite the remark that the aristocracies of all people, the upper classes, are the same everywhere, racial differences are au fond differences; they are likewise major subjects.

Writing, as I am, for the reader of good-will, for the bewildered person who wants to know where to begin, I need not apologize for the following elliptical notes. James, in his prefaces, has written explanation to death (with sometimes a very pleasant necrography). Leaving the "French Poets and Novelists," I take the novels and stories as nearly as possible in their order of publication (as distinct from their order as rearranged and partially weeded out in the collected edition).

1875. (U.S.A.) "A Passionate Pilgrim and other Tales." "Eugene Pickering" is the best of this lot and most indicative of the future James. Contains also the title story and "Madame de Mauves." Other stories inferior.

1876. (U.S.A.) "Roderick Hudson," prentice work. First novel not up to the level of "Pickering."

1877. "The American"; essential James, part of the permanent work. "Watch and Ward," discarded by the author.

1878. "French Poets and Novelists," already discussed.

1878. "Daisy Miller." (The big hit and one of his best.) "An International Episode," "Four Meetings," good work.

1879. Short stories first printed in England with additions, but no important ones.

1880. "Confidence," not important.

1881. "Washington Square," one of his best, "putting America on the map," giving us a real past, a real background. "Pension Beaurepas" and "Bundle of Letters," especially the girls' letters, excellent, already mentioned.

1881. "The Portrait of a Lady," one of his best. Charming Venetian preface in the collected edition.

1884. "Tales of Three Cities," stories dropped from the collected edition, save "Lady Barbarina."

1884. "Lady Barbarina," a study in English blankness comparable to that exposed in the letters of the English young lady in "A Bundle of Letters." There is also New York of the period. "But if there was one thing Lady Barb disliked more than another it was describing Pasterns. She had always lived with people who knew of themselves what such a place would be, without demanding these pictorial effects, proper only, as she vaguely felt, to persons belonging to the classes whose trade was the arts of expression. Lady Barb of course had never gone into it; but she knew that in her own class the business was not to express but to enjoy, not to represent but to be represented."

"Mrs. Lemon's recognition of this river, I should say, was all it need have been; she held the Hudson existed for the purpose of supplying New Yorkers with poetical feelings, helping them to face comfortably occasions like the present, and in general, meet foreigners with confidence...."

"He believed, or tried to believe, the \_salon\_ now possible in New York on condition of its being reserved entirely for adults; and in having taken a wife out of a country in which social traditions were rich and ancient he had done something toward qualifying his own house--so splendidly qualified in all strictly material respects.... to be the scene of such an effort. A charming woman accustomed only to the best on each side, as Lady Beauchemin said, what mightn't she achieve by being at home--always to adults only--in an easy early inspiring comprehensive way and on the evening of the seven, when worldly engagements were least numerous? He laid this philosophy before Lady Barb in pursuance of a theory that if she disliked New York on a short acquaintance she couldn't fail to like it on a long. Jackson believed in the New York mind--not so much indeed in its literary, artistic, philosophic or political achievements as in its general quickness and nascent adaptability. He clung to this belief, for it was an indispensable neat block in the structure he was attempting to rear. The New York mind would throw its glamour over Lady Barb if she would only give it a chance; for it was thoroughly bright, responsive and sympathetic. If she would only set up by the turn of her hand a blest social centre, a temple of interesting talk in which this charming organ might expand and where she might inhale its fragrance in the most convenient and luxurious way, without, as it was, getting up from her chair; if she would only just try this graceful good-natured experiment--which would make every one like her so much too--he was sure all the wrinkles in the gilded scroll of his fate would be smoothed out. But Lady Barb didn't rise at all to his conception and hadn't the least curiosity about the New York mind. She thought it would be extremely disagreeable to have a lot of people tumbling in on Sunday evening without being invited, and altogether her husband's sketch of the

Anglo-American salon seemed to her to suggest crude familiarity, high vociferation--she had already made a remark to him about 'screeching women'--and random extravagant laughter. She didn't tell him --for this somehow it wasn't in her power to express and, strangely enough, he never completely guessed it--that she was singularly deficient in any natural, or indeed, acquired understanding of what a salon might be. She had never seen or dreamed of one--and for the most part was incapable of imagining a thing she hadn't seen. She had seen great dinners and balls and meets and runs and races; she had seen garden-parties and bunches of people, mainly women--who, however, didn't screech--at dull stuffy teas, and distinguished companies collected in splendid castles; but all this gave her no clew to a train of conversation, to any idea of a social agreement that the interest of talk, its continuity, its accumulations from season to season shouldn't be lost. Conversation, in Lady Barb's experience, had never been continuous; in such a case it would surely have been a bore. It had been occasional and fragmentary, a trifle jerky, with allusions that were never explained; it had a dread of detail--it seldom pursued anything very far or kept hold of it very long."

1885. "Stories Revived," adding to earlier tales "The Author of Beltraffio," which opens with excess of the treading-on-eggs manner, too much to be borne for twenty-four volumes. The pretense of extent of "people" interested in art and letters, sic: "It was the most complete presentation that had yet been made of the gospel of art; it was a kind of æsthetic war cry. 'People' had endeavored to sail nearer "to truth," etc."

He implies too much of art smeared on limited multitudes. One wonders if the eighties did in any great aggregate gush up to this extent. Doesn't he try to spread the special case out too wide?

The thinking is magnificently done from this passage up to page sixteen or twenty, stated with great concision. Compare it with "Madame Gervaisais" and we find Henry James much more interesting when on the upper reaches. Compare his expressiveness, the expressiveness of his indirectness with that of constatation. The two methods are curiously mixed in the opening of "Beltraffio." Such sentences as (page 30) "He said the most interesting and inspiring things" are, however, pure waste, pure "leaving the thing undone," unconcrete, unimagined; just simply bad writing or bad novelisting. As for his special case he does say a deal about the author or express a deal by him, but one is bothered by the fact that Pater, Burton, Hardy, Meredith were not, in mere history, bundled into one; that Burton had been to the East and the others had not; that no English novelist of that era would have taken the least notice of anything going on in foreign countries, presumably European, as does the supreme author of "Beltraffio."

Doubtless he is in many ways the author Henry James would have liked to meet and more illustrative of certain English tones and limitations than any historical portrait might have been. Still Henry James does lay it on ... more, I think, than the story absolutely requires. In "Beltraffio" he certainly does present (not that he does not comment to

advantage) the two damn'd women appended to the gentlemanly hero of the tale. The most violent post-Strindbergian school would perhaps have called them bitches *\_tout bonnement\_*, but this word did not belong to Henry James's vocabulary and besides it is of too great an indistinctness. Author, same "bloody" (in the English sense) author with his passion for "form" appears in "Lesson of Master," and most of H.J.'s stories of literary *\_milieux\_*. Perpetual Grandisonism or Grandisonizing of this author with the passion for form, all of 'em have it. *\_Ma ché!\_* There is, however, great intensity in these same "be-deared" and be-"poor-old"-ed pages. He has really got a main theme, a great theme, he chooses to do it in silver point rather than in the garish colors of,--well, of Cherbuliez, or the terms of a religious maniac with three-foot long carving knife.

Novel of the gilded pill, an æsthetic or artistic message, dogma, no better than a moral or ethic one, novel a cumbrous camouflage substitute not for "that parlor game"[7] the polite essay, but for the impolite essay or conveyance of ideas; novel to do this should completely incarnate the abstraction.

Finish of "Beltraffio" not perhaps up to the rest of it. Not that one at all knows how else....

Gush on page 42[8] from both conversationalists. Still an adumbration of the search for the just word emerges on pages 43-44, real cut at barbarism and bigotry on the bottom of page 45 (of course not labeled by these monstrous and rhetorical brands, scorched on to their hides and rump sides). "Will it be a sin to make the most of that one too, so bad for the dear old novel?" Butler and James on the same side really chucking out the fake; Butler focused on Church of England; opposed to him the fakers booming the Bible "as literature" in a sort of last stand, a last ditch; seeing it pretty well had to go as history, cosmogony, etc., or the old tribal Daddy-slap-'em-with-slab of the Jews as anything like an ideal:--

"He told me more about his wife before we arrived at the gate of home, and if he be judged to have aired overmuch his grievance I'm afraid I must admit that he had some of the foibles as well as the gifts of the artistic temperament; adding, however, instantly that hitherto, to the best of my belief, he had rarely let this particular cat out of the bag. 'She thinks me immoral--that's the long and short of it,' he said, as we paused outside a moment and his hand rested on one of the bars of his gate; while his conscious, expressive, perceptive eyes--the eyes of a foreigner, I had begun to account them, much more than of the usual Englishman--viewing me now evidently as quite a familiar friend, took part in the declaration. 'It's very strange when one thinks it all over, and there's a grand comicality in it that I should like to bring out. She's a very nice woman, extraordinarily well-behaved, upright and clever and with a tremendous lot of good sense about a good many matters. Yet her conception of a novel--she has explained it to me once or twice, and she doesn't do it badly as exposition--is a thing so false that it makes me blush. It's a thing so hollow, so dishonest, so lying, in which life is so blinked and blinded, so dodged and disfigured, that

it makes my ears burn. It's two different ways of looking at the whole affair,' he repeated, pushing open the gate. 'And they're irreconcilable!' he added with a sigh. We went forward to the house, but on the walk, half-way to the door, he stopped and said to me: 'If you're going into this kind of thing there's a fact you should know beforehand; it may save you some disappointment. There's a hatred of art, there's a hatred of literature--I mean of the genuine kinds. Oh, the shams--\_those\_ they'll swallow by the bucket!' I looked up at the charming house, with its genial color and crookedness, and I answered with a smile that those evil passions might exist, but that I should never have expected to find them there. 'Ah, it doesn't matter, after all,' he a bit nervously laughed; which I was glad to hear, for I was reproaching myself with having worked him up."

Really literature in the XIXth and the beginning of the XXth centuries is where science was in the days of Galileo and the Inquisition. Henry James not blinking it, neither can we. "Poor dears" and "dear olds" always a little too plentiful.

1885. (continued) "Pandora," of the best. Let it pass as a sop to America's virginal charm; as counter-weight to "Daisy Miller," or to the lady of "The Portrait." Henry James alert to the German.

"The process of enquiry had already begun for him, in spite of his having as yet spoken to none of his fellow passengers; the case being that Vogelstein enquired not only with his tongue, but with his eyes--that is with his spectacles--with his ears, with his nose, with his palate, with all his senses and organs. He was a highly upright young man, whose only fault was that his sense of comedy, or of the humor of things, had never been specifically disengaged, from his several other senses. He vaguely felt that something should be done about this, and in a general manner proposed to do it, for he was on his way to explore a society abounding in comic aspects. This consciousness of a missing measure gave him a certain mistrust of what might be said of him; and if circumspection is the essence of diplomacy our young aspirant promised well. His mind contained several millions of facts, packed too closely together for the light breeze of the imagination to draw through the mass. He was impatient to report himself to his superior in Washington, and the loss of time in an English port could only incommode him, inasmuch as the study of English institutions was no part of his mission. On the other hand the day was charming; the blue sea, in Southampton Water, pricked all over with light, had no movement but that of its infinite shimmer. Moreover, he was by no means sure that he should be happy in the United States, where doubtless he should find himself soon enough disembarked. He knew that this was not an important question and that happiness was an unscientific term, such as a man of his education should be ashamed to use even in the silence of his thoughts. Lost none the less in the inconsiderate crowd and feeling himself neither in his own country nor in that to which he was in a manner accredited, he was reduced to his mere personality; so that during the hour, to save his importance, he cultivated such ground as lay in sight for a judgment of this delay to which the German steamer was subjected in English waters. Mightn't it be proved, facts, figures

and documents--or at least watch--in hand, considerably greater than the occasion demanded?

"Count Vogelstein was still young enough in diplomacy to think it necessary to have opinions. He had a good many, indeed, which had been formed without difficulty; they had been received ready-made from a line of ancestors who knew what they liked. This was of course--and under pressure, being candid, he would have admitted it--an unscientific way of furnishing one's mind. Our young man was a stiff conservative, a Junker of Junkers; he thought modern democracy a temporary phase and expected to find many arguments against it in the great Republic. In regard to these things it was a pleasure to him to feel that, with his complete training, he had been taught thoroughly to appreciate the nature of evidence. The ship was heavily laden with German emigrants, whose mission in the United States differed considerably from Count Otto's. They hung over the bulwarks, densely grouped; they leaned forward on their elbows for hours, their shoulders kept on a level with their ears: the men in furred caps, smoking long-bowled pipes, the women with babies hidden in remarkably ugly shawls. Some were yellow Germans and some were black, and all looked greasy and matted with the sea-damp. They were destined to swell still further the huge current of the Western democracy; and Count Vogelstein doubtless said to himself that they wouldn't improve its quality. Their numbers, however, were striking, and I know not what he thought of the nature of this particular evidence."

For further style in vignette:

"He could see for himself that Mr. and Mrs. Day had not at all her grand air. They were fat plain serious people who sat side by side on the deck for hours and looked straight before them. Mrs. Day had a white face, large cheeks and small eyes; her forehead was surrounded with a multitude of little tight black curls; her lips moved as if she had always a lozenge in her mouth. She wore entwined about her head an article which Mrs. Dangërfeld spoke of as a "nuby," a knitted pink scarf concealing her hair, encircling her neck and having among its convolutions a hole for her perfectly expressionless face. Her hands were folded on her stomach, and in her still, swathed figure her bead-like eyes, which occasionally changed their direction, alone represented life. Her husband had a stiff gray beard on his chin and a bare spacious upper lip, to which constant shaving had imparted a hard glaze. His eyebrows were thick and his nostrils wide, and when he was uncovered, in the saloon, it was visible that his grizzled hair was dense and perpendicular. He might have looked rather grim and truculent hadn't it been for the mild familiar accommodating gaze with which his large light-colored pupils--the leisurely eyes of a silent man--appeared to consider surrounding objects. He was evidently more friendly than fierce, but he was more diffident than friendly. He liked to have you in sight, but wouldn't have pretended to understand you much or to classify you, and would have been sorry it should put you under an obligation. He and his wife spoke sometimes, but seldom talked, and there was something vague and patient about them as if they had become victims of a wrought spell. The spell, however, was of no sinister cast; it was the

fascination of prosperity, the confidence of security, which sometimes makes people arrogant, but which had had such a different effect on this simple satisfied pair, in whom further development of every kind appeared to have been happily arrested."

Pandora's approach to her parents:

"These little offices were usually performed deftly, rapidly, with the minimum of words, and when their daughter drew near them, Mr. and Mrs. Day closed their eyes after the fashion of a pair of household dogs who expect to be scratched."

The tale is another synthesis of some of the million reasons why Germany will never conquer the world, why the Hun is impossible, why "boche" is merely "bursch." The imbecility of a certain Wellsian journalist in treating this gem is again proof that it is written for the relatively-developed American, not for the island écaillère. If Henry James, as Ford Madox Hueffer says, set out to civilize the United States, it is at least an easier job than raising British Suburbia to a bearable level. From that milieu at least we have nothing of value to learn; we shall not take our tonality from that \_niveau.\_

In describing "Pandora's" success as "purely personal," Henry James has hit on the secret of the Quattrocento. 1450 to 1550, the vital part of the Renaissance. Aristocracy decays when it ceases to be selective, when the basis of selection is not personal. It is a critical acuteness, not a snobbism, which last is selection on some other principle than that of a personal quality. It is servility to rule-of-thumb criteria, and a dullness of perception, a timidity in acceptance. The whole force of the Renaissance was in the personality of its selection.

There is no faking the amount of perceptive energy concentrated in Henry James's vignettes in such phrases as that on the parents like domestic dogs waiting to be scratched, or in the ten thousand phrases of this sort which abound in his writings. If we were back in the time of Bruyère, we could easily make a whole book of "Characters" from Henry James's vignettes.[9] The vein holds from beginning to end of his work; from this writing of the eighties to "The Ivory Tower." As for example, Gussie Braddon:

"Rosanna waited facing her, noting her extraordinary perfection of neatness, of elegance, of arrangement, of which it couldn't be said whether they most handed over to you, as on some polished salver, the clear truth of her essential commonness or transposed it into an element that could please, that could even fascinate, as a supreme attestation of care. 'Take her as an advertisement of all the latest knowledges of how to "treat" every inch of the human surface and where to "get" every scrap of the personal envelope, so far as she \_is\_ enveloped, and she does achieve an effect sublime in itself and thereby absolute in a wavering world.'"

We note no inconsiderable progress in the actual writing, in \_mîstria\_, when we reach the ultimate volumes.

1886. "Bostonians." Other stories in this collection mostly rejected from collected edition.

"Princess Casamassima" inferior continuation of "Roderick Hudson." His original subject matter is beginning to go thin.

1888. "The Reverberator," process of fantasia beginning.

Fantasia of Americans vs. the "old aristocracy," "The American" with the sexes reversed. Possibly the theme shows as well in "Les Transatlantiques," the two methods, give one at least a certain pleasure of contrast.

1888. "Aspern Papers," inferior. "Louisa Pallant," a study in the maternal or abysmal relation, good James. "Modern Warning," rejected from collected edition.

1889. "A London Life." "The Patagonia."

"The Patagonia," not a masterpiece. Slow in opening, excellent in parts, but the sense of the finale intrudes all along. It seems true but there is no alternative ending. One doubts whether a story is really constructed with any mastery when the end, for the purpose of making it a story, is so unescapable. The effect of reality is produced, of course, by the reality of the people in the opening scene; there is no doubt about that part being "to the life."

"The Liar" is superb in its way, perhaps the best of the allegories, of the plots invented purely to be an exposition of impression. It is magnificent in its presentation of the people, both the old man and the Liar, who is masterly.

"Mrs. Temperly" is another such excellent delineation and shows James as an excellent hater, but G.S. Street expresses a concentration of annoyance with a greater polish and suavity in method; and neither explains, theorizes, nor comments.

James never has De Maupassant's reality. His (H.J.'s) people almost always convince, i.e., we believe implicitly that they exist. We also think that Henry James has made up some sort of story as an excuse for writing his impression of the people.

One sees the slight vacancy of the stories of this period, the short clear sentence, the dallying with *\_jeu d'esprit\_*, with epigram no better than, though not inferior to, the run of epigram in the nineties. It all explains James's need of opacity, his reaching out for a chiaroscuro to distinguish himself from his contemporaries and in which he could put the whole of his much more complex apperception.

Then comes, roughly, the period of cobwebs and of excessive cobwebs and of furniture, finally justified in "The Finer Grain," a book of tales with no mis-fire, and the style so vindicated in the triumphs of the

various books of Memoirs and "The American Scene."

Fantasias: "Dominic Ferrand," "Nona Vincent" (tales obviously aimed at the "Yellow Book," but seem to have missed it, a detour in James's career). All artists who discover anything make such detours and must, in the course of things (as in the cobwebs), push certain experiments beyond the right curve of their art. This is not so much the doom as the function of all "revolutionary" or experimental art, and I think masterwork is usually the result of the return from such excess. One does not know, simply does not know, the true curve until one has pushed one's method beyond it. Until then it is merely a frontier, not a chosen route. It is an open question, and there is no dogmatic answer, whether an artist should write and rewrite the same story (à la Flaubert) or whether he should take a new canvas.

"The Papers," a fantasia, diverting; "The Birthplace," fairy-godmother element mentioned above, excellent. "Edmund Orme," inferior; "Yellow Book" tale, not accepted by that periodical.

1889-1893. Period of this entoilment in the "Yellow Book," short sentences, the epigrammatic. He reacts from this into the allegorical. In general the work of this period is not up to the mark. "The Chaperon," "The Real Thing," fantasias of "wit." By fantasias I mean sketches in which the people are "real" or convince one of their verity, but where the story is utterly unconvincing, is not intended to convince, is merely a sort of exaggeration of the fitting situation or the situation which ought to result in order to display some type at its apogee. "The Real Thing" rather better than other stories in this volume.

Thus the lady and gentleman model in "The Real Thing." London society is finely ladled in "The Chaperon," which is almost as a story, romanticism.

"Greville Fane" is a scandalous photograph from the life about which the great blagueur scandalously lies in his preface (collected edition). I have been too diverted comparing it with \_an\_ original to give a sane view of its art.

1890. "The Tragic Muse," uneven, full of good things but showing Henry James in the didactic role a little too openly. He preaches, he also displays fine perception of the parochialism of the British political career. It is a readable novel with tracts interpolated. (Excellent and commendable tracts arguing certainly for the right thing, enjoyable, etc.) Excellent text-book for young men with ambitions, etc.

1892. "Lesson of the Master" (cobweb). "The Pupil," a masterpiece, one of his best and keenest studies. "Brooksmith" of the best.

1893. "The Private Life." Title story, waste verbiage at the start, ridiculous to put all this camouflage over something au fond merely an idea. Not life, not people, allegory, dated to "Yellow Book" era. Won't hold against "Candide." H.J.'s tilting against the vacuity of the

public figure is, naturally, pleasing, i.e., it is pleasing that he should tilt, but the amusement partakes of the nature of seeing cocoanuts hurled at an aunt sally.

There are other stories, good enough to be carried by H.J.'s best work, not detrimental, but not enough to have "made him": "Europe" (Hawthorny), "Paste," "The Middle Years," "Broken Wings," etc. Part of the great man's work can perhaps only be criticized as "etc."

1895. "Terminations, Coxon Fund," perhaps best of this lot, a disquisition, but entertaining, perhaps the germ of Galsworthy to be found in it (to no glory of either author) as perhaps a residuum of Dickens in Maisie's Mrs. Wix. Verbalism, but delightful verbalism in Coxon affair, sic:

"Already, at hungry twenty-six, Gravener looked as blank and parliamentary as if he were fifty and popular,"

or

"a deeply wronged, justly resentful, quite irreproachable and insufferable person"

or (for the whole type)

"put such ignorance into her cleverness?"

Miss Anvoy's echo concerning "a crystal" is excellently introduced, but is possibly in the nature of a sleight of hand trick (contemporary with "Lady Windemere's Fan"). Does H.J.'s "politics" remind one of Dizzy's scribbling, just a little?" Confidence, under the new Ministry, was understood to be reviving," etc.

Perhaps one covers the ground by saying that the James of this period is "light literature," entertaining if one have nothing better to do. Neither "Terminations" nor (1896) "Embarrassments" would have founded a reputation.

1896-97. Improvement through "Other House" and "Spoils of Poynton." I leave the appreciation of these, to me, detestable works to Mr. Hueffer. They seem to me full of a good deal of needless fuss, though I do not mean to deny any art that may be in them.

1897. The emergence in "What Maisie Knew." Problem of the adolescent female. Carried on in:

1899. "The Awkward Age," fairy godmother and spotless lamb and all the rest of it. Only real thing the impression of people, not observation or real knowledge. Action only to give reader the tone, symbolizing the tone of the people. Opening \_tour de force\_, a study in punks, a cheese \_soufflé\_ of the leprous crust of society done to a turn and a niceness save where he puts on the \_dulcissimo, vox humana\_, stop. James was the dispassionate observer. He started with the moral obsession; before he

had worked clear of it he was entailed in the obsession of social tone. He has pages of clear depiction, even of satire, but the sentimentalist is always lurking just round the corner. This softens his edges. He has not the clear hardness, the cold satiric justness that G.S. Street has displayed in treating situations, certain struggles between certain idiocies and certain vulgarities. This book is a spécialité of local interest. It is an étude in ephemera. If it contained any revelation in 1899, it no longer contains it. His characters are reduced to the status of \_voyeurs\_, elaborate analysis of the much too special cases, a bundle of swine and asses who cannot mind their own business, who do not know enough to mind their own business. James's lamentable lack of the classics is perhaps responsible for his absorption in bagatelles.... He has no real series of backgrounds of \_mœurs du passé\_, only the "sweet dim faded lavender" tune and in opposition to modernity, plush nickel-plated, to the disparagement, naturally, of the latter.

Kipling's "Bigod, now-I-know-all-about-this manner," is an annoyance, but one wonders if parts of Kipling by the sheer force of content, of tale to tell, will not outlast most of James's cobwebs. There is no substitute for narrative-sense, however many different and entrancing charms may be spread before us.

"The Awkward Age" might have been done, from one point of view, as satire, in one-fourth the space. On the other hand, James does give us the subtly graded atmospheres of his different houses most excellently. And indeed, this may be regarded as \_his\_ subject.

If one were advocate instead of critic, one would definitely claim that these atmospheres, nuances, impressions of personal tone and quality \_are his subject;\_ that in these he gets certain things that almost no one else had done before him. These timbres and tonalities are his stronghold, he is ignorant of nearly everything else. It is all very well to say that modern life is largely made up of velleities, atmospheres, timbres, nuances, etc., but if people really spent as much time fussing, to the extent of the Jamesian fuss about such normal trifling, age-old affairs, as slight inclinations to adultery, slight disinclinations to marry, to refrain from marrying, etc., etc., life would scarcely be worth the bother of keeping on with it. It is also contendable that one must depict such mush in order to abolish it.[10]

The main feeling in "The Awkward Age" is satiric. The dashes of sentiment do not help the work as literature. The acute observer is often referred to:

Page 131. "The ingenious observer just now suggested might even have detected...."

Page 133. "And it might have been apparent still to our sharp spectator...."

Page 310. "But the acute observer we are constantly taking for granted would perhaps have detected...."

Page 323. "A supposititious spectator would certainly have imagined...."  
(This also occurs in "Ivory Tower." Page 196.)

This scrutinous person wastes a great deal of time in pretending to conceal his contempt for Mrs. Brook, Vanderbank, the other punks, and lays it on so thick when presenting his old sentimentalist Longdon, who at the one critical moment behaves with a stupidity, with a lack of delicacy, since we are dealing with these refinements. Of course neither this stupidity of his action nor the tone of the other characters has anything to do with the question of mæstria, if they were dispassionately or impartially rendered. The book is weak because all through it James is so manifestly carrying on a long tenzone so fiercely and loudly, a long argument for the old lavender. There is also the constant implication that Vanderbank ought to want Nanda, though why the devil he should be supposed to be even mildly under this obligation, is not made clear. A basis in the classics, castor oil, even Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque" might have helped matters. One's complaint is not that people of this sort don't exist, that they aren't like everything else a subject for literature, but that James doesn't anywhere in the book get down to bed-rock. It is too much as if he were depicting stage scenery not as stage scenery, but as nature.

All this critique is very possibly an exaggeration. Take it at half its strength; I do not intend to defend it.

Epigrammatic manner in opening, compare Kipling; compare De Maupassant, superb ideas, verity, fantasia, fantasia group, reality, charming stories, poppycock. "Yellow Book" touches in "The Real Thing," general statements about their souls, near to bad writing, perfectly lucid.

"Nona Vincent," he writes like an adolescent, might be a person of eighteen doing first story.

Page 201. "Public interest in spiritual life of the army." ("The Real Thing.")

Page 201. German Invasion.

Loathsome prigs, stiff conventions, editor of cheap magazines ladled in Sir Wots-his-name.

1893. In the interim he had brought out "In the Cage," excellent opening sentence, matter too much talked around and around, and "The Two Magics." This last a Freudian affair which seems to me to have attracted undue interest, i.e., interest out of proportion to the importance as literature and as part of Henry James's own work, because of this subject matter. The obscenity of "The Turn of the Screw" has given it undue prominence. People now "drawn" to obscene as were people of Milton's period by an equally disgusting bigotry; one unconscious on author's part; the other, a surgical treatment of a disease. Thus much for progress on part of authors if public has not progressed. The point of my remarks is that an extraneous criterion comes in. One must keep to the question of literature, not of irrelevancies. Galdos' "Lo Prohibido"

does Freud long before the sex crank got to it. Kipling really does the psychic, ghosts, etc., to say nothing of his having the "sense of story."

1900. "The Soft Side," collection containing: "The Abasement of the Northmores," good; again the motif of the vacuity of the public man, the "figure"; he has tried it again in "The Private Life," which, however, falls into the allegorical. A rotten fall it is too, and Henry James at his worst in it, i.e., the allegorical. "Fordham's Castle" appears in the collected edition only--it may belong to this period but is probably earlier, comedietta, excellently, perhaps flawlessly done. Here, as so often, the circumstances are mostly a description of the character of the personal tone of the "sitters"; for his people are so much more, or so much more often, "sitters" than actors. Protagonists it may be. When they act, they are apt to stage-act, which reduces their action again to being a mere attempt at description. ("The Liar," for example.) Compare Maupassant's "Toine" for treatment of case similar to "Fordham Castle."

1902-05. "The Sacred Fount," "Wings of a Dove," "Golden Bowl" period.

"Dove" and "Bowl" certainly not models for other writers, a caviare not part of the canon (metaphors be hanged for the moment).

Henry James is certainly not a model for narrative novelists, for young writers of fiction; perhaps not even a subject of study till they have attained some sublimity of the critical sense or are at least ready to be constantly alert, constantly on guard.

I cannot see that he will harm a critic or a describer of places, a recorder of impressions, whether they be people, places, music.

1903. "Better Sort," mildish.

1903. "The Ambassadors," rather clearer than the other work. Etude of Paris vs. Woollett. Exhortation to the idle, well-to-do, to leave home.

1907. "The American Scene," triumph of the author's long practice. A creation of America. A book no "serious American" will neglect. How many Americans make any attempt toward a realization of that country is of course beyond our power to compute. The desire to see the national face in a mirror may be in itself an exotic. I know of no such grave record, of no such attempt at faithful portrayal, as "The American Scene." Thus America is to the careful observer; this volume and the American scenes in the fiction and memoirs, in "The Europeans," "The Patagonia," "Washington Square," etc., bulk large in the very small amount of writing which can be counted as history of *mœurs contemporaines*, of national habit of our time and of the two or three generations preceding us. Newport, the standardized face, the Capitol, Independence Hall, the absence of penetralia, innocence, essential vagueness, etc., language "only definable as not in *intention* Yiddish," the tabernacle of Grant's ashes, the public collapse of the individual, the St. Gaudens statue. There is nothing to be gained by making excerpts; the volume is large, but one should in time drift through it. I mean any American with

pretenses to an intellectual life should drift through it. It is not enough to have perused "The Constitution" and to have "heard tell" of the national founders.

1910. "The Finer Grain," collection of short stories without a slip. "The Velvet Glove," "Mona Montravers," "A Round of Visits" (the old New York versus the new), "Crapey Cornelia," "The Bench of Desolation."

It is by beginning on this collection, or perhaps taking it after such stories as "The Pupil" and "Brooksmith," that the general literate reader will best come to James, must in brief be convinced of him and can tell whether or not the "marginal" James is for him. Whether or no the involutions of the "Golden Bowl" will titillate his arcane sensibilities. If the reader does not "get" "The Finer Grain" there is no sense in his trying the more elaborate "Wings of a Dove," "Sacred Fount," "Golden Bowl." If, on the contrary, he does feel the peculiar, unclassic attraction of the author he may or may not enjoy the uncanonical books.

1911. "The Outcry," a relapse. Connoisseurship fad again, inferior work.

1913. "A Small Boy and Others," the beginning of the memoirs. Beginning of this volume disgusting. First three pages enough to put one off Henry James once and for all, damn badly written, atrocious vocabulary. Page 33, a few lines of good writing. Reader might start about here, any reader, that is, to whom New York of that period is of interest. New York of the fifties is significant, in so far as it is typical of what a hundred smaller American cities have been since. The tone of the work shows in excerpts:

"The special shade of its identity was thus that it was not conscious--really not conscious of anything in the world; or was conscious of so few possibilities at least, and these so immediate and so a matter of course, that it came almost to the same thing. That was the testimony that the slight subjects in question strike me as having borne to their surrounding medium--the fact that their unconsciousness could be so preserved...."

Or later, when dealing with a pre-Y.-M.-C.-A. America.

"Infinitely queer and quaint, almost incongruously droll, the sense somehow begotten in ourselves, as very young persons, of our being surrounded by a slightly remote, yet dimly rich, outer and quite kindred circle of the tipsy. I remember how, once, as a very small boy, after meeting in the hall a most amiable and irreproachable gentleman, all but closely consanguineous, who had come to call on my mother, I anticipated his further entrance by slipping in to report to that parent that I thought \_he\_ must be tipsy. And I was to recall perfectly afterwards the impression I so made on her--in which the general proposition that the gentlemen of a certain group or connection might on occasion be best described by the term I had used, sought to destroy the particular presumption that our visitor wouldn't, by his ordinary measure, show himself for one of these. He didn't to all appearance, for I was

afterwards disappointed at the lapse of lurid evidence: that memory remained with me, as well as a considerable subsequent wonder at my having leaped to so baseless a view...."

"The grim little generalization remained, none the less, and I may speak of it--since I speak of everything--as still standing: the striking evidence that scarce aught but disaster could, in that so unformed and unseasoned society, overtake young men who were in the least exposed. Not to have been immediately launched in business of a rigorous sort was to be exposed--in the absence, I mean, of some fairly abnormal predisposition to virtue; since it was a world so simply constituted that whatever wasn't business, or exactly an office or a "store," places in which people sat close and made money, was just simply pleasure, sought, and sought only, in places in which people got tipsy. There was clearly no mean, least of all the golden one, for it was just the ready, even when the moderate, possession of gold that determined, that hurried on disaster. There were whole sets and groups, there were 'sympathetic,' though too susceptible, races, that seemed scarce to recognize or to find possible any practical application of moneyed, that is, of transmitted ease, however limited, but to go more or less rapidly to the bad with it--which meant even then going as often as possible to Paris...."

"The field was strictly covered, to my young eyes, I make out, by three classes, the busy, the tipsy, and Daniel Webster...."

"It has carried me far from my rather evident proposition that if we saw the 'natural' so happily embodied about us--and in female maturity, or comparative maturity, scarce less than in female adolescence--this was because the artificial, or in other words the complicated, was so little there to threaten it...."

On page 72 he quotes his father on "flagrant morality." In Chapter X we have a remarkable portrayal of a character by almost nothing save vacuums, "timorous philistine in a world of dangers." Our author notes the "finer civility" but does not see that it is a thing of no period. It is the property of a few individuals, personally transmitted. Henry James had a mania for setting these things in an era or a "faubourg," despite the continued testimony that the worst manners have constantly impinged upon the most brilliant societies; that decent detail of conduct is a personal talent.

The production of "Il Corteggiano" proves perhaps nothing more than the degree in which Castiglione's contemporaries "needed to be told." On page 236 ("Small Boy and Others") the phrase "presence without type." On page 286, the people "who cultivated for years the highest instructional, social and moral possibilities of Geneva." Page 283, "discussion of a work of art mainly hung in those days on that issue of the producible name." Page 304, "For even in those days some Americans were rich and several sophisticated." Page 313, The real give away of W.J. Page 341, Scarification of Ste-Beuve. Page 179, Crystal Palace. Page 214, Social relativity.

One is impatient for Henry James to do people.

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE. The disadvantage of giving impressions of real instead of imaginary places is that they conflict with other people's impressions. I do not see Angoulême via Balzac, nor do I feel Henry James's contacts with the places where our tracks have crossed very remarkable. I dare say it is a good enough guide for people more meagrely furnished with associations or perceptions. Allow me my \_piéton's\_ shrug for the man who has gone only by train.

Henry James is not very deep in ancient associations. The American's enjoyment of England in "The Passionate Pilgrim" is more searching than anything continental. Windy generality in "Tour in France," and perhaps indication of how little Henry James's tentacles penetrated into any era before 1600, or perhaps before 1780.

Vignette bottom of page 337-8 ("Passionate Pilgrim") "full of glimpses and responses, of deserts and desolations." "His perceptions would be fine and his opinions pathetic." Commiseration of Searle vs. detachment, in "Four Meetings."

Of the posthumous work, "The Middle Years" is perhaps the most charming. "The Ivory Tower," full of accumulated perceptions, swift illuminating phrases, perhaps part of a masterpiece. "The Sense of the Past," less important. I leave my comment of "The Middle Years" as I wrote it, but have recast the analysis of notes to "The Ivory Tower."

Flaubert is in six volumes, four or five of which every literate man must at one time or another assault. James is strewn over about forty--part of which must go into desuetude, have perhaps done so already.

I have not in these notes attempted the Paterine art of appreciation, e.g., as in taking the perhaps sole readable paragraph of Pico Mirandola and writing an empurpled descant.

The problem--discussion of which is about as "artistic" as a street map--is: can we conceive a five or six volume edition of James so selected as to hold its own internationally? My contention is for this possibility.

My notes are no more than a tentative suggestion, to wit: that some such compact edition might be, to advantage, tried on the less patient public. I have been, alas, no more fortunate than our subject in keeping out irrelevant, non-esthetic, non-literary, non-technical vistas and strictures.

## "THE MIDDLE YEARS"

The Middle Years is a tale of the great adventure; for, putting aside a

few simple adventures, sentimental, phallic, Nimrodic, the remaining great adventure is precisely the approach to the Metropolis; for the provincial of our race the specific approach to London, and no subject surely could more heighten the pitch of writing than that the treated approach should be that of the greatest writer of our time and own particular language. We may, I think, set aside Thomas Hardy as of an age not our own; of perhaps Walter Scott's or of L'Abbé Prévost's, but remote from us and things familiarly under our hand; and we skip over the next few crops of writers as lacking in any comparative interest, interest in a writer being primarily in his degree of sensitization; and on this count we may throw out the whole Wells-Bennett period, for what interest can we take in instruments which must of nature miss two-thirds of the vibrations in any conceivable situation? In James the maximum sensibility compatible with efficient writing was present. Indeed, in reading these pages one can but despair over the inadequacy of one's own literary sensitization, one's so utterly inferior state of awareness; even allowing for what the author himself allows: his not really, perhaps, having felt at twenty-six, all that at seventy he more or less read into the memory of his feeling. The point is that with the exception of exceptional moments in Hueffer, we find no trace of such degree of awareness in the next lot of writers, or until the first novels of Lewis and Joyce, whose awareness is, without saying, of a nature greatly different in kind.

It is not the book for any reader to tackle who has not read a good deal of James, or who has not, in default of that reading, been endowed with a natural Jamesian sensibility (a case almost negligible by any likelihood); neither is it a book of memoirs, I mean one does not turn to it seeking information about Victorian worthies; any more than one did, when the old man himself was talking, want to be told anything; there are encyclopedias in sufficiency, and statistics, and human mines of information, boring sufficiency; one asked and asks only that the slow voice should continue--evaluating, or perhaps only tying up the strands of a sentence: "And how my old friend.... \_Howells\_....." etc.

The effects of H.J.'s first breakfasts in Liverpool, invited upstairs at Half Moon Street, are of infinitely more value than any anecdotes of the Laureate (even though H.J.'s inability not to see all through the Laureate is compensated by a quip melting one's personal objection to anything Tennyson touched, by making him merely an old gentleman whatsoever with a gleam of fun in his make-up).

All comes to the contrary, and the proportionate sale of his works, and statistics whatsoever to the contrary, only an American who has come abroad will ever draw \_all\_ the succulence from Henry James's writings; the denizen of Manchester or Wellington may know what it feels like to reach London, the Londoner born will not be able quite to reconstruct even this part of the book; and if for intimacy H.J. might have stayed at the same hotel on the same day as one's grandfather; and if the same American names had part in one's own inceptions in London, one's own so wholly different and less padded inceptions; one has perhaps a purely personal, selfish, unliterary sense of intimacy: with, in my own case, the vast unbridgeable difference of settling-in and escape.

The essence of James is that he is always "settling-in," it is the ground-tone of his genius.

Apart from the state of James's sensibility on arrival nothing else matters, the "mildness of the critical air," the fatuity of George Eliot's husband, the illustrational and accomplished lady, even the faculty for a portrait in a paragraph, not to be matched by contemporary effects in half-metric, are indeed all subordinate to one's curiosity as to what Henry James knew, and what he did not know on landing. The portrait of the author on the cover showing him bearded, and looking rather like a cross between a bishop and a Cape Cod longshoreman, is an incident gratuitous, interesting, but in no way connected with the young man of the text.

The England of a still rather whiskered age, never looking inward, in short, the Victorian, is exquisitely embalmed, and "mounted," as is, I think, the term for microscopy. The book is just the right length as a volume, but one mourns there not being twenty more, for here is the unfinished work ... not in "The Sense of the Past," for there the pen was weary, as it had been in "The Outcry," and the talent that was never most worth its own while when gone off on connoisseurship, was, conceivably, finished; but here in his depiction of his earlier self the verve returned in full vigor.

#### THE NOTES TO "THE IVORY TOWER"[11]

The great artists among men of letters have occasionally and by tradition burst into an *Ars Poetica* or an *Arte nuevo de hacer Comedias*, and it should come as no surprise that Henry James has left us some sort of treatise on novel-writing--no surprise, that is, to the discriminating reader who is *not*, for the most part, a writer of English novels. Various reviewers have hinted obscurely that some such treatise is either adumbrated or concealed in the Notes for "The Ivory Tower" and for "The Sense of the Past"; they have said, indeed, that novelists will "profit greatly," etc., but no one has set forth the gist or the generalities which are to be found in these notes.

Divested of its fine verbiage, of its clichés, of its provincialisms of American phrase, and of the special details relating to the particular book in his mind, the formula for building a novel (any novel, not merely any "psychological" novel); the things to have clearly in mind before starting to write it are enumerated in "The Ivory Tower" notes somewhat as follows:--

1. Choice of names for characters; names that will "fit" their owners, and that will not "joggle" or be cacophonous when in juxtaposition on the page.
2. Exposition of one group of characters and of the "situation." (In

"The Ivory Tower" this was to be done in three subdivisions. "Book I" was to give the "Immediate Facts.")

3. One character at least is hitched to his "characteristic." We are to have one character's impression on another.

4. (Book III.) Various reactions and interactions of characters.

5. The character, i.e., the main character, is "faced with the situation."

6. For "The Ivory Tower" and probably for any novel, there is now need to show clearly and definitely the "antecedents," i.e., anything that had happened before the story started. And we find Henry James making up his mind which characters have interacted before this story opens, and which things are to be due to fresh impacts of one character on another.

7. Particular consideration of the special case in hand. The working-free from incongruities inherent in the first vague preconceptions of the plot. Thus:

(a) The hinge of the thing is not to be the effect of A. on B. or of B. on A.; nor of A. on C. or of C. on B.; but is to be due to an effect all round, of A. and B. and C. working on each other.

(b) James's care not to repeat figures from earlier novels. Not a categoric prohibition, but a caution not to sail too near the wind in this matter.

(c) A care not to get too many "personally remarkable" people, and not enough stupid ones into the story.

(d) Care for the relative "weight" as well as the varied "tone" of the characters.

(We observe, in all this, the peculiarly American passion for "art"; for having a system in things, \_cf.\_ Whistler.)

(e) Consideration how far one character "faces" the problem of another character's "character."

(This and section "d" continue the preoccupation with "moral values" shown in James's early criticism in "French Poets and Novelists.")

8. Definite "\_joints\_"; or relations of one character to another finally fitted and settled.

This brings us again to point 5. The character, i.e., the main character definitely "faced" with the situation.

9. The consequences.

10. (a) Further consideration of the state of character C. before contact with B., etc.

(b) The effect of further characters on the mind, and thence on the action of A.

(c) Considerations of the effect of a fourth main character; of introducing a subsidiary character, and its effect, i.e., that of having an extra character for a particular function.

11. The great "\_coup\_" foreshadowed.

(In this case the mild Othello, more and more drifting consciously into the grip of the mild Iago--I use the terms "Othello" and "Iago" merely to avoid, if not "hero," at least "villain"; the sensitive temperament allowing the rapacious temperament to become effective.)

(a) The main character in perplexity as to how far he shall combat the drift of things.

(b) The opposed character's perception of this.

(These sub-sections are, of course, sub-sections for a psychological novel; one would have different but equivalent "joints" in a novel of action.)

(c) Effect of all this on third character. (In this case female, attracted to "man-of-action" quality).

(d) A.'s general perception of these things and his weighing of values, a phase solely for the psychological novel.

(e) Weighing of how much A.'s perception of the relations between B. and C. is to be dénouement, and how much, more or less, known.

12. Main character's "solution" or vision of what course he will take.

13. The fourth character's "break into" things, or into a perception of things,

(a) Actions of an auxiliary character, of what would have been low life in old Spanish or Elizabethan drama. This character affects the main action (as sometimes a "\_gracioso\_" [servant, buffoon, Sancho Panza] affects the main action in a play, for example, of Lope de Vega's).

(b) Caution not to let author's interest in fascinating auxiliary character run away with his whole plan and design.

(This kind of restraint is precisely what leaves a reader "wanting more"; which gives a novel the "feel" of being full of life; convinces the reader of an abundant energy, an abundant sense of life in an author.)

14. Effects of course of the action on fourth main character and on the others. The scale being kept by the relation here not being between main character and \_one\_ antagonist, but with a group of three people, relations "different" though their "point" is the same; \_cf.\_ a main character vs. a Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern, or "attendant lords." James always has half an eye on play construction; the scene.

(a) The second auxiliary character brought out more definitely. (This is accidental. It might happen at any suitable point in a story wherever needed.)

(b) Act of this auxiliary person reaches through to main action.

15. We see the author determining just how bad a case he is going to make his villain.

(a) Further determination of his hero. (In this case an absolute non-producer, non-accumulator.)

(b) Care not to get an unmixed "bad" in his "villain," but to keep a right balance, a dependency, in this case, on the main character's weakness or easiness.

(c) Decision how the main "coup" or transfer shall slide through.

16. Effect upon C. Effect upon main characters' relations to D., E. and F.

At this point, in the consideration of eight of the ten "books" of his novel, we see the author most intent on his composition or architecture, most anxious to get all the sections fitted in with the greatest economy, a sort of crux of his excitement and anxiety, a fullness of his perception that the thing must be so tightly packed that no sentence can afford to be out of place.

17. Climax. The \_Deus\_ or, in this case, \_Dea, ex machina\_. Devices for prolonging climax. The fourth main character having been, as it were, held back for a sort of weight or balance here, and as a "resolution" of the tangles.

Finis.

18. Author's final considerations of time scheme, i.e., fitting the action into time not too great for unity, and great enough to allow for needed complexity. Slighter consideration of place scheme; where final scenes shall be laid, etc.

Here in a few paragraphs are the bare bones of the plan described in eighty of Henry James's pages. The detailed thoroughness of this plan, the complicated consciousness displayed in it, gives us the measure of this author's superiority, as conscious artist, over the "normal" British novelist, i.e., over the sort of person who tells you that when he did his first book he "just sat down and wrote the first paragraph,"

and then found he "couldn't stop." This he tells you in a manner clearly implying that, from that humble beginning to the shining hour of the present, he has given the matter no further thought, and that his succeeding works were all knocked off with equal simplicity.

I give this outline with such fullness because it is a landmark in the history of the novel, as written in English. It is inconceivable that Fielding or Richardson should have left, or that Thomas Hardy should leave, such testimony to a comprehension of the novel as a "form." The Notes are, on the other hand, quite distinct from the voluminous, prefaces which so many French poets write before they have done anything else. James, we note, wrote no prefaces until there were twenty-four volumes of his novels and stories waiting to be collected and republished. The Notes are simply the accumulation of his craftsman's knowledge, they are, in all their length, the summary of the things he would have, as a matter of habit, in his mind before embarking on composition.

I take it rather as a sign of editorial woodenheadedness that these Notes are printed at the \_end\_ of "The Ivory Tower"; if one have sense enough to suspect that the typical mentality of the elderly heavy reviewer has been shown, one will for oneself reverse the order; read the notes with interest and turn to the text already with the excitement of the sport or with the zest to see if, with this chance of creating the masterpiece so outlined, the distinguished author is going to make good. If on the other hand one reads the unfinished text, there is no escaping the boredom of re-reading in skeleton, with tentative and confusing names, the bare statement of what has been, in the text, more fully set before us.

The text is attestation of the rich, banked-up perception of the author. I dare say the snap and rattle of the fun, or much of it, will be only half perceptible to those who do not know both banks of the Atlantic; but enough remains to show the author at his best; despite the fact that occasionally he puts in the mouths of his characters sentences or phrases that no one but he himself could have used. I cannot attribute this to the unfinished state of the manuscript. These oversights are few, but they are the kind of slip which occurs in his earlier work. We note also that his novel is a descriptive novel, not a novel that simply depicts people speaking and moving. There is a constant dissertation going on, and in it is our major enjoyment. The Notes to "The Sense of the Past" are not so fine a specimen of method, as they are the plan not of a whole book, but only of the latter section. The editor is quite right to print them at the end of the volume.

Of the actual writing in the three posthumous books, far the most charming is to be found in "The Middle Years." Here again one is not much concerned with Mr. James's mildly ironic reminiscences of Tennyson and the Victorians, but rather with James's own temperament, and with his recording of inn-rooms, breakfasts, butlers, etc., very much as he had done in his fiction. There is no need for its being "memoirs" at all; call the protagonist Mr. Ponsonby or Mr. Hampton, obliterate the known names of celebrities and half celebrities, and the whole thing

becomes a James novel, and, so far as it goes, a mate to the best of them.

Retaining the name of the author, any faithful reader of James, or at any rate the attentive student, finds a good deal of amusement in deciphering the young James, his temperament as mellowed by recollection and here recorded forty years later, and then in contrasting it with the young James as revealed or even "betrayed" in his own early criticisms, "French Poets and Novelists," a much cruder and more savagely puritanical and plainly New England product with, however, certain permanent traits of his character already in evidence, and with a critical faculty keen enough to hit on certain weaknesses in the authors analyzed, often with profundity, and with often a "rightness" in his mistakes. I mean that apparent errors are at times only an excess of zeal and overshooting of his mark, which was to make for an improvement, by him, of certain defects.

[1] This holds, despite anything that may be said of his fuss about social order, social tone. I naturally do not drag in political connotations, from which H.J. was, we believe, wholly exempt. What he fights is "influence", the impinging of family pressure, the impinging of one personality on another; all of them in highest degree damn'd, loathsome and detestable. Respect for the peripheries of the individual may be, however, a discovery of our generation; I doubt it, but it seems to have been at low ebb in some districts (not rural) for some time.

[2] *Little Review*, Aug., 1918.

[3] I differ, beyond that point, with our author. I enjoy ascent as much as I loathe descent in an elevator. I do not mind the click of brass doors. I had indeed for, my earliest toy, if I was not brought up in it, the rather slow and well-behaved elevator in a quiet and quietly bright huge sanatorium. The height of high buildings, the chasms of New York are delectable; but this is beside the point; one is not asked to share the views and tastes of a writer.

[4] "For a poet to be realist is of course nonsense", and, as Hueffer says, such a sentence from such a source is enough to make one despair of human nature.

[5] Ford Madox Hueffer's volume on Henry James.

[6] It is my personal feeling at the moment that *La Fille Elisa* is worth so much more than all Balzac that the things are as out of scale as a sapphire and a plum pudding, and that *Elisa*, despite the dull section, is worth most of James's writing. This is, however, aside from the question we are discussing.

[7] T.S. Eliot.

[8] Page numbers in Collected Edition.

[9] Since writing the above I find that some such compilation has been attempted; had indeed been planned by the anthologist, and, in plan, approved by H.J.: "Pictures and Passages from Henry James" selected by Ruth Head (Chatto and Windus, 1916), if not exactly the book to convince the rising generation of H.J.'s powers of survival, is at any rate a most charming tribute to our subject from one who had begun to read him in "the eighties".

[10] Most good prose arises, perhaps, from an instinct of negation; is the detailed, convincing analysis of something detestable; of something which one wants to eliminate. Poetry is the assertion of a positive, i.e., of desire, and endures for a longer period. Poetic satire is only an assertion of this positive, inversely, i.e., as of an opposite hatred.

This is a highly untechnical, unimpressionist, in fact almost theological manner of statement; but is perhaps the root difference between the two arts of literature.

Most good poetry asserts something to be worth while, or damns a contrary; at any rate asserts emotional values. The best prose is, has been a presentation (complicated and elaborate as you like) of circumstances, of conditions, for the most part abominable, or at the mildest, amendable. This assertion of the more or less objectionable only becomes doctrinaire and rotten art when the narrator mis-states from dogmatic bias, and when he suggests some quack remedy (prohibition, Christianity, social theory of one sort or another), the only cure being that humanity should display more intelligence and good-will than humanity is capable of displaying.

Poetry = Emotional synthesis, quite as real, quite as realist as any prose (or intellectual) analysis.

Neither prose nor drama can attain poetic intensity save by construction, almost by scenario; by so arranging the circumstance that some perfectly simple speech, perception, dogmatic statement appears in abnormal vigor. Thus when Frederic in L'Education observes Mme. Arnoux's shoe-laces as she is descending the stair; or in Turgenev the statement, quotation of a Russian proverb about the "heart of another", or "Nothing but death is irrevocable" toward the end of Nichée de Gentils-hommes.

[11] Recast from an article in The Future.

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## POLITICAL CONDITIONS IN JAPAN

1921

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AT this period the movement had already commenced that finally culminated in what may fitly be called the Revolution of 1868, by which the feudal system was destroyed and the old monarchical government revived. The tendency of the times was as yet scarcely perceived by foreigners, with but one or two exceptions. They generally supposed that political strife had broken out between the sovereign and a few unruly vassals dissatisfied with the treaties that permitted the sacred soil of Japan to be defiled by the footsteps of "barbarians," and secured all the profits of trade to the head of the State, the vassals being enabled to defy their suzerain owing to his own feebleness and the incapacity of his Ministers. It was still believed that the potentate in whose name the Treaties had been concluded was the Temporal Sovereign, and that the Mikado was little more than the head of the priesthood, or Spiritual Emperor. This theory of the Japanese Constitution was almost as old as the earliest knowledge of the country possessed by Europeans. Marco Polo, indeed, says nothing of its system of government in the two short chapters which he devotes to Zipangu, but the Jesuit missionaries who laboured in Japan during the 16th and 17th centuries uniformly held the Mikado to be a spiritual dignitary, and spoke of the Shôgun as the real ruler of the country, the temporal king, and even Emperor. Kaempfer, the best known and most often quoted of the authorities on Japan, writing at the beginning of the 18th century, calls the two potentates Ecclesiastical and Secular Emperors, and his example had, up to the time I am writing of, been followed by all his successors without exception. The truth is that the polity of the Japanese State had assumed already in the 12th century the form which it was still displaying at the beginning of the latter half of the 19th, and institutions which could boast of such a highly respectable antiquity might well be supposed to have taken a deep enough hold to be part and parcel of the national life.

The history of Japan has still to be written. Native chronicles of the Mikados and annals of leading families exist in abundance, but the Japanese mind is only just now beginning to emancipate itself from the thralldom of Chinese literary forms, while no European has yet attempted a task which requires a training different from that of most men who pursue an Eastern career. Until within the last two decades, the literature of Japan was almost entirely unknown to Europeans, and the existing keys to the language were ridiculously inadequate. The only historical works accessible to foreigners were the scanty *Annales des Dairi*, translated by Titsingh with the aid of native Dutch interpreters and edited by Klaproth with a degree of bold confidence that nothing but the position of a one-eyed man amongst the blind can give; and a set of chronological tables, translated by Hoffman for Siebold's *Nippon*. It is no wonder, therefore, if at the outset of Treaty relations, the foreign representatives were at a loss to appreciate the exact nature of the political questions that confronted them, and were unable to

diagnose the condition of the patient whose previous history was unknown to them.

To trace in detail the development of the Japanese monarchy, from its beginnings as a pure theocracy of foreign invaders, attracting to itself the allegiance of a number of small tribal chieftains, the fusion of these tribes with their conquerors into one seemingly homogeneous race, the remodelling of the administration which followed upon the introduction of Chinese laws and philosophy, the supplanting of the native hero and native worship by the creed of Gautama, the rise of a military caste brought about by the constant warfare with the barbarous tribes in the east and north of the country, the rivalry of the Taira and Minamoto clans, both sprung from base-born younger sons of the Mikados, and the final suppression of the civil administration in the provinces by the distribution of the country amongst the followers of the Minamoto and their allies, would require a profound study of documents which no one has yet undertaken. With the appointment of Yoritomo to be Commander-in-Chief the feudal system was fully established. The ancient official hierarchy still existed at Kiôto, but in name only, exercising no influence whatever over the conduct of affairs, and in the 14th century its functions were already so far forgotten as to become the subject of antiquarian research. The civil and penal codes borrowed from the great Empire of Eastern Asia fell into disuse, and in part even the very traces of them perished. Martial law reigned throughout the land, half the people were converted into a huge garrison, which the other half toiled to feed and clothe. Reading and writing were the exclusive accomplishments of the Buddhist priesthood and of the impoverished nobles who formed the court of a Mikado shorn of all the usual attributes of a sovereign, and a deep sleep fell upon the literary genius of the nation. The absence of danger from foreign invasion rendered the necessity of a strong central administration unfelt, and Japan under the Shôguns assumed the aspect of Germany in the middle ages, the soil being divided between a multitude of petty potentates, independent in all but name, while their nominal head was little better than a puppet.

This state of things lasted till the second quarter of the 14th century, when an attempt was made under the Mikado Go-Daigo to re-establish the pristine rule of the legitimate sovereigns. A civil war ensued that lasted for over fifty years, until the Ashikaga family finally established themselves in the office of hereditary Shôguns. Before long they split up into two branches which quarrelled among themselves and gave opportunity for local chiefs to re-establish their independence. In the middle of the 16th century a soldier of fortune, Ota Nobunaga by name, profited by the central position of the provinces he had acquired with his sword to arrogate to himself the right of arbitrating between the warlike leaders who had risen in every direction. After his assassination a still greater warrior, known most commonly by the title of Taicosama, carried on the work of pacification: every princelet who opposed his authority was in turn subdued, and he might have become the founder of a new line of "\_maires du palais\_." He died, however, before time had sufficiently consolidated his position, leaving an inexperienced youth heir to his power, under the tutelage of guardians

who speedily quarrelled. The most distinguished of these was Iy yasu, who, besides the vast domains which he had acquired in the neighbourhood of Yedo, the modern T ki , possessed all the qualities which fit a man to lead armies and rule kingdoms. He had been Taicosama's sole remaining competitor for power, and at the death of the latter naturally assumed the most prominent position in the country. A couple of years sufficed for the transference to him of all, and more than all, the authority wielded by his two predecessors. No combination against him had any chance of success. The decisive battle of Sekigahara in 1600 brought the whole nation to his feet, and he made full use of this opportunity to create checks upon the \_Daimi s\_ of whose fidelity he was not sufficiently assured, by grants of territories to his own friends and followers, a few of the older families alone being allowed to retain their ancient fiefs. Among these were Shimadzu in the south of Ki -shi , M ri in the extreme west, and Dat , Nambu and Tsugaru in the northern provinces of the main island. His own sons received portions in Owari, Ki-shi , Mito and elsewhere. In 1616, at Iy yasu's death 19-20ths of the whole country was held by his adherents. Thus there arose five or six classes of barons, as they may best be called, to render their position intelligible to the English reader. Firstly, there were the Three Families descended from his most favoured sons, from whom according to the constitution established by him in case of a default of direct heirs, the successor to the Sh gunate was to be chosen (as a matter of fact resort was had only to Ki-shi  when a break in the line occurred). Next came the Related Families (\_Kamon\_) sprung from his younger sons, and in the third place were ranked the Lords of Provinces (\_Koku-shi\_). The members of these three classes enjoyed the revenue of fiefs comprising one or more provinces, or lands of equivalent extent. Below them in importance were the Hereditary Servants (\_fu-dai\_) and Banner-men (\_hatamoto\_) composed as has been said before of the immediate retainers of the Tokugawa family, and the Stranger Lords (\_tozama\_), relics of the former barons, who had submitted to his supremacy and followed his banner in his last wars. The qualification of a \_daimi \_ was the possession of lands assessed at a production of 10,000 \_koku\_ (=about 5 bushels) of rice and upwards. The \_hatamotos\_ were retainers of the Tokugawa family whose assessment was below 10,000 \_koku\_ and above 1000. Below them came the ordinary vassals (\_go-ke-nin\_).

The fiefs of all classes of the \_daimi s\_ were in their turn at first partitioned out among their retainers, and called \_Ke-rai\_ in their relation to their immediate lords, and \_bai-shin\_ (arri re vassals) as being vassals of those who acknowledged the suzerainty of the Sh gun. \_Samurai\_ and \_ashigaru\_ denoted the two ranks of sword-bearing gentlemen and common soldiers among the retainers of the \_daimi s\_. In the end every retainer, except the \_samurai\_ of Satsuma, received an annual allowance of so much rice, in return for which he was bound to perform military service and appear in the field or discharge the ordinary military duties required in time of peace, accompanied by followers proportioned in number to his income. In Satsuma the feudal sub-division of the land was carried out to the fullest extent, so that the vassal of lowest rank held the sword in one hand and the hoe in the other. No taxes were paid by any feudal proprietor. The \_koku-shi\_ and

other barons of equal rank ruled their provinces absolutely, levying land-tax on the farmers and imposts on internal trade as they chose. They had further the power of life and death, subject only to the nominal condition of reporting once a year the capital sentences inflicted by their officers. The other nobles were less independent. Every \_daimiô\_ had to maintain an establishment at the capital, where his wife and children resided permanently, while the lord passed alternate years in Yedo and in his territories.

On his journeys to and fro he was accompanied by a little army of retainers, for whose accommodation inns were built at every town on the main roads throughout the country, and the expense involved was a heavy tax on his resources. A strict system of etiquette regulated the audiences with which the \_daimiôs\_ were favoured on their arrival and departure, and prescribed the presents they were to offer as a symbol of their inferiority. There was little social intercourse among them, and they lived for the most part a life of extreme seclusion surrounded by vast numbers of women and servants. A fixed number of hereditary councillors (\_karô\_ and \_yônin\_) checked all initiative in the administration of their fiefs. They were brought up in complete ignorance of the outer world, and the strings of government were pulled by the unseen hands of obscure functionaries who obtained their appointments by force of their personal qualities. After a few generations had passed the descendants of the active warriors and statesmen of Iyeyasu's time were reduced to the state of imbecile puppets, while the hereditary principle produced a similar effect on their councillors. Thus arose in each daimiate a condition of things which may be compared to that of a Highland clan, where the ultimate power was based upon the feelings and opinions of a poor but aristocratic oligarchy. This led to the surprising results of the revolution of 1868, when the power nominally exercised by the chief \_daimiôs\_ came to be wielded by the more energetic and intelligent of their retainers, most of whom were \_samurai\_ of no rank or position. These men it was who really ruled the clan, determined the policy of its head and dictated to him the language he should use on public occasions. The \_daimiô\_, it cannot be too often repeated, was a nobody; he possessed not even as much power as a constitutional sovereign of the modern type, and his intellect, owing to his education, was nearly always far below par. This strange political system was enabled to hold together solely by the isolation of the country from the outer world. As soon as the fresh air of European thought impinged upon this framework it crumbled to ashes like an Egyptian mummy brought out of its sarcophagus.

The decline of the Mikado's power dates from the middle of the 9th century, when for the first time a boy of nine years ascended the throne of his ancestors. During his minority the country was governed by his father-in-law, the chief of the ancient Fujiwara family, who contrived for a long period to secure to themselves the power of setting up and removing their own nominees just as suited their convenience. A similar fate befel the institution of the Shôgunate. After the murder of Yoritomo's last surviving son, the country was nominally ruled by a succession of young princes, none of whom had emerged from the stage of

boyhood when appointed, and who were deposed in turn after a few years of complete nullity, while the real heads of the government were the descendants of Hôjô Tokimasa, Yoritomo's father-in-law. The vices of the hereditary principle in their case had again full sway, and the later Hôjô were mere puppets in the hands of their principal advisers. A revolution in favour of the Mikado overthrew this system for a short interval, until the Shôgunate was restored for a time to reality by the founder of the Ashikaga family. But after the lapse of a few years its power was divided between Kiôto and Kamakura, and the two heads of the family fell under the dominating influence of their agents the \_Kwan-rei\_ Uyésugi and Hosokawa.

Towards the end of the Ashikaga period the Shôgun had become as much an empty name as the Mikado himself, and the country was split up among the local chieftains. The bad condition of the internal communications between the provinces and the capital probably contributed to this state of things. Iyéyasu was the first to render consolidation possible by the construction of good military roads. The governmental system erected by him seemed calculated to ensure the lasting tranquillity of the country. But the hereditary principle again reasserted its influence. The third Shôgun, Iyémitsu, was a real man. Born four years after the battle of Sekigahara and already twelve years of age when his grandfather died in the year succeeding his final appearance in the battlefield, he had the education of a soldier, and to his energy was owing the final establishment of the Tokugawa supremacy on a solid basis. Iyéyasu and his successor had always been in the habit of meeting the \_daimiôs\_ on their visits to Yedo outside the city. Iyémitsu received them in his palace. He gave those who would not submit to their changed position the option of returning home, and offered them three years for preparation to try the ordeal of war. Not a single one ventured to resist. But he was succeeded by his son Iyétsuna, a boy of ten. During Iyétsuna's minority the government was carried on in his name by his Council of State, composed of Hereditary Servants (\_fu-dai daimiôs\_), and the personal authority of the head of the Tokugawa family thus received its first serious blow. But worse than that, the office of chief councillor was from the first confined to four baronial families, Ii, Honda, Sakakibara and Sakai, and the rôjiû or ordinary councillors were likewise \_daimiôs\_.

On them the hereditary principle had, in the interval between the close of the civil wars and the accession of the fourth Shôgun, produced its usual result. Nominally the heads of the administration they were without any will of their own, and were guided by their own hereditary councillors, whose strings were pulled by someone else. The real power then fell into the hands of ministers or \_bu-giô\_, chosen from the \_hatamoto\_ or lesser vassals, and many of these were men of influence and real weight. Still with them the habit of delegating authority into the hands of anyone of sufficient industry and energy to prefer work to idleness, was invincible, and in the end the dominions of the Tokugawa family came to be ruled by the \_Oku go-yû-hitsu\_ or private secretaries. The machine in fact had been so skilfully constructed that a child could keep it turning. Political stagnation was mistaken for stability.

Apart from one or two unsuccessful conspiracies against the government, Japan experienced during 238 years the profoundest tranquillity. She resembled the sleeping beauty in the wood, and the guardians of the public safety had a task not more onerous than that of waving a fan to keep the flies from disturbing the princess's slumbers. When her dreams were interrupted by the eager and vigorous West the ancient, decrepit and wrinkled watchers were found unfit for their posts, and had to give way to men more fit to cope with the altered circumstances which surrounded them.

Socially the nation was divided into two sections by a wide gulf which it was impossible to pass. On the one hand the sword-bearing families or gentry, whose frequent poverty was compensated for by their privileges of rank, on the other the agricultural, labouring and commercial classes; intermarriage was forbidden between the orders. The former were ruled by the code of honour, offences against which were permitted to be expiated by self-destruction, the famous harakiri or disembowelment, while the latter were subject to a severe unwritten law enforced by cruel and frequent capital punishment. They were the obedient humble servants of the two-sworded class.

Japan had already made the experiment of free intercourse with European states in the middle of the 16th century, when the merchants and missionaries of Portugal were welcomed in the chief ports of Kiû-shiû, and Christianity bade fair to replace the ancient native religions. They were succeeded by the Spaniards, Dutch and English, the two latter nations confining themselves however to commerce. The gigantic missionary undertakings of the two great English-speaking communities of the far West were the creation of a much later time. It will be recollected that in 1580 Spain for a time absorbed Portugal. The Roman Catholics began before long to excite the enmity of the Buddhist and Shintô priesthood, whose temples they had caused to be pulled down and whose revenues they seemed on the point of usurping. Nobunaga had favoured them, but in the civil wars that raged at that period the principal patrons of the Jesuits were overthrown, and the new ruler Taicosama soon proclaimed his hostility to the strangers. Their worst offence was the refusal of a Christian girl to become his concubine. Iyéyasu, a devout Buddhist, pursued the same religious policy as his predecessor in possession of the ruling power. His dislike to Christianity was stimulated by the fact that some of Hidéyori's adherents were Christians, and the young prince Hidéyori was himself known to be on friendly terms with the missionaries. The flame was fanned by the Dutch and English, now become the hereditary political foes of Spain, and the persecution was renewed with greater vigour than ever. Missionaries were sought out with eager keenness, and in the company of their disciples subjected to cruel tortures and the most horrible deaths. The fury of persecution did not relax with Iyéyasu's disappearance from the scene, and the final act of the drama was played out in the time of his grandson.

An insurrection provoked by the oppression of the local daimiôs broke out in the island of Amakusa, where thousands of Christians joined the rebel flag. After a furious struggle the revolt was put an end to on the

24th February, 1638, by the assault and capture of the castle of Shimabara, when 37,000 people, two-thirds of whom were women and children, were put to the sword. It is hardly possible to read the native accounts of this business without a feeling of choking indignation at the ruthless sacrifice of so many unfortunate creatures who were incapable of defence, and whose only crime was their wish to serve the religion which they had chosen for their rule of life. The Portuguese were forbidden ever to set foot again in Japan. The English had previously retired from a commercial contest in which they found their rivals too fortunate and too skilful, and the edict went forth that the Dutch, who now alone remained, should thenceforth be confined to the small artificial island of Déshima, off the town of Nagasaki, where for the next 2-1/4 centuries they and the Chinese were permitted to carry on a restricted and constantly diminishing trade. Attempts were made once or twice by the English, and early in the present century by the Russians, to induce the government of Japan to relax their rule, but in vain. The only profit the world has derived from these abortive essays is the entrancing narrative of Golownin, who was taken prisoner in Yezo in connection with a descent made by Russian naval officers in revenge for the rejection of the overtures made by the Russian envoy Resanoff, perhaps the most lifelike picture of Japanese official manners that is anywhere to be met with. No further approaches were made by any Western Government until the United States took the matter in hand in 1852.

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#### OMNIBUS JAUNTS AND DRIVERS

One phase of those days must by no means go unrecorded--namely, the Broadway omnibuses, with their drivers.

The vehicles still (I write this paragraph in 1881) give a portion of the character of Broadway--the Fifth avenue, Madison avenue, and Twenty-third street lines yet running. But the flush days of the old Broadway stages, characteristic and copious, are over. The Yellow-birds, the Red-birds, the original Broadway, the Fourth avenue, the Knickerbocker, and a dozen others of twenty or thirty years ago, are all gone. And the men specially identified with them, and giving vitality and meaning to them--the drivers--a strange, natural, quick-eyed and wondrous race--(not only Rabelais and Cervantes would have gloated upon them, but Homer and Shakspeare would)--how well I remember them, and must here give a word about them. How many hours, forenoons and afternoons--how many exhilarating night-times I have had--perhaps June or July, in cooler air-riding the whole length of Broadway, listening to some yarn, (and the most vivid yarns ever spun, and the rarest mimicry)--or perhaps I declaiming some stormy passage from Julius Caesar or Richard, (you could roar as loudly as you chose in that heavy, dense, uninterrupted street-bass.) Yes, I knew all the drivers then, Broadway Jack, Dressmaker, Balky Bill, George Storms, Old Elephant, his brother Young Elephant (who came afterward,) Tippy,

Pop Rice, Big Frank, Yellow Joe, Pete Callahan, Patsey Dee, and dozens more; for there were hundreds. They had immense qualities, largely animal--eating, drinking; women--great personal pride, in their way--perhaps a few slouches here and there, but I should have trusted the general run of them, in their simple good-will and honor, under all circumstances. Not only for comradeship, and sometimes affection--great studies I found them also. (I suppose the critics will laugh heartily, but the influence of those Broadway omnibus jaunts and drivers and declamations and escapades undoubtedly enter'd into the gestation of "Leaves of Grass.")

#### SOME PERSONAL AND OLD-AGE JOTTINGS

Anything like unmitigated acceptance of my "Leaves of Grass" book, and heart-felt response to it, in a popular however faint degree, bubbled forth as a fresh spring from the ground in England in 1876. The time was a critical and turning point in my personal and literary life. Let me revert to my memorandum book, Camden, New Jersey, that year, fill'd with addresses, receipts, purchases, &c., of the two volumes pub'd then by myself--the "Leaves," and the "Two Rivulets"--some home customers, for them, but mostly from the British Islands. I was seriously paralyzed from the Secession war, poor, in debt, was expecting death, (the doctors put four chances out of five against me,)--and I had the books printed during the lingering interim to occupy the tediousness of glum days and nights. Curiously, the sale abroad proved prompt, and what one might call copious: the names came in lists and the money with them, by foreign mail. The price was \$10 a set. Both the cash and the emotional cheer were deep medicines; many paid double or treble price, (Tennyson and Ruskin did,) and many sent kind and eulogistic letters; ladies, clergymen, social leaders, persons of rank, and high officials. Those blessed gales from the British Islands probably (certainly) saved me. Here are some of the names, for I w'd like to preserve them: Wm. M. and D.G. Rossetti, Lord Houghton, Edwd. Dowden, Mrs. Anne Gilchrist, Keningale Cook, Edwd. Carpenter, Therese Simpson, Rob't Buchanan, Alfred Tennyson, John Ruskin, C.G. Gates, E.T. Wilkinson, T.L. Warren, C.W. Reynell, W.B. Scott, A.G. Dew Smith, E.W. Gosse, T.W. Rolleston, Geo. Wallis, Rafe Leicester, Thos. Dixon, N. MacColl, Mrs. Matthews, R. Hannah, Geo. Saintsbury, R.S. Watson, Godfrey and Vernon Lushington, G.H. Lewes, G.H. Boughton, Geo. Fraser, W.T. Arnold, A. Ireland, Mrs. M. Taylor, M.D. Conway, Benj. Eyre, E. Dannreather, Rev. T.E. Brown, C.W. Sheppard, E.J.A. Balfour, P.B. Marston, A.C. De Burgh, J.H. McCarthy, J.H. Ingram, Rev. R.P. Graves, Lady Mount-temple, F.S. Ellis, W. Brockie, Rev. A.B. Grosart, Lady Hardy, Hubert Herkomer, Francis Hueffer, H.G. Dakyns, R.L. Nettleship, W.J. Stillman, Miss Blind, Madox Brown, H.R. Ricardo, Messrs. O'Grady and Tyrrel; and many, many more.

Severely scann'd, it was perhaps no very great or vehement success; but the tide had palpably shifted at any rate, and the sluices were turn'd into my own veins and pockets. That emotional, audacious, open-handed, friendly-mouth'd just-opportune English action, I say, pluck'd me like a brand from the burning, and gave me life again, to

finish my book, since ab't completed. I do not forget it, and shall not; and if I ever have a biographer I charge him to put it in the narrative. I have had the noblest friends and backers in America; Wm. O'Connor, Dr. R.M. Bucke, John Burroughs, Geo.W. Childs, good ones in Boston, and Carnegie and R.G. Ingersoll in New York; and yet perhaps the tenderest and gratefulest breath of my heart has gone, and ever goes, over the sea-gales across the big pond.

About myself at present. I will soon enter upon my 73d year, if I live--have pass'd an active life, as country school-teacher, gardener, printer, carpenter, author and journalist, domicil'd in nearly all the United States and principal cities, North and South--went to the front (moving about and occupied as army nurse and missionary) during the secession war, 1861 to '65, and in the Virginia hospitals and after the battles of that time, tending the Northern and Southern wounded alike--work'd down South and in Washington city arduously three years--contracted the paralysis which I have suffer'd ever since--and now live in a little cottage of my own, near the Delaware in New Jersey. My chief book, unrhym'd and unmetrical (it has taken thirty years, peace and war, "a borning") has its aim, as once said, "to utter the same old human \_critter\_ --but now in Democratic American modern and scientific conditions." Then I have publish'd two prose works, "Specimen Days," and a late one, "November Boughs." (A little volume, "Good-Bye my Fancy," is soon to be out, wh' will finish the matter.) I do not propose here to enter the much-fought field of the literary criticism of any of those works.

But for a few portraiture or descriptive bits. To-day in the upper story of a little wooden house of two stories near the Delaware river, east shore, sixty miles up from the sea, is a rather large 20-by-20 low ceiling'd room something like a big old ship's cabin. The floor, three quarters of it with an ingrain carpet, is half cover'd by a deep litter of books, papers, magazines, thrown-down letters and circulars, rejected manuscripts, memoranda, bits of light or strong twine, a bundle to be "express'd," and two or three venerable scrap books. In the room stand two large tables (one of ancient St. Domingo mahogany with immense leaves) cover'd by a jumble of more papers, a varied and copious array of writing materials, several glass and china vessels or jars, some with cologne-water, others with real honey, granulated sugar, a large bunch of beautiful fresh yellow chrysanthemums, some letters and envelopt papers ready for the post office, many photographs, and a hundred indescribable things besides. There are all around many books, some quite handsome editions, some half cover'd by dust, some within reach, evidently used, (good-sized print, no type less than long primer,) some maps, the Bible, (the strong cheap edition of the English crown,) Homer, Shakspeare, Walter Scott, Emerson, Ticknor's "Spanish Literature," John Carlyle's Dante, Felton's "Greece," George Sand's "Consuelo," a very choice little Epictetus, some novels, the latest foreign and American monthlies, quarterlies, and so on. There being quite a strew of printer's proofs and slips, and the daily papers, the place with its quaint old fashion'd calmness has also a smack of something alert and of current work. There are several trunks and depositaries back'd up at the

walls; (one well-bound and big box came by express lately from Washington city, after storage there for nearly twenty years.) Indeed the whole room is a sort of result and storage collection of my own past life. I have here various editions of my own writings, and sell them upon request; one is a big volume of complete poems and prose, 1000 pages, autograph, essays, speeches, portraits from life, &c. Another is a little "Leaves of Grass," latest date, six portraits, morocco bound, in pocket-book form.

Fortunately the apartment is quite roomy. There are three windows in front. At one side is the stove, with a cheerful fire of oak wood, near by a good supply of fresh sticks, whose faint aroma is plain. On another side is the bed with white coverlid and woollen blankets. Toward the windows is a huge arm-chair, (a Christmas present from Thomas Donaldson's young daughter and son, Philadelphia) timber'd as by some stout ship's spars, yellow polish'd, ample, with rattan-woven seat and back, and over the latter a great wide wolf-skin of hairy black and silver, spread to guard against cold and draught. A time-worn look and scent of old oak attach both to the chair and the person occupying it.

But probably (even at the charge of parrot talk) I can give no more authentic brief sketch than "from an old remembrance copy," where I have lately put myself on record as follows: Was born May 31, 1819, in my father's farm-house, at West Hills, L.I., New York State. My parents' folks mostly farmers and sailors--on my father's side, of English--on my mother's (Van Velsor's), from Hollandic immigration. There was, first and last, a large family of children; (I was the second.) We moved to Brooklyn while I was still a little one in frocks--and there in B. I grew up out of frocks--then as child and boy went to the public schools--then to work in a printing office. When only sixteen or seventeen years old, and for three years afterward, I went to teaching country schools down in Queens and Suffolk counties, Long Island, and "boarded round." Then, returning to New York, work'd as printer and writer, (with an occasional shy at "poetry.")

1848-'9.--About this time--after ten or twelve years of experiences and work and lots of fun in New York and Brooklyn--went off on a leisurely journey and working expedition (my brother Jeff with me) through all the Middle States, and down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Lived a while in New Orleans, and work'd there. (Have lived quite a good deal in the Southern States.) After a time, plodded back northward, up the Mississippi, the Missouri, &c., and around to, and by way of, the great lakes, Michigan, Huron and Erie, to Niagara Falls and Lower Canada--finally returning through Central New York, and down the Hudson. 1852-'54--Occupied in house-building in Brooklyn. (For a little while of the first part of that time in printing a daily and weekly paper.)

1855.--Lost my dear father this year by death.... Commenced putting "Leaves of Grass" to press, for good--after many MSS. doings and undoings--(I had great trouble in leaving out the stock "poetical" touches--but succeeded at last.) The book has since had some eight

hitches or stages of growth, with one annex, (and another to come out in 1891, which will complete it.)

1862.--In December of this year went down to the field of war in Virginia. My brother George reported badly wounded in the Fredericksburg fight. (For 1863 and '64, see "Specimen Days.") 1865 to '71--Had a place as clerk (till well on in '73) in the Attorney.

General's Office, Washington. (New York and Brooklyn seem more like \_home\_, as I was born near, and brought up in them, and lived, man and boy, for 30 years. But I lived some years in Washington, and have visited, and partially lived, in most of the Western and Eastern cities.)

1873.--This year lost, by death, my dear dear mother--and, just before, my sister Martha--the two best and sweetest women I have ever seen or known, or ever expect to see. Same year, February, a sudden climax and prostration from paralysis. Had been simmering inside for several years; broke out during those times temporarily, and then went over. But now a serious attack, beyond cure. Dr. Drinkard, my Washington physician, (and a first-rate one,) said it was the result of too extreme bodily and emotional strain continued at Washington and "down in front," in 1863, '4 and '5. I doubt if a heartier, stronger, healthier physique, more balanced upon itself, or more unconscious, more sound, ever lived, from 1835 to '72. My greatest call (Quaker) to go around and do what I could there in those war-scenes where I had fallen, among the sick and wounded, was, that I seem'd to be \_so strong and well\_. (I consider'd myself invulnerable.) But this last attack shatter'd me completely. Quit work at Washington, and moved to Camden, New Jersey--where I have lived since, receiving many buffets and some precious caresses--and now write these lines. Since then, (1874-'91) a long stretch of illness, or half-illness, with occasional lulls. During these latter, have revised and printed over all my books--bro't out "November Boughs"--and at intervals leisurely and exploringly travel'd to the Prairie States, the Rocky Mountains, Canada, to New York, to my birthplace in Long Island, and to Boston. But physical disability and the war-paralysis above alluded to have settled upon me more and more the last year or so. Am now (1891) domicil'd, and have been for some years, in this little old cottage and lot in Mickle street, Camden, with a house-keeper and man nurse. Bodily I am completely disabled, but still write for publication. I keep generally buoyant spirits, write often as there comes any lull in physical sufferings, get in the sun and down to the river whenever I can, retain fair appetite, assimilation and digestion, sensibilities acute as ever, the strength and volition of my right arm good, eyesight dimming, but brain normal, and retain my heart's and soul's unmitigated faith not only in their own original literary plans, but in the essential bulk of American humanity east and west, north and south, city and country, through thick and thin, to the last. Nor must I forget, in conclusion, a special, prayerful, thankful God's blessing to my dear firm friends and personal helpers, men and women, home and foreign, old and young.

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## *The Land of Joy*

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Merry-Go-Round*, by Carl Van Vechten

*"Dancing is something more than an amusement in Spain. It is part of that solemn ritual which enters into the whole life of the people. It expresses their very spirit."*

*Havelock Ellis.*

An idle observer of theatrical conditions might derive a certain ironic pleasure from remarking the contradiction implied in the professed admiration of the constables of the playhouse for the unconventional and their almost passionate adoration for the conventional. We constantly hear it said that the public cries for novelty, and just as constantly we see the same kind of acting, the same gestures, the same Julian Mitchellisms and George Marionisms and Ned Wayburnisms repeated in and out of season, summer and winter. Indeed, certain conventions (which bore us even now) are so deeply rooted in the soil of our theatre that I see no hope of their being eradicated before the year 1999, at which date other conventions will have supplanted them and will likewise have become tiresome.

In this respect our theatre does not differ materially from the theatres of other countries except in one particular. In Europe the juxtaposition of nations makes an interchange of conventions possible, which brings about slow change or rapid revolution. Paris, for example, has received visits from the Russian Ballet which almost assumed the proportions of Tartar invasions. London, too, has been invaded by the Russians and by the Irish. The Irish playwrights, indeed, are continually pounding away at British middle-class complacency. Germany, in turn, has been invaded by England (we regret that this sentence has only an artistic and figurative significance), and we find Max Reinhardt well on his way toward giving a complete cycle of the plays of Shakespeare; a few years ago we might have observed Deutschland groveling hysterically before Oscar Wilde's *Salome*, a play which, at least without its musical dress, has not, I believe, even yet been performed publicly in London. In Italy, of course, there are no artistic invasions (nobody cares to pay for them) and even the conventions of the Italian theatre themselves, such as the *Commedia del' Arte*, are quite dead; so the country remains as dormant, artistically speaking, as a rag rug, until an enthusiast like Marinetti arises to take it between his teeth and shake it back into rags again.

Very often whisperings of art life in the foreign theatre (such as accounts of Stanislavski's accomplishments in Moscow) cross the Atlantic. Very often the husks of the realities (as was the case with the Russian Ballet) are imported. But whispers and husks have about as

much influence as the "New York Times" in a mayoralty campaign, and as a result we find the American theatre as little aware of world activities in the drama as a deaf mute living on a pole in the desert of Sahara would be. Indeed any intrepid foreign investigator who wishes to study the American drama, American acting, and American stage decoration will find them in almost as virgin a condition as they were in the time of Lincoln.

A few rude assaults have been made on this smug eupepsy. I might mention the coming of Paul Orloff, who left Alla Nazimova with us to be eventually swallowed up in the conventional American theatre. Four or five years ago a company of Negro players at the Lafayette Theatre gave a performance of a musical revue that boomed like the big bell in the Kremlin at Moscow. Nobody could be deaf to the sounds. Florenz Ziegfeld took over as many of the tunes and gestures as he could buy for his *Follies* of that season, but he neglected to import the one essential quality of the entertainment, its style, for the exploitation of which Negro players were indispensable. For the past two months Mimi Aguglia, one of the greatest actresses of the world, has been performing in a succession of classic and modern plays (a repertory comprising dramas by Shakespeare, d'Annunzio, and Giacosa) at the Garibaldi Theatre, on East Fourth Street, before very large and very enthusiastic audiences, but uptown culture and managerial acumen will not awaken to the importance of this gesture until they read about it in some book published in 1950....

All of which is merely by way of prelude to what I feel must be something in the nature of lyric outburst and verbal explosion. A few nights ago a Spanish company, unheralded, unsung, indeed almost unwelcomed by such reviewers as had to trudge to the out-of-the-way Park Theatre, came to New York, in a musical revue entitled *The Land of Joy*. The score was written by Joaquín Valverde, *filis*, whose music is not unknown to us, and the company included La Argentina, a Spanish dancer who had given matinees here in a past season without arousing more than mild enthusiasm. The theatrical impressarii, the song publishers, and the Broadway rabble stayed away on the first night. It was all very well, they might have reasoned, to read about the goings on in Spain, but they would never do in America. Spanish dancers had been imported in the past without awakening undue excitement. Did not the great Carmencita herself visit America twenty or more years ago? These impressarii had ignored the existence of a great psychological (or more properly physiological) truth: you cannot mix Burgundy and Beer! One Spanish dancer surrounded by Americans is just as much lost as the great Nijinsky himself was in an English music hall, where he made a complete and dismal failure. And so they would have been very much astonished (had they been present) on the opening night to have witnessed all the scenes of uncontrollable enthusiasm--just as they are described by Havelock Ellis, Richard Ford, and Chabrier--repeated. The audience, indeed, became hysterical, and broke into wild cries of *Ole! Ole!* Hats were thrown on the stage. The audience became as abandoned as the players, became a part of the action.

You will find all this described in "The Soul of Spain," in "Gatherings from Spain," in Chabrier's letters, and it had all been transplanted to New York almost without a whisper of preparation, which is fortunate, for if it had been expected, doubtless we would have found the way to spoil it. Fancy the average New York first-night audience, stiff and unbending, sceptical and sardonic, welcoming this exhibition! Havelock Ellis gives an ingenious explanation for the fact that Spanish dancing has seldom if ever successfully crossed the border of the Iberian peninsula: "The finest Spanish dancing is at once killed or degraded by the presence of an indifferent or unsympathetic public, and that is probably why it cannot be transplanted, but remains local." Fortunately the Spaniards in the first-night audience gave the cue, unlocked the lips and loosened the hands of us cold Americans. For my part, I was soon yelling \_Ole!\_ louder than anybody else.

The dancer, Dolorettes, is indeed extraordinary. The gipsy fascination, the abandoned, perverse bewitchery of this female devil of the dance is not to be described by mouth, typewriter, or quilled pen. Heine would have put her at the head of his dancing temptresses in his ballet of \_Méphistophéla\_ (found by Lumley too indecent for representation at Her Majesty's Theatre, for which it was written; in spite of which the scenario was published in the respectable "Revue de Deux Mondes"). In this ballet a series of dancing celebrities are exhibited by the female Méphistophélès for the entertainment of her victim. After Salome had twisted her flanks and exploited the prowess of her abdominal muscles to perfunctory applause, Dolorettes would have heated the blood, not only of Faust, but of the ladies and gentlemen in the orchestra stalls, with the clicking of her heels, the clacking of her castanets, now held high over head, now held low behind her back, the flashing of her ivory teeth, the shrill screaming, electric magenta of her smile, the wile of her wriggle, the passion of her performance. And close beside her the sinuous Mazantinita would flaunt a garish tambourine and wave a shrieking fan. All inanimate objects, shawls, mantillas, combs, and cymbals, become inflamed with life, once they are pressed into the service of these señoritas, languorous and forbidding, indifferent and sensuous. Against these rude gipsies the refined grace and Goyaesque elegance of La Argentina stand forth in high relief, La Argentina, in whose hands the castanets become as potent an instrument for our pleasure as the violin does in the fingers of Jascha Heifetz. Bilbao, too, with his thundering heels and his tauromachian gestures, bewilders our highly magnetized senses. When, in the dance, he pursues, without catching, the elusive Dolorettes, it would seem that the limit of dynamic effects in the theatre had been reached.

Here are singers! The limpid and lovely soprano of the comparatively placid Maria Marco, who introduces figurations into the brilliant music she sings at every turn. One indecent (there is no other word for it) chromatic oriental phrase is so strange that none of us can ever recall it or forget it! And the frantically nervous Luisita Puchol, whose eyelids spring open like the cover of a Jack-in-the-box, and whose hands flutter like saucy butterflies, sings suggestive

popular ditties just a shade better than any one else I know of.

But *The Land of Joy* does not rely on one or two principals for its effect. The organization as a whole is as full of fire and purpose as the original Russian Ballet; the costumes themselves, in their blazing, heated colours, constitute the ingredients of an orgy; the music, now sentimental (the adaptability of Valverde, who has lived in Paris, is little short of amazing; there is a vocal waltz in the style of Arditi that Mme. Patti might have introduced into the lesson scene of *Il Barbiere*; there is another song in the style of George M. Cohan--these by way of contrast to the Iberian music), now pulsing with rhythmic life, is the best Spanish music we have yet heard in this country. The whole entertainment, music, colours, costumes, songs, dances, and all, is as nicely arranged in its crescendos and decrescendos, its prestos and adagios as a Mozart finale. The close of the first act, in which the ladies sweep the stage with long ruffled trains, suggestive of all the Manet pictures you have ever seen, would seem to be unapproachable, but the most striking costumes and the wildest dancing are reserved for the very last scene of all. There these bewildering señoritas come forth in the splendourous envelope of embroidered Manila shawls, and such shawls! Prehistoric African roses of unbelievable measure decorate a texture of turquoise, from which depends nearly a yard of silken fringe. In others mingle royal purple and buff, orange and white, black and the kaleidoscope! The revue, a sublimated form of zarzuela, is calculated, indeed, to hold you in a dangerous state of nervous excitement during the entire evening, to keep you awake for the rest of the night, and to entice you to the theatre the next night and the next. It is as intoxicating as vodka, as insidious as cocaine, and it is likely to become a habit, like these stimulants. I have found, indeed, that it appeals to all classes of taste, from that of a telephone operator, whose usual artistic debauch is the latest antipyretic novel of Robert W. Chambers, to that of the frequenter of the concert halls.

I cannot resist further cataloguing; details shake their fists at my memory; for instance, the intricate rhythms of Valverde's elaborately syncopated music (not at all like ragtime syncopation), the thrilling orchestration (I remember one dance which is accompanied by drum taps and oboe, nothing else!), the utter absence of tangos (which are Argentine), and habaneras (which are Cuban), most of the music being written in two-four and three-four time, and the interesting use of folk-tunes; the casual and very suggestive indifference of the dancers, while they are not dancing, seemingly models for a dozen Zuloaga paintings, the apparently inexhaustible skill and variety of these dancers in action, winding ornaments around the melodies with their feet and bodies and arms and heads and castanets as coloratura sopranos do with their voices. Sometimes castanets are not used; cymbals supplant them, or tambourines, or even fingers. Once, by some esoteric witchcraft, the dancers seemed to tap upon their arms. The effect was so stupendous and terrifying that I could not project myself into that aloof state of mind necessary for a calm dissection of its technique.

What we have been thinking of all these years in accepting the imitation and ignoring the actuality I don't know; it has all been down in black and white. What Richard Ford saw and wrote down in 1846 I am seeing and writing down in 1917. How these devilish Spaniards have been able to keep it up all this time I can't imagine. Here we have our paradox. Spain has changed so little that Ford's book is still the best to be procured on the subject (you may spend many a delightful half-hour with the charming irony of its pages for company). Spanish dancing is apparently what it was a hundred years ago; no wind from the north has disturbed it. Stranger still, it depends for its effect on the acquirement of a brilliant technique. Merely to play the castanets requires a severe tutelage. And yet it is all as spontaneous, as fresh, as unstudied, as vehement in its appeal, even to Spaniards, as it was in the beginning. Let us hope that Spain will have no artistic reawakening.

Aristotle and Havelock Ellis and Louis Sherwin have taught us that the theatre should be an outlet for suppressed desires. So, indeed, the ideal theatre should. As a matter of fact, in most playhouses (I will generously refrain from naming the one I visited yesterday) I am continually suppressing a desire to strangle somebody or other, but after a visit to the Spaniards I walk out into Columbus Circle completely purged of pity and fear, love, hate, and all the rest. It is an experience.

\_November 3, 1917.\_

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## **A CASE FROM JAPAN**

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Twenty Years' Experience as a Ghost Hunter*, by Elliott O'Donnell

Since Japan is a country in which I believe many people are intensely interested, I do not think I need apologise for introducing here the following account of a Japanese haunting.

Never having been to Japan, I cannot lay claim to having had any ghostly adventures there myself; but as this is copied, word for word, from the MSS. of Mr. G. Salis, which was very kindly lent me for the purpose by Mrs. Salis (Mr. Salis's mother), I can most certainly answer for its authenticity.

\* \* \* \* \*

"In the spring of 1913, I settled in the village of Akaji, in the southern Island of Japan, in order to work a colliery. The country in this part is mountainous and quite off the track of any tourists, and the inhabitants remain in a very primitive condition. All the people are either farmers, miners, or the keepers of very small shops, and there is not a single hotel nor even an inn. I stayed at first in one of the rooms of a farm house, and, after a little while, was able to

lease an old thatched farm house, standing in a small orange orchard, quite close to the colliery.

"Its owner lived in a little house at the back. My house was one-storied, but very high, the pitch of the thick thatch being very steep. On entering, one found a kitchen with various cooking places, but no chimneys: the smoke curling and losing itself among the huge rafters that supported the roof. The rest of the house was raised, and consisted of four rooms divided from each other by sliding paper-covered screens or fusuma, and with thick padded straw mats or tatami on the floor. I got a table and chair, and put up some book shelves, and made the best room as habitable as possible. This room had a tokonoma, or recess, painted a dark grey; and a scroll, a crystal and a vase of flowers put in it gave the necessary decoration to the severely bare interior. For the first few months I slept in one of the back rooms, but later, when it got very hot, I only used the one room. I had one servant, and as we got up at dawn, we also went to sleep very early, and usually by nine o'clock the house was in darkness and silence. One night I was awakened, and heard talking and laughing in the next room, only separated from me by a thin screen. Someone was telling a story in an animated voice, and his auditor every now and then ejaculated 'naruhode' (to be sure) and 'sodesuka' (is that so), but the voices were kept low and the laughs were subdued. Just then the kitchen clock struck two. I was annoyed at my servant having friends in at that hour, and in the room next mine, and determining to have it out with him in the morning, I fell asleep. Next morning he absolutely denied that anyone had been in the house, and became very indignant when I insisted on what I had heard.

"Two nights later, I again heard a conversation going on, and reluctantly got out of bed and from under the mosquito curtains to investigate. A low chuckling laugh and then a snatch of song—and I pushed back the sliding fusuma. The room was in darkness, but I had a little electric torch which I used in the colliery, and, pressing its button, the room was brightly lit. Inside the mosquito curtain, Tanaka lay soundly sleeping—no one else was in the room; indeed, but for the futon or mattress covered by the net it was completely bare, and the talking still went on, seeming now to come from the room behind me. I awoke Tanaka, and we went out into the garden. No one was stirring, and the sounds came from inside the house. Away, down the road, three miners were returning from a night shift, and my servant wanted to run and fetch them, but I did not see the object of doing so. The mosquitoes were very bad, and I wanted to get back under the nets, conversations or no conversations, and so we re-entered the house. Silence reigned, and I went back to bed—but not to sleep—for the remainder of that night. Tanaka took the opportunity, while I was at the colliery the next morning, to pack up his few belongings and decamp, leaving a letter saying he could not stay in a house frequented by demons. I got a girl in from the village as a makeshift, and afterwards another servant, but no one would stay in the house after nightfall. I moved my bed into a room at the back, but still used the other room as a living room, and soon became used to the fact that it was haunted. Often, during the day, there were noises coming

from near the tokonoma or recess—as though someone was cracking his finger joints, a habit the Japanese have; on several occasions, flowers put in the vase below the hanging scroll were taken out of their vase and arranged lying on a tray. One afternoon I brought my bed into the room, as the autumn was now getting cold, and I had been unwell for some days and wanted the benefit of the afternoon sun. I sent the servant to buy some stamps at the Post Office, a mile away, and stepped into the garden to gather some late dahlias. Looking up I distinctly saw a movement in the room I had left, through the pane of glass let into the paper-covered shoji. Dropping my flowers, I pressed my face against the pane, and saw the bedclothes, which the servant and myself had arranged, only five minutes previously, had been whisked off and were lying on the floor. Twice after this, coats hung on a peg near the tokonoma were found almost immediately lying on the floor at some distance, one having been pulled from its peg with such force as partly to tear it.

“On many nights, when I woke up, I heard talking in the next room, and gradually came to distinguish a man’s voice, sometimes I thought two men’s, and certainly that of a woman and a baby. All the village were now talking of the haunted house, and, now and then, neighbours came in to listen to the mysterious sounds that came, from time to time, from the tokonoma, but they took good care to be gone before sunset.

“Winter had now come, and I fell ill, and as the only really pleasant room in the house was made impossible during the long sleepless nights, I redoubled my endeavour to find another house. A baby’s wailings were very distinct, then it was hushed by its mother, and then long conversations ensued between her and one or two men—sometimes there were little taps, as though a tobacco pipe were being emptied of its ashes, but more often a curious noise was heard which sounded like ‘putter putter.’ About this time, an account appeared in all the Japanese newspapers of a bridge in Tokejo, which was haunted by a woman, and how this spirit had been laid by priestly intervention, and it was suggested that the same might be tried in the present case. I thought it rather a good plan, but, seeing that it was rather expensive, said that the landlord and not his foreign tenant should defray the cost and arrange the matter. But my landlord, who was very unpopular in the village, and with whom I was not on very good terms, would do nothing; and as, just then, another house near the colliery became vacant, I was able to move, and so at last be free of my ghostly visitants. Everyone knew of the reason for my leaving, and the landlord felt sure he would never find another tenant. After the house had been empty for some time, the landlord himself determined to live in it for some months, in order to demonstrate that things were not so bad after all. He, and his wife, and their two grandchildren accordingly moved their things across from their other house, but did not at first occupy the room with the tokonoma. Seeing, however, that their object in being in the house at all would be defeated unless this room was used, they hung some pictures in the recess, placed a bronze flower vase on a carved stand below them, and also moved in a gilt shrine containing an image of Buddha. A few friends were asked in, but all left at sunset. Next morning I heard that there had been considerable

disturbance at the house, and that the younger grandson had been taken with convulsions.

“The same day a move was made again to their former abode, the house was closed, and still remains empty. A temple on a hill near by was being repaired, and, on the completion of the work, a priest came to hold a service. The head man of the village took the opportunity of consulting with him, and together they went to see my late landlord. The facts brought to light, many of which were vaguely known in the district, are as follows:—The house had been built about one hundred and fifty years previously by the head of the family, which was then of more consequence than at present, although it still owned considerable property in pine forests and rice fields. A younger brother of the original builder had conspired against his feudal lord and had committed suicide—hara-kiri. It was not known in which room, but probably it was in the principal one. The next tragedy, that was known of, had happened some fifteen years before, when the son-in-law, the father of the two boys already mentioned, was found hanging from a hook near the wooden ceiling of the room with the tokonoma. He had been away for some time in Tokejo, had spent a great deal of money, and, on his return, had quarrelled violently with his wife. She had run out of the house with her children, and had stayed on the hillside all night. Next morning her husband was found as above stated. Some months later, again in the same room, on the eve of the birth of her posthumous child, this woman killed herself by drinking poison, made from the leaves of a shrub still growing in the garden. During the convulsions which preceded her death, the child was born, but dead.

“The priest said there was no doubt that the spirits of these various people, related by family ties, and lives, passed among the same surroundings, and who had all come to a dreadful violent end in the same house, and, probably, the same room, were earthbound, and were in the habit of assembling and conversing in the room where their lives had come to an end. Each addition would strengthen and intensify their bondage, and the priest expressed his surprise that the spirits were not actually visible. There was a good deal of discussion as to the terms for a service and ceremony to free the house from these ghostly tenants and to give them rest, I offered a small sum, but as they were, after all, the relations of the landlord, it was upon him that the bulk of the expense fell, and he refused to provide the necessary funds. His argument was that, even were the spirits ‘laid,’ no one now would rent the house, and so he would not spend any money on it. Whether he also thought that the spirits were as happy holding their ghost-parties round the tokonoma as they would be if they were at rest, he did not say, as such thoughts would be contrary to all Japanese ideas on the subject. Anyway, the house is now closed, the heavy wooden shutters are rolled across the verandahs and bolted, the garden is overgrown and choked with weeds, and the only time when there is human activity about it, is when the orange trees, burdened with fruit, yield their golden harvest.

“G. SALIS.”

\* \* \* \* \*

To revert again to my own experiences. I am often sorry, extremely sorry, I was ever brought into contact with the Unknown. As I said in one of the early chapters of this book, I did not go out of my way to seek the superphysical—it came to me. And it has never given me any peace. I feel its presence beside me at all times. In the evening, when I am writing, the curtains that are tightly drawn across the closed windows slowly bulge, the candlestick on the mantel-shelf rattles, a picture on the wall swings out suddenly at me, and, when I go to bed and try to sleep, I frequently hear breathings and far-away whispers. Some of these “presences” no doubt have been with me always—most probably they were with my ancestors—whilst others have attached themselves to me in my nocturnal ramblings.

My wife, who was a confirmed disbeliever before our marriage, has long since thrown aside her scepticism, and for a good reason. She has had many startling proofs of the power the spirit has of making itself manifest. The night a near relative of mine died both she and I heard a loud crash on the panel of our bedroom door, and I, though I only, saw a hooded figure standing there. Also, besides having heard the banshee, my wife has seen objects moved by superphysical agency, seen them fanned by a wind that is apparently non-existing, had small stones and other articles thrown at her, and heard all sorts of queer, unaccountable sounds—laughs, sighs, and moans.

Three ghostly incidents have happened to me within the past twelve months. The first was in Red Lion Square. It was twilight; I was alone on the top floor of the house, and no one else was in the building, saving the daughter of the caretaker, who was in the basement. Suddenly footsteps, slow, ponderous footsteps, began to ascend the stairs—which, being uncarpetted and of oak, carried the sound—from the hall. Wondering who it could be, I called out. There was no reply, and the steps drew nearer. On the landing immediately beneath me they halted. I went out and looked down. No one was to be seen, and the steps immediately began to descend. I followed them right down—a few stairs behind—till they reached the hall, when they abruptly ceased. I learned afterwards that these footsteps were quite a common phenomenon in the house, which had long been haunted by them.

My second experience occurred in the Moscow Road, Bayswater. Feeling a heavy weight on my bed one night and wishing to remove it, I put out my hand. It was immediately seized and held in a warm grip. I sat up in bed, but could see no one. The hand that clasped mine was very soft and small—unmistakably that of a woman. I felt the wrist and forearm, but beyond the elbow there was nothing.

I was rather alarmed at this occurrence at the time, as I have a friend who died shortly after experiencing a similar phenomenon. In my case, however, the lady, whose hand I immediately identified as the hand that had clasped mine, and this lady solemnly declared that upon the same night—we compared dates—she had dreamed of a hand which was the exact counterpart of mine, and that, upon shaking hands with me that

afternoon, she had been instantly reminded of her dream.

That there was nothing in common between us, her tastes and outlook on life being absolutely at variance with mine, makes the occurrence, in my opinion, none the less interesting, though somewhat difficult to account for.

My last experience occurred only a few days ago, as I was sitting on the stairs of a haunted house near Ealing. I had applied to the landlord for permission to spend the night there, and, pending his reply, had obtained the keys from the agent, in order to see what the house was like by daylight. Having just finished jotting down some notes—a memorandum of something I had suddenly thought of—I paused, still holding the pencil in my hand, whilst my note-book lay open on my knee. I had not sat thus for more than a minute, when, with a thrill of surprise, I felt the pencil suddenly taken from my hand, and, looking down, I distinctly saw it, of its own accord, scrawl right across my book. Whether what I afterwards found written in my note-book was written by the spirit that haunted the house, or by a projection of one of my own personalities, I cannot say; neither can I, myself, nor anyone to whom I have shown the symbolic writing, tell what it means. The appended is a facsimile.

[Illustration]

I might add that this is my one and only experience of spirit-writing, and also that it was my one and only experience in the haunted house near Ealing, as I did not succeed in getting leave to spend a night there.

Although I must confess I have made little progress so far in my investigations, for my failure to decipher spirit-writing is not the only set-back that I have encountered, I still have hopes. I hope that some day, when I am brought face to face with the Unknown, in a haunted house or elsewhere, I may be able to hit upon some mode of communication with it, and discover something that may be of real service both to myself and to the rest of humanity.

If only I could overcome fear!

It is March 28th, midnight, and as I pen these concluding words, my mind reverts to the symbols and the date—March 28th, twelve o'clock.

Suddenly I hear footsteps—distant footsteps on the road outside—coming in the direction of the house.

I glance at my wife, wondering whether she hears them too. She is asleep, however, and, as I covertly watch her, I see a look of terror gradually steal into her face. Clicking steps. They come nearer and nearer. They stop for a moment at our door, and then—thank God—pass slowly on.

I look out of the window—the road is absolutely deserted, but from

close at hand the sounds are wafted to me—click, click, click, fainter, fainter, fainter—until they abruptly cease.

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## METHODS OF MAKING JELLY.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Canned Fruit, Preserves, and Jellies: Household Methods of Preparation*, by Maria Parloa

In no department of preserving does the housekeeper feel less sure of the result than in jelly making. The rule that works perfectly one time fails another time. Why this is so the average housekeeper does not know; so there is nearly always an element of uncertainty as to the result of the work. These two questions are being constantly asked: "Why does not my jelly harden?" "What causes my jelly to candy?"

It is an easy matter to say that there is something in the condition of the fruit, or that the fruit juice and sugar were cooked too short or too long a time. These explanations are often true; but they do not help the inquirer, since at other times just that proportion of sugar and time of cooking have given perfect jelly. In the following pages an attempt is made to give a clear explanation of the principles underlying the process of jelly making. It is believed that the women who study this carefully will find the key to unvarying success in this branch of preserving.

## PECTIN, PECTOSE, PECTASE.

In all fruits, when ripe or nearly so, there is found pectin, a carbohydrate somewhat similar in its properties to starch. It is because of this substance in the fruit juice that we are able to make jelly. When equal quantities of sugar and fruit juice are combined and the mixture is heated to the boiling point for a short time, the pectin in the fruit gelatinizes the mass.

It is important that the jelly maker should understand when this gelatinizing agent is at its best. Pectose and pectase always exist in the unripe fruit. As the fruit ripens the pectase acts upon the pectose, which is insoluble in water, converting it into pectin, which is soluble. Pectin is at its best when the fruit is just ripe or a little before. If the juice ferments, or the cooking of the jelly is continued too long, the pectin undergoes a change and loses its power of gelatinizing. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that the fruit should be fresh, just ripe or a little underripe, and that the boiling of the sugar and juice should not be continued too long.

Fruits vary as to the quantities of sugar, acid, pectin, and gums in their composition. Some of the sour fruits contain more sugar than do some of the milder-flavored fruits. Currants, for example, often contain four or five times as much sugar as the peach. The peach does not contain so much free acid and it does contain a great deal of pectin

bodies, which mask the acid; hence, the comparative sweetness of the ripe fruit.

## SELECTION AND HANDLING OF FRUIT FOR JELLY MAKING.

An acid fruit is the most suitable for jelly making, though in some of the acid fruits, the strawberry, for example, the quantity of the jelly-making pectin is so small that it is difficult to make jelly with this fruit. If, however, some currant juice be added to the strawberry juice a pleasant jelly will be the result; yet, of course, the flavor of the strawberry will be modified. Here is a list of the most desirable fruits for jelly making. The very best are given first: Currant, crab apple, apple, quince, grape, blackberry, raspberry, peach.

Apples make a very mild jelly, and it may be flavored with fruits, flowers, or spices. If the apples are acid it is not advisable to use any flavor.

Juicy fruits, such as currants, raspberries, etc., should not be gathered after a rain, for they will have absorbed so much water as to make it difficult, without excessive boiling, to get the juice to jelly.

If berries are sandy or dusty it will be necessary to wash them, but the work should be done very quickly so that the fruit may not absorb much water. (See washing fruit, p. 13.)

Large fruits, such as apples, peaches, and pears, must be boiled in water until soft. The strained liquid will contain the flavoring matter and pectin.

It requires more work and skill to make jellies from the fruits to which water must be added than from the juicy fruits. If the juicy fruits are gathered at the proper time one may be nearly sure that they contain the right proportion of water. If gathered after a rain the fruit must be boiled a little longer than the superfluous water may pass off in steam.

In the case of the large fruits a fair estimate is 3 quarts of strained juice from 8 quarts of fruit and about 4 quarts of water. If the quantity of juice is greater than this it should be boiled down to 3 quarts.

Apples will always require 4 quarts of water to 8 quarts of fruit, but juicy peaches and plums will require only 3 or 3½ quarts.

The jelly will be clearer and finer if the fruit is simmered gently and not stirred during the cooking.

It is always best to strain the juice first through cheese cloth and without pressure. If the cloth is double the juice will be quite clear. When a very clear jelly is desired the strained juice should pass through a flannel or felt bag. The juice may be pressed from the fruit left in the strainer and used in marmalade or for a second-quality

jelly.

To make jelly that will not crystallize (candy) the right proportion of sugar must be added to the fruit juice. If the fruit contains a high percentage of sugar, the quantity of added sugar should be a little less than the quantity of fruit juice. That is to say, in a season when there has been a great deal of heat and sunshine there will be more sugar in the fruit than in a cold, wet season; consequently, 1 pint of currant juice will require but three-quarters of a pint of sugar. But in a cold, wet season the pint of sugar for the pint of juice must be measured generously.

Another cause of the jelly crystallizing is hard boiling. When the sirup boils so rapidly that particles of it are thrown on the upper part of the sides of the preserving kettle they often form crystals. If these crystals are stirred into the sirup they are apt to cause the mass to crystallize in time.

The use of the sirup gauge and care not to boil the sirup too violently would do away with all uncertainty in jelly making. The sirup gauge should register 25°, no matter what kind of fruit is used. (See p. 15.)

Jellies should be covered closely and kept in a cool, dry, dark place.

#### CURRANT JELLY.

The simplest method of making currant jelly is perhaps the following: Free the currants from leaves and large stems. Put them in the preserving kettle; crush a few with a wooden vegetable masher or spoon; heat slowly, stirring frequently.

When the currants are hot, crush them with the vegetable masher. Put a hair sieve or strainer over a large bowl; over this spread a double square of cheese cloth. Turn the crushed fruit and juice into the cheese cloth, and let it drain as long as it drips, but do not use pressure. To hasten the process take the corners of the straining cloth firmly in the hands and lift from the sieve; move the contents by raising one side of the cloth and then the other. After this put the cloth over another bowl. Twist the ends together and press out as much juice as possible. This juice may be used to make a second quality of jelly.

The clear juice may be made into jelly at once, or it may be strained through a flannel bag. In any case, the method of making the jelly is the same.

Measure the juice, and put it in a clean preserving kettle. For every pint of juice add a pint of granulated sugar.

Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then place over the fire; watch closely, and when it boils up draw it back and skim; put over the fire again, and boil and skim once more; boil and skim a third time; then pour into hot glasses taken from the pan of water on the stove and set

on a board. Place the board near a sunny window in a room where there is no dust. It is a great protection and advantage to have sheets of glass to lay on top of the tumblers. As soon as the jelly is set cover by one of the three methods given. (See p. 29.)

To make very transparent currant jelly, heat, crush, and strain the currants as directed in the simplest process. Put the strained juice in the flannel bag and let it drain through. Measure the juice and sugar, pint for pint, and finish as directed above.

To make currant jelly by the cold process follow the first rule for jelly as far as dissolving the sugar in the strained juice. Fill warm, sterilized glasses with this. Place the glasses on a board and put the board by a sunny window. Cover with sheets of glass and keep by the window until the jelly is set. The jelly will be more transparent if the juice is strained through the flannel bag. Jelly made by the cold process is more delicate than that made by boiling, but it does not keep quite so well.

#### RASPBERRY AND CURRANT JELLY.

Make the same as currant jelly, using half currants and half raspberries.

#### RASPBERRY JELLY.

Make the same as currant jelly.

#### BLACKBERRY JELLY.

Make the same as currant jelly.

#### STRAWBERRY JELLY.

To 10 quarts of strawberries add 2 quarts of currants and proceed as for currant jelly, but boil fifteen minutes.

#### RIPE-GRAPE JELLY.

An acid grape is best for this jelly. The sweet, ripe grapes contain too much sugar. Half-ripe fruit, or equal portions of nearly ripe and green grapes, will also be found satisfactory. Wild grapes make delicious jelly. Make the same as currant jelly.

#### GREEN-GRAPE JELLY.

Make the same as apple jelly.

#### PLUM JELLY.

Use an underripe acid plum. Wash the fruit and remove the stems. Put into the preserving kettle with 1 quart of water for each peck of fruit. Cook gently until the plums are boiled to pieces. Strain the juice and proceed the same as for currant jelly.

#### APPLE JELLY.

Wash, stem, and wipe the apples, being careful to clean the blossom end thoroughly. Cut into quarters and put into the preserving kettle. Barely cover with cold water (about 4 quarts of water to 8 of apples) and cook gently until the apples are soft and clear. Strain the juice and proceed as for currant jelly. There should be but 3 quarts of juice from 8 quarts of apples and 4 of water.

Apples vary in the percentage of sugar and acid they contain. A fine-flavored acid apple should be employed when possible. Apple jelly may be made at any time of the year, but winter apples are best and should be used when in their prime, i. e., from the fall to December or January. When it is found necessary to make apple jelly in the spring, add the juice of one lemon to every pint of apple juice.

#### CIDER APPLE JELLY.

Make the same as plain apple jelly, but covering the apples with cider instead of water. The cider must be fresh from the press.

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**Recipes** from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Cloud City Cook-Book*, by Mrs. William H. Nash

#### JOHNNY CAKE.

Two coffee cups meal, one and one-half coffee cups flour, two eggs, one teaspoon soda, sour milk. Stir well.--Mrs. H. D. Leonard.

#### JENNIE'S SUGAR CAKES.

Three cups sugar, two of butter, three eggs well beaten, one teaspoon soda. Flour sufficient to roll out.--Mrs. A. J. Lampshire.

#### JELLY ROLL.

Two teacups of coffee sugar, two teacups of sifted flour, two heaping teaspoons baking powder; into this break six good-sized eggs and beat all well together. Turn into square tins and bake in a quick oven to a light brown. When done, turn out on a moulding board, and spread with jelly. Roll carefully, and wrap each roll in a clean napkin. Can

be used for table at once.--Mrs. Hugh Parry.

#### ROLLED JELLY CAKE.

Four eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one half cup of pulverized sugar, one cup flour, one teaspoon baking powder. Flavor with lemon extract. Bake in a large flat tin.--Mrs. P. B. Turnbull.

#### ORANGE JELLY.

One-half box gelatine dissolved in one-half pint cold water half an hour; then add half a pint boiling water, place over the steam of a tea-kettle. When thoroughly dissolved add one cup sugar, the juice of five oranges and two lemons, and put in a mould in a cool place.

\* \* \*

#### PRUNE JELLY.

Soak in water one-half a box of gelatine. Stew half a pound of prunes until tender, then remove the stones. To liquid add gelatine and one cup of sugar, and enough hot water to make a pint and a gill of liquid. Return prunes to liquid and let boil. Serve with whipped cream.

#### WINE JELLY.

Two pounds sugar, one pint pale sherry, one pint cold water, one package Cox's gelatine, juice of two lemons, one quart boiling water, small stick cinnamon. Soak the gelatine in cold water one hour, add to this sugar, lemon, cinnamon, and pour over all the boiling water, stirring until gelatine is dissolved. Put in the wine last. Strain through flannel bag without squeezing. Wet mould with cold water and pour in the jelly; set on ice to cool.--Mrs. Werner.

#### LEMON JELLY.

One-half paper gelatine dissolved in one-half pint cold water  
An hour; then add one pint of boiling water, juice of a lemon,  
three-fourths pint sugar. Strain and set away to cool.

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### Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Cassell's Vegetarian Cookery*, by A. G. Payne

JARDINIÈRE SOUP.--Cut up into thin strips some carrot, turnip and celery, add a dozen or more small button onions, similar to those used for pickling, and also a few hearts of lettuces cut up fine, as well as a few fresh tarragon leaves cut into strips as thin as small string. Simmer these gently in some clear soup (\_see\_ CLEAR SOUP) till tender; add a lump of sugar, and serve.

N.B.--The tarragon should not be thrown in till the last minute.

**JULIENNE SOUP.**--This soup is exactly similar to the previous one, the only exception being that all the vegetables are first stewed very gently, till they are tender, in a little butter. Care should be taken that the vegetables do not turn colour.

**ARTICHOKES, JERUSALEM, BOILED, PLAIN.**--The artichokes must be first washed and peeled, and should be treated like potatoes in this respect. They should be thrown into cold water immediately, and it is best to add a little vinegar to the water. If the artichokes are young, throw them into boiling water, and they will become tender in about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. It is very important not to over-boil them, as they turn a bad colour. If any doubt exists as to the age of the artichokes, they had better be tested with a fork. Immediately they are tender they should be drained and served.

Old artichokes must be treated like old potatoes, i.e., put originally into cold water, and when they come to the boiling point allowed to simmer till tender; but these are best mashed. When the artichokes have been drained, they can, of course, be served quite plain, but they are best sent to table with some kind of sauce poured over them, such as Allemande sauce, Dutch sauce, white sauce, or plain butter sauce. They are greatly improved in appearance, after a spoonful of sauce has been poured over each artichoke, if a little blanched chopped parsley is sprinkled over them, and a few red specks made by colouring a pinch of bread-crumbs by shaking them with a few drops of cochineal.

Another very nice way of sending artichokes to table is to place all the artichokes together in a vegetable-dish, and, after pouring a little white sauce over each artichoke, to place a fresh-boiled bright green Brussels sprout between each. The white and green contrast very prettily.

**JERUSALEM ARTICHOKES, FRIED.**--Peel and slice the artichokes very thin; throw these slices into smoking hot oil in which a frying-basket has been placed. As soon as the artichokes are of bright golden-brown colour, lift out the frying-basket, shake it while you pepper and salt the artichokes, and serve very hot. They can be eaten with thin brown bread-and-butter and lemon-juice, and form a sort of vegetarian whitebait.

**LEMON JELLY.**--Take six lemons and half a pound of sugar, and rub the sugar on the outside of three of the lemons; the lemons must be hard and yellow, the peel should not be shrivelled. Now squeeze the juice of all six lemons into a basin, add the sugar and a pint of water. Of course, the lemon-juice must be strained. (If wine is allowed, add half a pint of good golden sherry or Madeira.) Bring this to the boil and thicken it with some corn-flour in the ordinary way, allowing a tablespoonful of corn-flour for every pint of fluid. Pour it into a mould and when it is set turn it out. A lemon jelly like this should be turned on to a piece of ornamental paper placed at the bottom of a silver or some other kind of dish. The base of the mould should be ornamented with thin slices of lemon cut in half, the diameter touching the base of the mould and the semicircular piece of peel

outside. If a round basin has been used for a mould, place a corner of a lemon on the top in the middle, surrounded with a few imitation green leaves cut out of angelica. This improves the dish in appearance and also shows what the dish is made of.

ORANGE JELLY.--Take six oranges, two lemons, and half a pound of lump sugar; rub the sugar on the outside of three of the oranges, squeeze the juice of the six oranges into a basin with the juice of two lemons, strain, add the sugar and a pint of water. The liquid will be of an orange colour, owing to the rind of the orange rubbed on to the sugar. (If wine be allowed, add half a pint of golden sherry or Madeira.) Bring the liquid to boiling point and then thicken it with corn-flour, and pour it while hot into a mould or plain white basin; when cold, turn it out on to a piece of ornamental paper placed at the bottom of a dish; surround the bottom of the mould with thin slices of orange cut into quarters and the centre part pushed under the mould; place the small end of an orange on the top of the mould with some little leaves or spikes of green angelica placed round the edge.

JAMS.--Home-made jam is not so common now as it was some years back. As a rule, it does not answer from an economical point of view to buy fruit to make jam. On the other hand, those who possess a garden will find home-made jam a great saving. Those who have attempted to sell their fruit probably know this to their cost. In making every kind of jam it is essential the fruit should be picked dry. It is also a time-honoured tradition that the fruit is best picked when basking in the morning sun. It is also necessary that the fruit should be free from dust, and that all decayed or rotten fruit should be carefully picked out.

Jam is made by boiling the fruit with sugar, and it is false economy to get common sugar; cheap sugar throws up a quantity of scum. Years back many persons used brown sugar, but in the present day the difference in the price of brown and white sugar is so trifling that the latter should always be used for the purpose. The sugar should not be crushed. It is best to boil the fruit before adding the sugar. The scum should be removed, and a wooden spoon used for the purpose. A large enamel stew-pan can be used, but tradition is in favour of a brass preserving-pan. It will be found best to boil the fruit as rapidly as possible. The quantity of sugar varies slightly with the fruit used. Supposing we have a pound of fruit, the following list gives what is generally considered about the proper quantity of sugar

APRICOT JAM.--Three-quarters of a pound.

BLACKBERRY JAM.--Half a pound; if apple is mixed, rather more.

BLACK CURRANT JAM.--One pound.

RED CURRANT JAM.--One pound.

DAMSON JAM.--One pound.

GOOSEBERRY JAM.--Three-quarters of a pound.

GREENGAGE JAM.--Three-quarters of a pound.

PLUM JAM.--One pound.

RASPBERRY JAM.--One pound.

STRAWBERRY JAM.-Three-quarters of a pound.

CARROT JAM.--If you wish the jam to be of a good colour, only use the outside or red part of the carrots. Add the rind and the juice of one lemon, and one pound of sugar to every pound of pulp; a little brandy is a great improvement.

RHUBARB JAM.--To every pound of pulp add three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and the juice of one lemon and the rind of half a lemon. Essence of almonds can be substituted for the lemon.

VEGETABLE MARROW JAM.--Add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of pulp. The jam can be flavoured either with ginger or lemon-juice.

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JUNIOR

By ROBERT ABERNATHY

Illustrated by WEISS

[Transcriber's Note: This etext was produced from Galaxy January 1956. Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that the U.S. copyright on this publication was renewed.]

\_All younger generations have been going to the dogs ... but this one was genuinely sunk!\_

"Junior!" bellowed Pater.

"\_Junior!\_" squeaked Mater, a quavering echo.

"Strayed off again--the young idiot! If he's playing in the shallows, with this tide going out...." Pater let the sentence hang blackly. He leaned upslope as far as he could stretch, angrily scanning the shoreward reaches where light filtered more brightly down through the murky water, where the sea-surface glinted like bits of broken mirror.

No sign of Junior.

Mater was peering fearfully in the other direction, toward where, as daylight faded, the slope of the coastal shelf was fast losing itself

in green profundity. Out there, out of sight at this hour, the reef that loomed sheltering above them fell away in an abrupt cliffhead, and the abyss began.

"Oh, oh," sobbed Mater. "He's lost. He's swum into the abyss and been eaten by a sea monster." Her slender stem rippled and swayed on its base and her delicate crown of pinkish tentacles trailed disheveled in the pull of the ebbtide.

"Pish, my dear!" said Pater. "There are no sea monsters. At worst," he consoled her stoutly, "Junior may have been trapped in a tidepool."

"Oh, oh," gulped Mater. "He'll be eaten by a land monster."

"There ARE no land monsters!" snorted Pater. He straightened his stalk so abruptly that the stone to which he and Mater were conjugally attached creaked under them. "How often must I assure you, my dear, that WE are the highest form of life?" (And, as for his world and geologic epoch, he was quite right.)

"Oh, oh," gasped Mater.

Her spouse gave her up. "JUNIOR!" he roared in a voice that loosened the coral along the reef.

\* \* \* \* \*

Round about, the couple's bereavement had begun attracting attention. In the thickening dusk, tentacles paused from winnowing the sea for their owners' suppers, stalked heads turned curiously here and there in the colony. Not far away, a threesome of maiden aunts, rooted en brosse to a single substantial boulder, twittered condolences and watched Mater avidly.

"Discipline!" growled Pater. "That's what he needs! Just wait till I--"

"Now, dear--" began Mater shakily.

"Hi, folks!" piped Junior from overhead.

His parents swiveled as if on a single stalk. Their offspring was floating a few fathoms above them, paddling lazily against the ebb; plainly he had just swum from some crevice in the reef nearby. In one pair of dangling tentacles he absently hugged a roundish stone, worn sensuously smooth by pounding surf.

"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?"

"Nowhere," said Junior innocently. "Just playing hide-and-go-sink with the squids."

"With the other polyps," Mater corrected him primly. She detested slang.

Pater was eyeing Junior with ominous calm. "And where," he asked, "did you get that stone?"

Junior contracted guiltily. The surfstone slipped from his tentacles and plumped to the sea-floor in a flurry of sand. He edged away, stammering, "Well, I guess maybe ... I might have gone a little ways toward the beach...."

"You guess! When I was a polyp," said Pater, "the small fry obeyed their elders, and no guess about it!"

"Now, dear--" said Mater.

"And no spawn of mine," Pater warmed to his lecture, "is going to flout my words! Junior--COME HERE!"

Junior paddled cautiously around the homesite, just out of tentacle-reach. He said in a small voice, "I won't."

"DID YOU HEAR ME?"

"Yes," admitted Junior.

The neighbors stared. The three maiden aunts clutched one another with muted shrieks, savoring beforehand the language Pater would now use.

But Pater said "Ulp!"--no more.

"Now, dear," put in Mater quickly. "We must be patient. You know all children go through larval stages."

"When I was a polyp ..." Pater began rustily. He coughed out an accidentally inhaled crustacean, and started over: "No spawn of mine...." Trailing off, he only glared, then roared abruptly, "SPRAT!"

"I won't!" said Junior reflexively and backpaddled into the coral shadows of the reef.

"That wallop," seethed Pater, "wants a good polyping. I mean...." He glowered suspiciously at Mater and the neighbors.

"Dear," soothed Mater, "didn't you \_notice\_"

"Of course, I.... Notice what?"

"What Junior was doing ... carrying a stone. I don't suppose he understands \_why\_, just yet, but...."

"A stone? Ah, uh, to be sure, a stone. Why, my dear, do you realize what this \_means\_"

\* \* \* \* \*

Pater was once more occupied with improving Mater's mind. It was a long job, without foreseeable end--especially since he and his helpmeet were both firmly rooted for life to the same tastefully decorated homesite (garnished by Pater himself with colored pebbles, shells, urchins and bits of coral in the rather rococo style which had prevailed during Pater's courting days as a free-swimming polyp).

"Intelligence, my dear," pronounced Pater, "is quite incompatible with motility. Just think--how could ideas congeal in a brain shuttled hither and yon, bombarded with ever-changing sense-impressions? Look at the lower species, which swim about all their lives, incapable of taking root or thought! True Intelligence, my dear--as distinguished from Instinct, of course--pre-supposes the fixed viewpoint!" He paused.

Mater murmured, "Yes, dear," as she always did obediently at this point.

Junior undulated past, swimming toward the abyss. He moved a bit heavily now; it was growing hard for him to keep his maturely thickening afterbody in a horizontal posture.

"Just look at the young of our own kind," said Pater. "Scatter-brained larvae, wandering greedily about in search of new stimuli. But, praise be, they mature at last into sensible sessile adults. While yet the unformed intellect rebels against the ending of care-free polyphood, Instinct, the wisdom of Nature, instructs them to prepare for the great change!"

He nodded wisely as Junior came gliding back out of the gloom of deep water. Junior's tentacles clutched an irregular basalt fragment which he must have picked up down the rubble-strewn slope. As he paddled slowly along the rim of the reef, the adult anthozoans located directly below looked up and hissed irritable warnings.

He was swimming a bit more easily now and, if Pater had not been a firm believer in Instinct, he might have been reminded of the grossly materialistic theory, propounded by some iconoclast, according to which a maturing polyp's tendency to grapple objects was merely a matter of taking on ballast.

"See!" declared Pater triumphantly. "I don't suppose he understands why, just yet ... but Instinct urges him infallibly to assemble the materials for his future homesite."

\* \* \* \* \*

Junior let the rock fragment fall, and began plucking restlessly at a coral outcropping.

"Dear," said Mater, "don't you think you ought to tell him...?"

"Ahem!" said Pater. "The wisdom of Instinct--"

"As you've always said, a polyp needs a parent's guidance," remarked

Mater.

"\_Ahem!\_" repeated Pater. He straightened his stalk, and bellowed authoritatively, "JUNIOR! Come here!"

The prodigal polyp swam warily close. "Yes, Pater?"

"Junior," said his parent solemnly, "now that you are about to grow down, it behooves you to know certain facts."

Mater blushed a delicate lavender and turned away on her side of the rock.

"Very soon now," said Pater, "you will begin feeling an irresistible urge ... to sink to the bottom, to take root there in some sheltered location which will be your lifetime site. Perhaps you even have an understanding already with some ... ah ... charming young polyp of the opposite gender, whom you would invite to share your homesite. Or, if not, you should take all the more pains to make that site as attractive as possible, in order that such a one may decide to grace it with--"

"Uh-huh," said Junior understandingly. "That's what the fellows mean when they say any of 'em'll fall for a few high-class rocks."

Pater marshaled his thoughts again. "Well, quite apart from such material considerations as selecting the right rocks, there are certain ... ah ... matters we do not ordinarily discuss."

Mater blushed a more pronounced lavender. The three maiden aunts, rooted to their boulder within easy earshot of Pater's carrying voice, put up a respectable pretense of searching one another for nonexistent water-fleas.

"No doubt," said Pater, "in the course of your harum-scarum adventurings as a normal polyp among polyps, you've noticed the ways in which the lower orders reproduce themselves; the activities of the fishes, the crustacea, the marine worms will not have escaped your attention."

"Uh-huh," said Junior, treading water.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You will have observed that among these there takes place a good deal of ... ah ... maneuvering for position. But among intelligent, firmly rooted beings like ourselves, matters are, of course, on a less crude and direct plane. What among lesser creatures is a question of tactics belongs, for us, to the realm of strategy." Pater's tone grew confiding. "Now, Junior, once you're settled you'll realize the importance of being easy in your mind about your offspring's parentage. Remember, a niche in brine saves trying. Nothing like choosing your location well in the first place. Study the currents around your prospective site--particularly their direction and force at such

crucial times as flood-tide. Try to make sure you and your future mate won't be too close down-current from anybody else's site, since in a case like that accidents can happen. You understand, Junior?"

"Uh-huh," acknowledged Junior. "That's what the fellows mean when they say don't let anybody get the drop on you."

"Well!" said Pater in flat disapproval.

"But it all seems sort of silly," said Junior stubbornly. "\_I'd\_ rather just keep moving around, and not have to do all that figuring. And the ocean's full of things I haven't seen yet. I don't \_want\_ to grow down!"

Mater paled with shock. Pater gave his spawn a scolding, scandalized look. "You'll learn! You can't beat Biology," he said thickly, creditably keeping his voice down. "Junior, you may go!"

Junior bobbed off, and Pater admonished Mater sternly, "We must have patience, my dear! All children pass through these larval stages...."

"Yes, dear," sighed Mater.

\* \* \* \* \*

At long last, Junior seemed to have resigned himself to making the best of it.

With considerable exertions, hampered by his increasing bottom-heaviness, he was fetching loads of stones, seaweed and other debris to a spot downslope, and there laboring over what promised to be a fairly ambitious cairn. Judging by what they could see of it, his homesite might even prove a credit to the colony (so went Pater's thoughts) and attract a mate who would be a good catch (thus Mater mused).

Junior was still to be seen at times along the reef in company with his free-swimming friends among the other polyps, at some of whom his parents had always looked askance, fearing they were by no means well-bred. In fact, there was strong suspicion that some of them--waifs from the disreputable Shallows district in the hazardous reaches just below the tide-mark--had never been bred at all, but were products of budding, a practice frowned on in polite society.

However, Junior's appearance and rate of locomotion made it clear he would soon be done with juvenile follies. As Pater repeated with satisfaction--you can't beat Biology; as one becomes more and more bottle-shaped, the romantic illusions of youth must inevitably perish.

"I always knew there was sound stuff in the youngster," declared Pater expansively.

"At least he won't be able to go around with those ragamuffins much longer," breathed Mater thankfully.

"What does the young fool think he's doing, fiddling round with soapstone?" grumbled Pater, peering critically through the green to try to make out the details of Junior's building. "Doesn't he know it's apt to slip its place in a year or two?"

"Look, dear," hissed Mater acidly, "isn't that the little polyp who was so rude once?... I wish she wouldn't keep watching Junior like that. Our northwest neighbor heard \_positively\_ that she's the child of an only parent!"

"Never mind." Pater turned to reassure her. "Once Junior is properly rooted, his self-respect will cause him to keep riffraff at a distance. It's a matter of Psychology, my dear; the vertical position makes all the difference in one's thinking."

\* \* \* \* \*

The great day arrived. Laboriously Junior put a few finishing touches to his construction--which, so far as could be seen from a distance, had turned out decent-looking enough, though it was rather questionably original in design: lower and flatter than was customary.

With one more look at his handiwork, Junior turned bottom-end-down and sank wearily onto the finished site. After a minute, he paddled experimentally, but flailing tentacles failed to lift him. He was already rooted, and growing more solidly so by the moment.

"Congratulations!" cried the neighbors. Pater and Mater bowed this way and that in acknowledgment. Mater waved a condescending tentacle to the three maiden aunts.

"I told you so!" said Pater triumphantly.

"Yes, dear...." said Mater meekly.

Suddenly there were outcries of alarm from the dwellers down-reef. A wave of dismay swept audibly through all the nearer part of the colony. Pater and Mater looked around, and froze.

Junior had begun paddling again, but this time in a most peculiar manner--with a rotary twist and sidewise scoop which looked awkward, but which he performed so deftly that he must have practiced it. Fixed upright as he was now on the platform he had built, he looked for all the world as if he were trying to swim sidewise.

"He's gone \_mad\_!" squeaked Mater.

"I ..." gulped Pater, "I'm afraid not."

At least, they saw, there was method in Junior's actions. He went on paddling in the same fashion and now he, and his platform with him, were farther away than they had been, and growing more remote as they

stared.

\* \* \* \* \*

Parts of the homesite that was not a homesite revolved in some way incomprehensible to eyes that had never seen the like. And the whole affair trundled along, rocking at bumps in the sandy bottom, and squeaking painfully; nevertheless, it moved.

The polyps watching from the reef swam out and frolicked after Junior, watching his contrivance go and chattering eager questions, while their parents bawled at them to keep away from that.

The three maiden aunts shrieked faintly and swooned in one another's tentacles. The colony was shaken as it had not been since the tidal wave.

"COME BACK!" thundered Pater. "You CAN'T do that!"

"\_Come back!\_" shrilled Mater. "You can't do \_that!\_"

"Come back!" gabbled the neighbors. "You can't \_do\_ that!"

But Junior was past listening to reason. Junior was on wheels.

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## HANNAH AND JOE.

Project Gutenberg's *A Country Idyl and Other Stories*, by Sarah Knowles Bolton

IN THE YEAR 1851 Captain Budington, of Groton, Conn., passed the winter in Cumberland inlet, west of Greenland. Here he met Joe and Hannah on the island of Kim-ick-su-ic, so called because its flat centre, covered with grass, resembles a dogskin. Hannah was twelve years old, dressed in fur pantaloons and short fur overdress, and bore the name of Too-koo-li-too in her own language. Joe was a good deal older, and his real name was Ebierbing.

A few years afterward a merchant from Hull, England, Mr. Bolby, met them at Cumberland gulf, where they had come off the island to trade, and prevailed upon them to take the long journey to England. When he reached home he made a large company, and in the presence of these guests the young woman Hannah was married to Joe. Mr. Bolby took them to several places in England and Scotland, and they were finally presented to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. The Queen was deeply interested in these people from the far North in British America, and asked them to dine with her. If the Queen was pleased with the sincere, uneducated, fur-dressed pair, Hannah was no less pleased with the gracious Queen in her elegant home, so entirely different from a snow hut. She always said Victoria was "very kind, very much lady." After two years they returned to Cumberland inlet, and in 1860 Charles F.

Hall, the explorer, met them.

Everybody in both England and America had become deeply interested in the fate of Sir John Franklin. He had left England in 1845 with two ships, the "Erebus" and "Terror," with one hundred and thirty-four persons, in search of the North Pole. After two years relief parties were sent out to find them. Lady Franklin spent all her large fortune in sending out ships to search for her missing husband.

Finally, in 1850, the graves of three of the men were found at the far North, on Beechy island, west of Hannah's home, so that the course which Franklin took was known. Four years later Dr. Rae, of England, heard from the Eskimos that a large company of white men had starved on King William Land, far to the northwest of Baffin's bay, and he obtained from the Eskimos many articles which belonged to Franklin and his men.

After England had spent over five million dollars in searching for Franklin it was ascertained that both his ships had gone to pieces in the ice off the west coast of King William Land, and that his poor men had starved and frozen, as they wandered over the ice in a vain search for food or friends. Then skeletons were found in boats or in snowbanks, and their boots, watches, and silver had become the property of the Eskimos. Sir John died two years after the ships left England, and must have been buried in the ocean.

Some persons believed that the Franklin party were not all dead. Charles Francis Hall was an engraver at Cincinnati, O. He was poor, and with no influential friends, but he felt that the Lord had called him to the work of finding some of the Franklin men. He read all he could find about Arctic life. He asked money of prominent men and learned societies, and finally, after enough obstacles to discourage any other man, obtained funds to build a boat and put up twelve hundred pounds of food for the journey. A New London firm gave him a free passage on one of their ships, and he went, in 1860, to the far North, discovering relics of Sir Martin Frobisher's expedition, made three hundred years before. His boat was lost, so he had to return to America, and brought with him Joe and Hannah, who had been with him two years, and who were devotedly attached to him.

In 1864 Hall started again with Joe and Hannah, and north of Hudson bay lived five years among the Eskimos, eating their raw food and living in their igloos or snow huts. Joe, with great skill, would kill a walrus, which sometimes weighs two thousand pounds, or would watch two whole nights near a hole in the ice where the seal comes up to breathe, that he might spear it for his master.

In 1866, May 14, the only child of Joe and Hannah died, while on one of Hall's journeys. According to custom, the distracted mother at the plain funeral carried the dead baby in a fur blanket suspended from her neck. Captain Hall put this note in the fur cap covering the head of the child: "These are the mortal remains of little King William, the only child of Ebierbing and Too-koo-li-too, the interpreters of the

lost Franklin Research Expedition. God hath its soul now, and will keep it from harm."

Later, Hall visited King William Land, and brought away one hundred and twenty-five pounds of relics of Franklin and his men. Among these was a complete skeleton, proved from the filling of a tooth to be that of an officer of the ship "Erebus." Hall felt sure now that all the party were dead. Joe and Hannah came back to the States with Hall, bringing a little three-year-old girl whom they adopted. They bought her of her parents for a sled. Hannah named her Sylvia Grinnell, after the Grinnell family, celebrated for their gifts towards Arctic research, but her real name was Punna.

Captain Hall made his third voyage in the ship "Polaris" in 1871 for the North Pole, taking his devoted Joe and Hannah and little Punna. He reached a higher point in Smith sound than had been reached by any other vessel at that time, and anchored in a harbor protected by an iceberg four hundred and fifty feet long and three hundred broad, calling the place Thank God harbor. In the autumn of this year Hall died very suddenly, and his men spent two days in digging a grave only two feet deep. He was buried at eleven in the forenoon, but so dark was it in that high latitude that lanterns were carried. Poor Hannah sobbed aloud at the death of her best friend. The party on the "Polaris" determined to return, but, being caught in the ice, were obliged to abandon her and throw the provisions and clothing out on the ice-floe. In the midst of this work, in the night, the ship drifted away, with fourteen persons on board, leaving on a piece of ice one hundred yards long and seventy-five broad Captain Tyson and eight white men and nine Eskimos, including three women and a baby eight weeks old. Hannah and Punna were among them.

A dreadful snow-storm came on, and the shivering creatures huddled together under some musk-ox skins. Later they built a little house from materials thrown out of the ship, and floated down Baffin's bay and Davis strait, the ice constantly crumbling and the sea washing over them. They used all their boats save one for fuel, and were only kept alive through the heroic efforts of Joe and another Eskimo, Hans, who caught some seals for them, which were eagerly eaten uncooked, without removing the hairy skin. They had only a little mouldy bread, and the sufferings of the children from hunger were painful to witness.

Once, when nearly all were dead from starvation, Joe saved them by killing a bear. He and Hannah refused to leave Captain Tyson and the party when they were drifting past their homes at Cumberland inlet, even when it was probable that the Eskimos themselves must be used for food by the famished white men. After drifting one thousand five hundred miles in six months (one hundred and ninety-six days), one of the most thrilling journeys on record, the party were rescued off the coast of Labrador by the English ship "Tigress."

Hannah and Joe settled at Groton in 1873, in a little house purchased for them by their good friend, "Father Hall." Joe became a carpenter, and Hannah made up furs and other articles on her sewing-machine.

The next year Hannah, at the age of thirty-eight, died of consumption, her health broken by the exposure on the ice-floe. She had long been an earnest Christian, loving and reading her Bible daily. She was tenderly cared for by Mrs. Captain Budington and others, saying at the last, "Come, Lord Jesus, and take thy poor creature home!" A handsome stone marks the grave of the faithful Hannah in the cemetery. Joe came often to the graves on the hillside of Groton, and said at last, "Hannah gone! Punna gone! Me go now again to King William Land; I have to fight; me no care." He went with Lieutenant Schwatka in the Franklin search party, June 19, 1878, and never returned to the United States.

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## JEAN FRANCOIS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Orpheus in Mayfair and Other Stories and Sketches*, by Maurice Baring

Jean Francois was a vagabond by nature, a balladmonger by profession. Like many poets in many times, he found that the business of writing verse was more amusing than lucrative; and he was constrained to supplement the earnings of his pen and his guitar by other and more profitable work. He had run away from what had been his home at the age of seven (he was a foundling, and his adopted father was a shoe-maker), without having learnt a trade. When the necessity arose he decided to supplement the art of balladmongering by that of stealing. He was skilful in both arts: he wrote verse, sang ballads, picked pockets (in the city), and stole horses (in the country) with equal facility and success. Some of his verse has reached posterity, for instance the "Ballads du Paradis Peint," which he wrote on white vellum, and illustrated himself with illuminations in red, blue and gold, for the Dauphin. It ends thus in the English version of a Balliol scholar:--

Prince, do not let your nose, your Royal nose,  
Your large Imperial nose get out of joint;  
Forbear to criticise my perfect prose--  
Painting on vellum is my weakest point.

Again, the \_ballade\_ of which the "Envoi" runs:--

Prince, when you light your pipe with radium spills,  
Especially invented for the King--  
Remember this, the worst of human ills:  
Life without matches is a dismal thing,

is, in reality, only a feeble adaptation of his "Priez pour feu le vrai tresor de vie."

But although Jean Francois was not unknown during his lifetime, and

although, as his verse testifies, he knew his name would live among those of the enduring poets after his death, his life was one of rough hardship, brief pleasures, long anxieties, and constant uncertainty. Sometimes for a few days at a time he would live in riotous luxury, but these rare epochs would immediately be succeeded by periods of want bordering on starvation. Besides which he was nearly always in peril of his life; the shadow of the gallows darkened his merriment, and the thought of the wheel made bitter his joy. Yet in spite of this hazardous and harassing life, in spite of the sharp and sudden transitions in his career, in spite of the menace of doom, the hint of the wheel and the gallows, his fund of joy remained undiminished, and this we see in his verse, which reflects with equal vividness his alternate moods of infinite enjoyment and unmitigated despair. For instance, the only two triolets which have survived from his "Trente deux Triolets joyeux and tristes" are an example of his twofold temperament. They run thus in the literal and exact translations of them made by an eminent official:--

I wish I was dead,  
And lay deep in the grave.  
I've a pain in my head,  
I wish I was dead.  
In a coffin of lead--  
With the Wise and the Brave--  
I wish I was dead,  
And lay deep in the grave.

This passionate utterance immediately preceded, in the original text, the following verses in which his buoyant spirits rise once more to the surface:--

Thank God I'm alive  
In the light of the Sun!  
It's a quarter to five;  
Thank God I'm alive!  
Now the hum of the hive  
Of the world has begun,  
Thank God I'm alive  
In the light of the Sun!

A more plaintive, in fact a positively wistful note, which is almost incongruous amongst the definite and sharply defined moods of Jean Francois, is struck in the sonnet of which only the first line has reached us: "I wish I had a hundred thousand pounds." ("Voulentiers serais pauvre avec dix mille escus.") But in nearly all his verse, whether joyous as in the "Chant de vin et vie," or gloomy as in the "Ballade des Treize Pendus," there is a curious recurrent aspiration towards a warm fire, a sure and plentiful supper, a clean bed, and a long, long sleep. Whether Jean Francois moped or made merry, and in spite of the fact that he enjoyed his roving career and would not have exchanged it for the throne of an Emperor or the money-bags of Croesus, there is no doubt that he experienced the burden of an immense fatigue. He was never quite warm enough; always a little hungry; and never got as much sleep as he desired. A place where he could sleep his fill

represented the highest joys of Heaven to him; and he looked forward to Death as a traveller looks forward to a warm inn where (its terrible threshold once passed), a man can sleep the clock round. Witness the sonnet which ends (the translation is mine):--

For thou has never turned  
A stranger from thy gates or hast denied,  
O hospitable Death, a place to rest.

And it is of his death and not of his life or works which I wish to tell, for it was singular. He died on Christmas Eve, 1432. The winter that year in the north of France was, as is well known, terrible for its severe cold. The rich stayed at home, the poor died, and the unfortunate third estate of gipsies, balladmongers, tinkers, tumblers, and thieves had no chance of displaying their dexterity. In fact, they starved. Ever since the 1st of December Jean Francois had been unable to make a silver penny either by his song or his sleight of hand. Christmas was drawing near, and he was starving; and this was especially bitter to him, as it was his custom (for he was not only a lover of good cheer, but a good Catholic and a strict observer of fasts and feasts) to keep the great day of Christendom fittingly. This year he had nothing to keep it with. Luck seemed to be against him; for three days before Christmas he met in a dark side street of the town the rich and stingy Sieur de Ranquet. He picked the pocket of that nobleman, but owing to the extreme cold his fingers faltered, and he was discovered. He ran like a hare and managed easily enough to outstrip the miser, and to conceal himself in a den where he was well known. But unfortunately the matter did not end there. The Sieur de Ranquet was influential at Court; he was implacable as well as avaricious, and his disposition positively forbade him to forgive any one who had nearly picked his pocket. Besides which he knew that Jean had often stolen his horses. He made a formal complaint at high quarters, and a warrant was issued against Jean, offering a large sum in silver coin to the man who should bring him, alive or dead, to justice.

Now the police were keenly anxious to make an end of Jean. They knew he was guilty of a hundred thefts, but such was his skill that they had never been able to convict him; he had often been put in prison, but he had always been released for want of evidence. This time no mistake was possible. So Jean, aware of the danger, fled from the city and sought a gipsy encampment in a neighbouring forest, where he had friends. These gipsy friends of his were robbers, outlaws, murderers and horse-stealers all of them, and hardened criminals; they called themselves gipsies, but it was merely a courtesy title.

On Christmas Eve--it was snowing hard--Jean was walking through the forest towards the town, ready for a desperate venture, for in the camp they were starving, and he was sick almost to death of his hunted, miserable life. As he plunged through the snow he heard a moan, and he saw a child sitting at the roots of a tall tree crying. He asked what was the matter. The child--it was a little boy about five years old--said that it had run away from home because its nurse had beaten it, and had lost its way.

"Where do you live?" asked Jean.

"My father is the Sieur de Ranquet," said the child.

At that moment Jean heard the shouts of his companions in the distance.

"I want to go home," said the little boy quietly. "You must take me home," and he put his hand into Jean's hand and looked up at him and smiled.

Jean thought for a moment. The boy was richly dressed; he had a large ruby cross hanging from a golden collar worth many hundred gold pieces. Jean knew well what would happen if his gipsy companions came across the child. They would kill it instantly.

"All right," said Jean, "climb on my back."

The little boy climbed on to his back, and Jean trudged through the snow. In an hour's time they reached the Sieur de Ranquet's castle; the place was alive with bustling men and flaring torches, for the Sieur's heir had been missed.

The Sieur looked at Jean and recognised him immediately. Jean was a public character, and especially well known to the Sieur de Ranquet. A few words were whispered. The child was sent to bed, and the archers civilly lead Jean to his dungeon. Jean was tired and sleepy. He fell asleep at once on the straw. They told him he would have to get up early the next morning, in time for a long, cold journey. The gallows, they added, would be ready.

But in the night Jean dreamed a dream: he saw a child in glittering clothes and with a shining face who came into the dungeon and broke the bars.

The child said: "I am little St. Nicholas, the children's friend, and I think you are tired, so I'm going to take you to a quiet place."

Jean followed the child, who led him by the hand till they came to a nice inn, very high up on the top of huge mountains. There was a blazing log fire in the room, a clean warm bed, and the windows opened on a range of snowy mountains, bright as diamonds. And the stars twinkled in the sky like the candles of a Christmas tree.

"You can go to bed here," said St. Nicholas, "nobody will disturb you, and when you do wake you will be quite happy and rested. Good-night, Jean." And he went away.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day in the dawn, when the archers came to fetch Jean, they found he was fast asleep. They thought it was almost a pity to wake him, because he looked so happy and contented in his sleep; but when they tried they found it was impossible.

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## MY NEPHEW JOSEPH

by Ludovic Halevy

Project Gutenberg's *International Short Stories: French*, by Various

(\_Scene passes at Versailles; two old gentlemen are conversing, seated on a bench in the King's garden.\_)

Journalism, my dear Monsieur, is the evil of the times. I tell you what, if I had a son, I would hesitate a long while before giving him a literary education. I would have him learn chemistry, mathematics, fencing, cosmography, swimming, drawing, but not composition--no, not composition. Then, at least, he would be prevented from becoming a journalist. It is so easy, so tempting. They take pen and paper and write, it doesn't matter what, apropos to it doesn't matter what, and you have a newspaper article. In order to become a watchmaker, a lawyer, an upholsterer, in short, all the liberal arts, study, application, and a special kind of knowledge are necessary; but nothing like that is required for a journalist."

"You are perfectly right, my dear Monsieur, the profession of journalism should be restricted by examinations, the issuing of warrants, the granting of licenses--"

"And they could pay well for their licenses, these gentlemen. Do you know that journalism is become very profitable? There are some young men in it who, all at once, without a fixed salary, and no capital whatever, make from ten, twenty to thirty thousand francs a year."

"Now, that is strange! But how do they become journalists?"

"Ah! It appears they generally commence by being reporters. Reporters slip in everywhere, in official gatherings, and theatres, never missing a first night, nor a fire, nor a great ball, nor a murder."

"How well acquainted you are with all this!"

"Yes, very well acquainted. Ah! Mon Dieu! You are my friend, you will keep my secret, and if you will not repeat this in Versailles--I will tell you how it is--we have one in the family."

"One what?"

"A reporter."

"A reporter in your family, which always seemed so united! How can that be?"

"One can almost say that the devil was at the bottom of it. You know my

nephew Joseph--"

"Little Joseph! Is he a reporter?"

"Yes."

"Little Joseph, I can see him in the park now, rolling a hoop, bare-legged, with a broad white collar, not more than six or seven years ago--and now he writes for newspapers!"

"Yes, newspapers! You know my brother keeps a pharmacy in the Rue Montorgueil, an old and reliable firm, and naturally my brother said to himself, 'After me, my son.' Joseph worked hard at chemistry, followed the course of study, and had already passed an examination. The boy was steady and industrious, and had a taste for the business. On Sundays for recreation he made tinctures, prepared prescriptions, pasted the labels and rolled pills. When, as misfortune would have it, a murder was committed about twenty feet from my brother's pharmacy--"

"The murder of the Rue Montorgueil--that clerk who killed his sweetheart, a little brewery maid?"

"The very same. Joseph was attracted by the cries, saw the murderer arrested, and after the police were gone stayed there in the street, talking and jabbering. The Saturday before, Joseph had a game of billiards with the murderer."

"With the murderer!"

"Oh! accidentally--he knew him by sight, went to the same café, that's all, and they had played at pool together, Joseph and the murderer--a man named Nicot. Joseph told this to the crowd, and you may well imagine how important that made him, when suddenly a little blond man seized him. 'You know the murderer?' 'A little, not much; I played pool with him.' 'And do you know the motive of the crime?' 'It was love, Monsieur, love; Nicot had met a girl, named Eugénie--' 'You knew the victim, too?' 'Only by sight, she was there in the café the night we played.' 'Very well; but don't tell that to anybody; come, come, quick.' He took possession of Joseph and made him get into a cab, which went rolling off at great speed down the Boulevard des Italiens. Ten minutes after, Joseph found himself in a hall where there was a big table, around which five or six young men were writing. 'Here is a fine sensation,' said the little blond on entering. 'The best kind of a murder! a murder for love, in the Rue Montorgueil, and I have here the murderer's most intimate friend.' 'No, not at all,' cried Joseph, 'I scarcely know him.' 'Be still,' whispered the little blond to Joseph; then he continued, 'Yes, his most intimate friend. They were brought up together, and a quarter of an hour before the crime was committed were playing billiards. The murderer won, he was perfectly calm----' 'That's not it, it was last Saturday that I played with----' 'Be still, will you! A quarter of an hour, it is more to the point. Let's go. Come, come.' He took Joseph into a small room where they were alone, and said to him: 'That affair ought to make about a hundred lines--you talk--I'll write--there will be twenty francs for you.' 'Twenty francs!'

"Yes, and here they are in advance; but be quick, to business!" Joseph told all he knew to the gentleman--how an old and retired Colonel, who lived in the house where the murder was committed, was the first to hear the victim's cries; but he was paralyzed in both limbs, this old Colonel, and could only ring for the servant, an old cuirassier, who arrested the assassin. In short, with all the information concerning the game of billiards, Eugénie and the paralytic old Colonel, the man composed his little article, and sent Joseph away with twenty francs. Do you think it ended there?"

"I don't think anything--I am amazed! Little Joseph a reporter!"

"Hardly had Joseph stepped outside, when another man seized him--a tall, dark fellow. 'I've been watching for you,' he said to Joseph. 'You were present when the murder was committed in the Rue Montorgueil!' 'Why, no, I was not present----' 'That will do. I am well informed, come.' 'Where to?' 'To my newspaper office.' 'What for?' 'To tell me about the murder.' 'But I've already told all I know, there, in that house.' 'Come, you will still remember a few more little incidents--and I will give you twenty francs.' 'Twenty francs!' 'Come, come.' Another hall, another table, more young men writing, and again Joseph was interrogated. He recommenced the history of the old Colonel. 'Is that what you told them down there?' inquired the tall, dark man of Joseph. 'Yes, Monsieur.' 'That needs some revision, then.' And the tall, dark man made up a long story. How this old Colonel had been paralyzed for fourteen years, but on hearing the victim's heartrending screams, received such a shock that all at once, as if by a miracle, had recovered the use of his legs; and it was he who had started out in pursuit of the murderer and had him arrested.

"While dashing this off with one stroke of his pen, the man exclaimed: 'Good! this is perfect! a hundred times better than the other account.' 'Yes,' said Joseph, 'but it is not true.' 'Not true for you, because you are acquainted with the affair; but for our hundred thousand readers, who do not know about it, it will be true enough. They were not there, those hundred thousand readers. What do they want? A striking account--well! they shall have it!' And thereupon he discharged Joseph, who went home with his forty francs, and who naturally did not boast of his escapade. It is only of late that he has acknowledged it. However, from that day Joseph has shown less interest in the pharmacy. He bought a number of penny papers, and shut himself up in his room to write--no one knows what. At last he wore a business-like aspect, which was very funny. About six months ago I went to Paris to collect the dividends on my Northern stock."

"The Northern is doing very well; it went up this week----"

"Oh! it's good stock. Well, I had collected my dividends and had left the Northern Railway Station. It was beautiful weather, so I walked slowly down the Rue Lafayette. (I have a habit of strolling a little in Paris after I have collected my dividends.) When at the corner of the Faubourg Montmartre, whom should I see but my nephew, Joseph, all alone in a victoria, playing the fine gentleman. I saw very well that he turned his head away, the vagabond! But I overtook the carriage and stopped the driver. 'What are you doing there?' 'A little drive, uncle.' 'Wait, I will

go with you,' and in I climbed. 'Hurry up,' said the driver, 'or I'll lose the trail.' 'What trail?' 'Why, the two cabs we are following.' The man drove at a furious rate, and I asked Joseph why he was there in that victoria, following two cabs. 'Mon Dieu, uncle,' he replied, 'there was a foreigner, a Spaniard, who came to our place in the Rue Montorgueil and bought a large amount of drugs, and has not paid us, so I am going after him to find out if he has not given us a wrong address.' 'And that Spaniard is in both the cabs?' 'No, uncle, he is only in one, the first.' 'And who is in the second?' 'I don't know, probably another creditor, like myself, in pursuit of the Spaniard.' 'Well, I am going to stay with you; I have two hours to myself before the train leaves at five o'clock and I adore this sort of thing, riding around Paris in an open carriage. Let's follow the Spaniard!' And then the chase commenced, down the boulevards, across the squares, through the streets, the three drivers cracking their whips and urging their horses on. This man-hunt began to get exciting. It recalled to my mind the romances in the Petit Journal. Finally, in a little street, belonging to the Temple Quarter, the first cab stopped."

"The Spaniard?"

"Yes. A man got out of it—he had a large hat drawn down over his eyes and a big muffler wrapped about his neck. Presently three gentlemen, who had jumped from the second cab, rushed upon that man. I wanted to do the same, but Joseph tried to prevent me. 'Don't stir, uncle!' 'Why not? But they are going to deprive us of the Spaniard!' And I dashed forward. 'Take care, uncle, don't be mixed up in that affair.' But I was already gone. When I arrived they were putting the handcuffs on the Spaniard. I broke through the crowd which had collected, and cried, 'Wait, Messieurs, wait; I also demand a settlement with this man.' They made way for me. 'You know this man?' asked one of the gentlemen from the second cab, a short, stout fellow. 'Perfectly; he is a Spaniard.' 'I a Spaniard!' 'Yes, a Spaniard.' 'Good,' said the short, stout man, 'Here's the witness!' and, addressing himself to one of the men, 'Take Monsieur to the Prefecture immediately.' 'But I have not the time; I live in Versailles; my wife expects me by the five o'clock train, and we have company to dinner, and I must take home a pie. I will come back to-morrow at any hour you wish.' 'No remarks,' said the short, stout man, 'but be off; I am the Police Commissioner.' 'But, Monsieur the Commissioner, I know nothing about it; it is my nephew Joseph who will tell you,' and I called 'Joseph! Joseph!' but no Joseph came."

"He had decamped?"

"With the victoria. They packed me in one of the two cabs with the detective, a charming man and very distinguished. Arriving at the Prefecture, they deposited me in a small apartment filled with vagabonds, criminals, and low, ignorant people. An hour after they came for me in order to bring me up for examination."

"You were brought up for examination?"

"Yes, my dear Monsieur, I was. A policeman conducted me through the Palais de Justice, before the magistrate, a lean man, who asked me my name and address. I replied that I lived in Versailles, and that I had company to

dinner; he interrupted me, 'You know the prisoner?' pointing to the man with the muffler, 'Speak up.' But he questioned me so threateningly that I became disconcerted, for I felt that he was passing judgment upon me. Then in my embarrassment the words did not come quickly. I finished, moreover, by telling him that I knew the man without knowing him; then he became furious: 'What's that you say? You know a man without knowing him! At least explain yourself!' I was all of a tremble, and said that I knew he was a Spaniard, but the man replied that he was not a Spaniard. 'Well, well,' said the Judge. 'Denial, always denial; it is your way.' 'I tell you that my name is Rigaud, and that I was born in Josey, in Josas; they are not Spaniards that are born in Josey, in Josas.' 'Always contradiction; very good, very good!' And the Judge addressed himself to me. 'Then this man is a Spaniard?' 'Yes, Monsieur the Judge, so I have been told.' 'Do you know anything more about him?' 'I know he made purchases at my brother's pharmacy in the Rue Montorgueil.' 'At a pharmacy! and he bought, did he not, some chlorate of potash, azotite of potash, and sulphur powder; in a word, materials to manufacture explosives.' 'I don't know what he bought. I only know that he did not pay, that's all.' 'Parbleau! Anarchists never pay--' 'I did not need to pay. I never bought chlorate of potash in the Rue Montorgueil,' cried the man; but the Judge exclaimed, louder still, 'Yes, it is your audacious habit of lying, but I will sift this matter to the bottom; sift it, do you understand. And now why is that muffler on in the month of May?' 'I have a cold,' replied the other. 'Haven't I the right to have a cold?' 'That is very suspicious, very suspicious. I am going to send for the druggist in the Rue Montorgueil!'"

"Then they sent for your brother?"

"Yes; I wanted to leave, tried to explain to the Judge that my wife was expecting me in Versailles, that I had already missed the five o'clock train, that I had company to dinner, and must bring home a pie. 'You shall not go,' replied the Judge, 'and cease to annoy me with your dinner and your pie; I will need you for a second examination. The affair is of the gravest sort.' I tried to resist, but they led me away somewhat roughly, and thrust me again into the little apartment with the criminals. After waiting an hour I was brought up for another examination. My brother was there. But we could not exchange two words, for he entered the courtroom by one door and I by another. All this was arranged perfectly. The man with the muffler was again brought out. The Judge addressed my brother. 'Do you recognize the prisoner?' 'No.' 'Ah! you see he does not know me!' 'Be silent!' said the Judge, and he continued talking excitedly: 'You know the man?' 'Certainly not.' 'Think well; you ought to know him.' 'I tell you, no.' 'I tell you, yes, and that he bought some chlorate of potash from you.' 'No!' 'Ah!' cried the Judge, in a passion. 'Take care, weigh well your words; you are treading on dangerous ground.' 'I!' exclaimed my brother. 'Yes, for there is your brother; you recognize him, I think.' 'Yes, I recognize him.' 'That is fortunate. Well, your brother there says that man owes you money for having bought at your establishment--I specify--materials to manufacture explosives.' 'But you did not say that.' 'No, I wish to re-establish the facts.' But that Judge would give no one a chance to speak. 'Don't interrupt me. Who is conducting this examination, you or I?' 'You, Monsieur the Judge?' 'Well, at all events, you said the

prisoner owed your brother some money.' 'That I acknowledge.' 'But who told you all this?' asked my brother. 'Your son, Joseph!' 'Joseph!' 'He followed the man for the sake of the money, which he owed you for the drugs.' 'I understand nothing of all this,' said my brother; 'Neither do I,' said the man with the muffler; 'Neither do I,' I repeated in my turn; 'Neither do I any more,' cried the Judge; 'Or rather, yes, there is something that I understand very well; we have captured a gang, all these men understand one another, and side with one another; they are a band of Anarchists!' 'That is putting it too strong,' I protested to the Judge, 'I, a landowner, an Anarchist! Can a man be an Anarchist when he owns a house on the Boulevard de la Reine at Versailles and a cottage at Houllgate, Calvados? These are facts.'"

"That was well answered."

"But this Judge would not listen to anything. He said to my brother, 'Where does your son live?' 'With me in the Rue Montorgueil.' 'Well, he must be sent for; and in the meanwhile, these two brothers are to be placed in separate cells.' Then, losing patience, I cried that this was infamy! But I felt myself seized and dragged through the corridors and locked in a little box four feet square. In there I passed three hours."

"Didn't they find your nephew Joseph?"

"No, it was not that. It was the Judge. He went off to his dinner, and took his time about it! Finally, at midnight, they had another examination. Behold all four of us before the Judge! The man with the muffler, myself, my brother and Joseph. The Judge began, addressing my nephew: 'This man is indeed your father?' 'Yes.' 'This man is indeed your uncle?' 'Yes.' 'And that man is indeed the Spaniard who purchased some chlorate of potash from you?' 'No.' 'What! No?' 'There,' exclaimed the fellow with the muffler. 'You can see now that these men do not know me.' 'Yes, yes,' answered the Judge, not at all disconcerted. 'Denial again! Let's see, young man, did you not say to your uncle----' 'Yes, Monsieur the Judge, that is true.' 'Ah! the truth! Here is the truth!' exclaimed the Judge, triumphantly. 'Yes, I told my uncle that the man purchased drugs from us, but that is not so.' 'Why isn't it?' 'Wait, I will tell you. Unknown to my family I am a journalist.' 'Journalist! My son a journalist! Don't believe that, Monsieur the Judge, my son is an apprentice in a pharmacy.' 'Yes, my nephew is an apprentice in a pharmacy,' I echoed. 'These men contradict themselves; this is a gang, decidedly a gang--are you a journalist, young man, or an apprentice in a pharmacy?' 'I am both.' 'That is a lie!' cried my brother, now thoroughly angry. 'And for what newspaper do you write?' 'For no paper at all,' replied my brother, 'I know that, for he is not capable.' 'I do not exactly write, Monsieur the Judge; I procure information; I am a reporter.' 'Reporter! My son a reporter? What's that he says?' 'Will you be still!' cried the Judge. 'For what newspaper are you a reporter?' Joseph told the name of the paper. 'Well,' resumed the Judge, 'we must send for the chief editor immediately--immediately, he must be awakened and brought here. I will pass the night at court. I've discovered a great conspiracy. Lead these men away and keep them apart.' The Judge beamed, for he already saw himself Court Counsellor. They brought us back, and I assure you I no

longer knew where I was. I came and went up and down the staircases and through the corridors. If anyone had asked me at the time if I were an accomplice of Ravachol, I would have answered, 'Probably.'"

"When did all this take place?"

"One o'clock in the morning; and the fourth examination did not take place until two. But, thank Heaven! in five minutes it was all made clear. The editor of the newspaper arrived, and burst into a hearty laugh when he learned of the condition of affairs; and this is what he told the Judge. My nephew had given them the particulars of a murder, and had been recompensed for it, and then the young man had acquired a taste for that occupation, and had come to apply for the situation. They had found him clear-headed, bold, and intelligent, and had sent him to take notes at the executions, at fires, etc., and the morning after the editor had a good idea. 'The detectives were on the lookout for Anarchists, so I sent my reporters on the heels of each detective, and in this way I would be the first to hear of all the arrests. Now, you see, it all explains itself; the detective followed an Anarchist.'"

"And your nephew Joseph followed the detective?"

"Yes, but he dared not tell the truth, so he told me he was one of papa's debtors.' The man with the muffler was triumphant. 'Am I still a Spaniard?' 'No, well and good,' replied the Judge. 'But an Anarchist is another thing.' And in truth he was; but he only held one, that Judge, and was so vexed because he believed he had caught a whole gang, and was obliged to discharge us at four o'clock in the morning. I had to take a carriage to return to Versailles--got one for thirty francs. But found my poor wife in such a state!"

"And your nephew still clings to journalism?"

"Yes, and makes money for nothing but to ride about Paris that way in a cab, and to the country in the railway trains. The newspaper men are satisfied with him."

"What does your brother say to all this?"

"He began by turning him out of doors. But when he knew that some months he made two and three hundred francs, he softened; and then Joseph is as cute as a monkey. You know my brother invented a cough lozenge, 'Dervishes' lozenges'?"

"Yes, you gave me a box of them."

"Ah! so I did. Well, Joseph found means to introduce into the account of a murderer's arrest an advertisement of his father's lozenges."--"How did he do it?"

"He told how the murderer was hidden in a panel, and that he could not be found. But having the influenza, had sneezed, and that had been the means of his capture. And Joseph added that this would not have happened to him

had he taken the Dervishes Lozenges. You see that pleased my brother so much that he forgave him. Ah! there is my wife coming to look for me. Not a word of all this! It is not necessary to repeat that there is a reporter in the family, and there is another reason for not telling it. When I want to sell off to the people of Versailles, I go and find Joseph and tell him of my little plan. He arranges everything for me as it should be, puts it in the paper quietly, and they don't know how it comes there!"